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THE

CHURCHMAN'S

Shilling Magazine

AND FAMILY TREASURY

CONDUCTED BY

THE REV. ROBERT H. BAYNES, M.A.

VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, COVENTRY; AND EDITOR OF "ENGLISH LYRICS," "LYRA ANGLICANA," ETC.

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THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

AT CHARING CROSS.

It was winter-time, and a dark night. A raw, murky drizzle, saturating the limp clothes of unfortunate pedestrians, filled the London streets, through which the gaslights glimmered in a sickly and dejected way; and a greasy pulp was spread ankle-deep on the pavements, resembling that peculiar compound of stewed linseed and licorice which is considered so good for a cold on the chest. The great city could not have presented to the eyes of the travellers speeding up from Dover and the limpid atmosphere of the south a more melancholy and discouraging aspect.

The tidal train was due at Charing Cross, where things looked comparatively bright and comfortable, and a young gentleman was pacing up and down the platform, with his hands in the pockets of his great-coat and a cigar in his mouth, waiting for it.

A young gentleman I call him, and so would any one else, mentioning him in a casual way; but a gentleman in the exact

sense of the word he was not. His father, though a rich man and a justice of the peace in his native town, had been born and bred a farmer in the muddy wilds of the Cambridgeshire fens, and could barely spell his name; while his grandfather and most remote known ancestor had been a boor of the lowest caste as ignorant and debased in intellect as a negro slave—to a degree scarcely conceivable by one unacquainted with those then desolate and dismal swamps That he had not a drop of blue blood in his veins was considered an unquestionable fact, and, indeed, was plainly evident to a discerning eye. His great rough-hewn, big-eared head, his stout and brawny frame, his gait, his voice, everything about him, bespoke him a son of the people. He had been to Cambridge and learned some of the ways of gentlefolks, and he was invariably clothed by the renowned tailor of Savile Row; but no fastidious born-and-bred aristocrat—Mr. Lepell, for instance—ever recognised him in St. James's Street as a colleague and brother.

Nevertheless, he had, if not gentle blood in his body, some gentlemanly instincts in his heart. He was not ashamed of his father. He was never known to turn up his pug nose at the poorest of his poor relations. He was ready and willing as any knight of romance to do battle for a woman, whether it were the proud and beautiful Mrs. Charteris, or a tattered girl of the streets; and he loved a fair fight, and loathed a lie and a slander, as heartily as if he had been born to the nobility of a hundred earls. Simply to look in his face—his dear, ugly, honest, happy face—was to like him and trust him. His huge mouth, filled with strong white teeth, had the most irresistible smile in the world; his laugh was a laugh—

"Ringing like proven golden coinage true,"

and his broad stumpy hand had the "warmth and muscle of the heart" in its ready grip, making your fingers tingle.

He exchanged a familiar greeting with almost every one who passed him in his stroll up and down the platform, one of his ingrained plebeian habits, which his elegant sisters at home tried in vain to break him of. He was on particularly easy terms with the porters, chatting to them of the events of the day, and even of his private and personal concerns, as if they had all been old friends. They ceased to bustle about when he drew near, and met his advances with the greatest cordiality, albeit they were sadly wanting in proper deference and respect

sometimes. To one of them he attached himself, on coming to the end of his cigar, for the purpose of making inquiries about the train.

"It ought to be in by this time, don't it?" he asked. "I never knew it to be so late before."

"Won't be long now," responded the porter, encouragingly. "Perhaps the line wasn't mended where the smash was this afternoon."

"What smash?" asked Tom.

Whereupon he received a detailed account of one of those terrible railway accidents which occur so often (and yet, when we think of it, so seldom),—of an engine run off the line, carriages tumbled over and broken into splinters, passengers disabled and killed.

"How many were killed?" asked a voice over Tom's shoulder.

It was a quiet, haughty, rich-toned voice, refined in all its accents—as different from the voices that had just been speaking as well could be. Tom, who had been too excited to notice the stranger's approach, turned quickly round, and extending his hand, exclaimed breathlessly, "Hollo, Mr. Lepell, where did you spring from? I thought you were at Castlegate! Not going off to the wars again, I hope?"

"Not just yet," answered Mr. Lepell, speaking at his leisure, but just escaping a drawl. "I go home in the morning,—hope to have the pleasure of dining with Mrs. Masters, you know, at night."

"Oh—ah—yes, of course," stammered Tom. "I forgot that."

The free and easy porter had suddenly become shy and silent, but Mr. Lepell's languid grey eyes were still seeking his, expectantly.

"Six, sir, I hear,—about six, sir."

"Ah!"

The gentleman drawled out that little exclamation very slowly and quietly, and then looked at his watch.

The bright light of a lamp fell full upon him as he stood,—a patrician, every inch of him. He was taller than Tom by a whole head, measuring six feet two or three. He was broader shouldered too, though he looked a much slighter man; and his finely proportioned limbs, with their muscles of steel, had a free, flexible grace about all their movements that nothing but noble blood could *have given them.* His face was sharply

and classically cut, a little too stern to be pleasant, perhaps, but full of power, and at the same time delicate and pure,—a face whose haughty beauty made weak women's hearts to ache. It was whiskerless, but adorned with a large drooping moustache, whose auburn hue was getting a little rusty and tarnished now, for he was in his thirty-eighth year. His hair was cropped close, save where, from the central parting, it curled in little crisp rings over his temples, and shadowed the straight outlines of his broad Greek brows. His curls were covered now by a soft hat of grey felt—as his noble proportions were partially hidden by the folds of a fur-lined travelling coat.

"If you wait a few minutes, Mr. Lepell," said Tom, "I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my youngest sister, Jenny, you know. She's coming from Paris to-night, and I'm here to meet her. A jolly little girl Jenny is—the best of the lot. I think you'd like her if you knew her."

"I hope you will give me an opportunity of making her acquaintance to-morrow," replied Mr. Lepell, looking vacantly down the line from under his drooping eyelids. "I must deny myself the honour to-night, I fear. I—a—the fact is, Mrs. Charteris was in that train we spoke of just now, I believe, and I should like to make some further inquiries—a—without loss of time. Good night. It's clearing a little, I think,—very likely will freeze again by the morning."

Whereupon he shook hands with the astonished and almost gasping Tom, and departed as quietly as he came. He was very pale, but Tom did not notice that—nor the porter either.

"Well, if he isn't a cool card, I never saw one!" ejaculated the former, under his breath.

"Not much love lost between him and the lady," the porter added, with a grin.

"On the contrary," said Tom, "they're brother and sister, and awfully fond of one another. But that's just like him. Nothing ever puts him out. Indeed, he'd make a second edition of that Spartan fellow who had his inside gnawed out under his cloak, for he carried an unhealed wound about with him for a year, when we never so much as guessed that he had smelt blood in his life, seeing him almost every day too."

"He's been a soldier, then?"

"No. He was yachting in the Mediterranean when some of Garibaldi's shindies were going on, and couldn't resist the temptation of a fight, I suppose. He got a gash in the side—no

end of a gash! It was just before he bought old Bedingfield's place and settled amongst us at Castlegate. We never heard a word of it. Nobody knew that anything ailed him, except his valet and the doctor, who were ordered to hold their tongues. We used to think that sharp grey-looking face was natural to him. How he must have suffered! and yet he never winked an eye—never made a sign!"

"How came you to find it out?" inquired the porter.

"Why, we had a ball one night, and he waltzed. He used not to waltz, but a girl taunted him with being lazy, and tempted him somehow. I saw him get up, looking as calm as you please, and go round the room once or twice; and then I saw him scowl, and stop, and make some excuse to her and put her in a chair; and, I declare to you, the lace was stained all down her dress, and his waistcoat and trousers shone with blood. He had jerked the wound open, and it was bleeding in torrents."

"Lor!" exclaimed the porter.

"He came across the room to me," continued Tom, "and we got out before the people knew what was up. He asked me to drive him home, and almost snapped my head off when I begged him to stay where he was, and be looked to,—regularly swore at me, you know. He was so angry to think he had betrayed himself. 'Hang that girl!' he said once or twice; and I do think he has hated the sight of her ever since. She's over head and ears in love with him, of course!—wears the bloody piece of lace next her heart, I'm told."

"Lor!" ejaculated the porter again, with immense interest.

"When I got home he had fainted dead off, and I thought we never should have brought him round again. We telegraphed for physicians and for his sister—the very sister who was in that train this afternoon—Heaven grant he may find her safe! She's just like him. When she came, and found him all but dead, she never cried or made a fuss, but just set about nursing him as quietly as if he'd been only a baby with the rash. She nursed him well too. He had a hard pull for his life, poor fellow! but he got well, and the wound healed up at last. She wouldn't let him go about as he had done. She could do more with him than any one. Hollo! there's the train!"

And Tom Masters brought his confidential chat with the porter to an end, and ran down the platform. Meeting the train at the extreme end thereof, he ran up again, shouting as

he ran, his eager greeting to a round merry face that was thrust out of the window of a first-class carriage.

"Hollo, Jenny!"

"Hollo, Tom!"

"So afraid you wouldn't get here till to-morrow!"

"Trust me."

"Weren't sick, were you, Jin?"

"Not a bit. Beautiful passage!"

"Cold and wet, I expect?"

"Oh dear no!"

By this time the train had slackened its pace to a crawl, and the doors were being unlocked. Green and yellow visages, more or less melancholy, peeped out of fur hoods and collars to reconnoitre, but Jenny's feet were the first to touch the platform. As she descended she was caught in her brother's strong arms, hugged to suffocation, and kissed at least a dozen times. I'm afraid Mr. Lepell would have been shocked. Had he been there, and met his sister for the first time for twenty years, he would no more have thought of kissing her on the platform than of kissing the guard or the porters.

"Come on," said Tom then, dragging her off. "Dinner will be ready for you directly. Look sharp and take off your things while I see to the luggage."

With which he hurried her to the hotel, and gave her into the charge of a waiter, to whom he volunteered all information as to who she was, where she had come from, and where she was going to next day. When, in the course of a few minutes, he rejoined her in their sitting-room, he found her divested of her outdoor garments, and washed and brushed, quite ready to sit down to dinner.

"Do ring, Tom, and make them stir themselves. I am perfectly ravenous," said she, as soon as he had crossed the threshold.

He pulled the bell-handle nearly out, and the first course appeared, when she promptly possessed herself of her chair at the head of the table, and began to eat and chatter at a surprising rate.

"My dear," said Tom, after contemplating her for some time with admiring affection, "you don't do much credit to Madame Lamonty. Mother expects no end of elegance, and you aren't French polished at all!"

"The French polish wouldn't stick on a bit, Tom," replied Jenny, laughing. "I tried to be tractable when I was rubbed,

"Jenny's feet were the first to touch the platform. As she descended she was caught in her brother's strong arms, hugged to suffocation, and kissed at least a dozen times."—*See page 6.* [*The Touchstone.*

—I really did try to take it in; but it was no use, I was an unfavourable subject altogether."

"Jolly good job too," mumbled Tom, with his mouth full. "You're a good deal nicer as you are, to *my* thinking."

Certainly, Jenny was far from elegant. Her face was as broad as it was long, irregular to a degree, and covered with freckles; her figure was large-boned and loosely put together; her hands and feet were immense; the fashion of her hair and her dress must have made her an object of derision and pity to all Gallic beholders. Yet there was something of beauty about her too. The freckled face had the truest and sweetest of hazel-brown eyes, and the frankest, kindliest mouth that ever was seen. The broad big-boned body, though still very far off, was much nearer to the Greek ideal than the tight-laced, round-waisted, puffy-necked figures of her four fashionable sisters, with whom the lady critics of Castlegate considered her unworthy to be compared. The plain bands of hair, brushed back from the temples, and tucked into a net, showed a well-modelled intelligent head; and the striped Garibaldi shirt neither narrowed the chest nor constrained the muscles, but left her all the grace that nature had meant her to have with her youth and health.

"Give me another cutlet, please, Tom. I haven't tasted anything so nice since I left London half a year ago. And so Bella is engaged at last! Well, she has wanted a husband ever since I can remember, but I didn't expect to see her condescend to Mr. Smith, did you?"

"I don't know," Tom replied, musingly. "I think she was inclined to take the first that turned up."

"She wouldn't have had him a few years ago."

"That was different. She wasn't forty a few years ago."

"No more she was. Well, I hope she'll be happy. *I* shan't envy her her husband, I know. And how about Cordy and Mr. Lepell? She hasn't got him yet, I suppose?"

Tom laughed and said "No;" and then he looked grave and shook his head. "If Mr. Lepell marries, Jenny, his wife won't be one of our sort. Cordy is a great fool to run after him as she does,—and so is Emily Carter and the rest of them. I wouldn't let myself down so, if I were a girl, for the best man living."

"I want to see him very much," said Jenny. I've heard more of him than of anybody for the last two or three years, and have never set eyes on him yet. He has always been away, or else ill, when I have been at home, you know."

"I know he has," assented Tom. "But you'll soon see him now. You were very nearly getting introduced to him to-night."

Here Tom mentioned his meeting with Mr. Lepell on the platform, and gave an account of the railway accident in which his sister was supposed to be involved.

"I have seen Mrs. Charteris," said Jenny. "I trust she isn't hurt! A very grand lady I thought her; and very handsome—different from the Castlegate ladies, somehow."

"Very different," said Tom. "As different as Mr. Lepell is from the Castlegate gentlemen."

"Is *he* as handsome as they say?"

"Pretty nearly."

"I should like to see him very much."

"Well, very probably he'll travel down with us to-morrow, if Mrs. Charteris is safe. And he is engaged to dine at our house in the evening."

"Oh! They've got a great party then, I suppose?"

"Yes. One of the series mother has set on foot for the due celebration of Bella's engagement."

"Bother it!"

"Bother it by all means!"

"I hate those parties, don't you, Tom? Dragging those grand people, that don't belong to us, into the house, just that they may turn up their noses at our parade and display. I'm sure when we had Mrs. Charteris to dinner at your coming of age, she looked bored to death with the fuss. And Mr. Lepell—I wish they hadn't asked him."

"I know what I wish," said Tom. "That you and I could just slip off away from them all, and have a cosy tea with little Molly Montresor."

"Molly Montresor!—Elinor, you mean," retorted Jenny.

Tom buried his nose in his wine-glass, coloured up to the roots of his hair, and nearly choked himself.

"I wish it were Molly," Jenny went on, remorselessly. "She's worth twenty of her fine, lackadaisical sister. Dear little Molly! shan't I just be pleased to see her, that's all! To think that you should have passed her over, and taken up with that bundle of airs and graces! I feel awfully angry whenever I think of it. You that talk so much, too, of hating outside show! Why, Nella is all outside show—all dress and attitude, and white hands, and eau de Cologne! While Molly, with her sweet

little brown face, is made of ladies' stuff all through, and yet is so good and so homely,—just the girl I would marry if I were a man."

"I'm very fond of Molly," said Tom, meekly.

"You don't know anything about her," Jenny replied, with asperity. "You're a great, blind, blundering stupid, and not worth her notice. There, don't hack the pheasant's legs about in that way,—cut it properly."

With a great effort Tom sawed a slice out of the pheasant's breast, and laid it on his sister's plate, the solemn waiter watching him with a suspicious twinkle in the corners of his eyes; then, with another great effort, he turned the conversation.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MASTERS' DINNER-PARTY.

At about the same hour on the following night Jenny was dressing herself for the grand dinner-party at home, in a comical state of ferocity and rebellion.

Castlegate House, as Mr. Masters' dwelling was styled—an imposing, white-faced, French-windowed, Italian-porticoed structure, built and furnished (regardless of cost) about seven years before—was lit up from top to bottom; and a pair of bright gas lamps, flanking each entrance of the carriage drive, sent a stream of radiance across the road, and up into the leafless branches of the trees on the lawn, and over the four hideous club-bearing monsters on guard at the gates, which were supposed to represent the crest of the family. Mr. Masters was dressed, and sitting in his own private den, miscalled his study, intent on his farming accounts. He was a hale, wiry old man, and bore signs in his weather-beaten face and horny hands of having done hard work in his time. Not an ill-looking man by any means, with his venerable iron-grey head, and kind quick eyes, but with less of the appearance of a gentleman than even our poor Tom could boast of. It was only within the last few years that Mrs. Masters had been able, with much patient coaxing and scheming, to get him into a tail-coat at all, not to speak of patent boots and white gloves; and now he looked as awkward and uncomfortable in his elegant garments as a Sepoy recruit wearing his British uniform for the first time.

The sense of incongruity was heightened by the presence a huge churchwarden, black with smoke, at which he suc with immense satisfaction,—his door being locked, and keyhole stuffed with paper. Mrs. Masters, majestic in bl lace and yellow satin, was throned in her glittering drawi room,—the grand apartment of the house, whose gorgeous holstery and costly knickknacks saw the light of fire and can only on state occasions like the present. She was a large, flo black-eyed woman, with remains of a masculine kind of bea about her. It was said that she had been, in her young ti a barmaid at an inn, and had captivated Mr. Masters with bright eyes and her saucy tongue the while she served him w his gin and water on certain (long-forgotten) market nig Isabella, her eldest daughter, attired in a girlish white dr with innocent apple-blossoms in her hair, was seated o low sofa by the fire in the little drawing-room at back, embraced by her somewhat ancient lover, Mr. Sm This gentleman, also a fen farmer, to whom draining brought wealth and genteel aspirations, and who had bec oblivious of uncles and cousins of every degree, seemed tressed by the wide-open doors and the general publicity of situation, and bestowed his caresses in comical little jerks paroxysms with considerable awkwardness.

Cordelia, the second daughter, a very amiable and g hearted, but intensely foolish and affected young lady of thi five, with more pretensions to beauty than the rest of sisters, was alone in her bedroom, putting the finishing touc her elaborate toilette, with a view to Mr. Lepell's approval. the morning she had been in despair, because it was said Mrs. Charteris was laid up in London with broken limbs, because Tom and Jenny had not had a glimpse of her hero, was to have come down with them from town; but the new his arrival at the Hall, and the account of the accident in newspapers, containing the names of all the sufferers, and mention of Mrs. Charteris, had restored her to hope and ch fulness. She was trying pretty attitudes before her looking-g now, shaking out her pink draperies and laces and ribb patting her fair hair, which was arranged in an enorm chignon and puffs, with a long curl trickling down her neck, otherwise making a fool of herself after the fashion of vain g

Cecilia—"Virgin and Martyr," as Tom called her—a fre pensive young woman, who always considered herself inj

by somebody or something—one of those "confirmed invalids" who never know what is the matter with them,—and Judith, otherwise Judy, the strong-minded female of the family, were both in Jenny's room, superintending the operations of their lady's-maid on that unfortunate individual.

"Put the hair a little lower over the eyes, Thompson," said Cecilia, languidly, as she snuffed at her vinaigrette. "She looks as if she had come out of the ark with all that bare forehead."

"I won't have it over my eyes then," snapped Jenny, "just like those dirty-fine waitresses at the railway refreshment-rooms. Mrs. Charteris don't wear hers so, I know. It's bad enough to have this great lump behind"—alluding to her elegant chignon, —"without being smothered in front like a Skye terrier. Put it back, right back, Thompson. I'm not ashamed to show my face, though it is an ugly one."

"Oh very well!—then don't ask my opinion," said Cecilia, rising to go down to the drawing-room, with a sigh of saintly patience and resignation.

"I didn't ask it," retorted Jenny, "and I don't want it—nor Judy's either. I wish you'd both go, and let me dress in peace."

Cecilia went, but Judith was not to be got rid of so easily. That indefatigable young woman bustled about the room, with her mouth full of pins, overturning all poor Jenny's untidy drawers and boxes, and scolding and ordering through her shut teeth without a moment's intermission. She pulled and twitched at the ill-fitting white frock which Jenny chose to wear, jerking her round and round while she pinned and pinched and plaited her up, till the girl nearly cried with impatience.

"There, I should think that's enough," exclaimed the victim at last, wriggling herself out of her tormentor's hands.

"Yes, it's an improvement certainly," replied Judith, viewing her performance with her head on one side. "It looks a little less like a sack than it did. Now where are your ribbons, child? We must put some colour about you somewhere."

Jenny sulkily produced her whole stock of trimmings, scattering them down on the floor, bit by bit, as she dragged them from their various holes and corners.

"They won't do," was Judith's prompt remark. "They look as if they had been kept in a rag bag. Thompson, just go and look in my right-hand top drawer, and bring me my plaid sash."

"Yes, I dare say that will go round *me!*" cried Jenny, ironically, when the article appeared—a gorgeous mass of Stuart tartan ribbon,—holding it by the belt at arm's length. "Try it that's all."

Judith detached the belt from the bows and ends, and fastened it as tightly as it would go round her sister's waist, leaving a gap of white muslin some four or five inches long. Over this gap the broad loops were securely pinned; and then, with a few more pats and pinches, Jenny's toilette was declared complete.

"I shall burst, I know, long before I have done my dinner!" she exclaimed, disconsolately.

But Judith had heard the sound of carriage wheels, and flown down-stairs.

Jenny, turning back to the dressing-table, pulled on her gloves, only splitting one seam, for a wonder; begged Thompson's private opinion as to her appearance, who told her she looked very nice and "quite the lady," and then dawdled away to the drawing-room after her. On the stairs she met Mrs. Masters, in a great state of bustle and irritation.

"What *is* your papa doing, Jenny? There's the door-bell ringing, and he isn't down-stairs yet!"

"Oh yes, he's down-stairs, mamma, for I saw his door open," Jenny replied. "Perhaps he's in his study. I'll go and see."

She ran down to the hall, and along the dark passages that led to Mr. Masters' den. Smiling to herself, she stooped and poked the paper through the keyhole, and then whispered hurriedly, "Daddy, you must come out; mamma is looking for you everywhere."

The door was unlocked and opened cautiously, and Mr. Masters appeared in the aperture, holding the churchwarden behind him.

"Come in, Jenny," said he, in the same confidential whisper; "I won't be a minute. I say, do I smell?"

"You smell awfully," Jenny replied, giving his coat-tails a shake. "But there's no time to fumigate now. Put one of your musk lozenges in your mouth and run off. Mamma will only snuff at you a little. She can't scold, because some of the company are here already—Mr. Lepell himself, I believe. Has he got a big light moustache?"

"Yes, and no whiskers."

"It's Mr. Lepell then. I just caught a glimpse of him as I ran through the hall. Here, make haste, I'll lock up."

Mr. Masters, chewing his lozenge, scuttled off in great trepidation; and Jenny proceeded to lock up the churchwarden and tobacco-box in a little corner cupboard (full of old papers, pipes, bottles, spiders, &c.) which no one else was ever allowed to look into, and which smelt most vilely.

"Faugh! I must get him to let me turn this place out and put it to rights," said Jenny to herself. And then she pocketed the key and followed him to the drawing-room.

Mr. Lepell was standing on the rug by the fire, with all the light from the huge pier-glass and chimney-piece streaming on his delicate, sharp face, being talked to by the mother and sisters, and by Miss Emily Carter, the weathy heiress of Carter Brothers, the great brewers of Castlegate, Cordelia's friend and rival. Miss Carter being one of her natural enemies, and no other lady guest having arrived, Jenny slunk through into the inner room, and took up her post of observation on the sofa which the lovers had vacated. She did not escape the notice of Mr. Lepell's sleepy-looking yet vigilant eyes, but he allowed her to stare at him, when she had seated herself, to her heart's content, in the full belief that he was unconscious of her curiosity and admiration. As if he could have been unconscious, with all that classical beauty, standing without a rival in such a flood of light! Jenny looked at him, too, as if she would absorb him bodily into her great clear eyes. She had never seen a man she liked to look at so much before. But the more she looked at him, the less desire she felt for her promised introduction. If she could have had her will, she would not have gone within a dozen yards of him so long as he was in the house. Courtesy and gentleness and a certain dignified humility marked his every word and gesture, and softened the severe *hauteur* that generally characterized his face. He bent his head to Judith, who was laying down the law to him on some subject connected with art and chivalry, of which she was totally ignorant, and to Cordelia, who minced and fluttered and sentimentalized ("like a born idiot," as Jenny indignantly remarked to herself, with anger and shame in her reddened cheeks), and to that great, bumptious, loud-tongued, bedizened Emily Carter, as if they were all three princesses, or Mrs. Charterises at the least. But yet she knew, by a sort of instinct, that he was feeling inwardly bored and out of place. She knew that they

had nothing in common with him, nor he with them. If they had been in their old fen farmhouse now, and the entertainment had comprised one of those big ham-and-cake teas, or hot suppers, such as she could remember her mother presiding over in the days of her childhood, things would have seemed more fitting somehow, and she would not have felt so ashamed and so shy of him. As it was, the fine ladies were bad enough, without such a clumsy, uncouth, awkward lump of ugliness!—so she declared to herself, with a troubled face.

Tom was engaged in conversation with old Mr. Carter and his father and Mr. Smith,—the former holding him by the button-hole; so he could not come to her. But Cordelia, who, with all her silliness, was kind-hearted and considerate for others, saw her sitting in the back drawing-room, lonely and neglected, and fluttering down upon her, dragged her out.

"I don't think you know my sister Jane, Mr. Lepell," she said, in her mincing way, when she had succeeded in landing her on the hearth-rug, crimson to the ears.

"Our Parisian schoolgirl," added Bella, hugging Mr. Smith's arm in both hands, to his great discomfort.

Mr. Lepell looked at her kindly, and bowed; and she made him a most ungraceful little curtsey. Then the circle closed round him again, and she was allowed to drift away, with her heart knocking in her throat.

The guests were arriving now every minute, and but little more notice was taken of her. There came the bachelor vicar, Mr. Macintyre, and the two curates of the parish, Doctor Meredith and his middle-aged starchy sister, and Mr. Leigh, the lawyer, and his wife. There came also poor round-shouldered, grey-faced Mr. Bedingfield, whose family had once owned the old Tudor house and meagre lands which were now in Mr. Lepell's possession; and there came, lastly, Mrs. Marshall, the rich widow—richer than even Miss Emily Carter, it was said,—all flowers and false hair and diamonds, who was so fat she could hardly sit down. Jenny watched them come in, one by one, from her out-of-the-way corner; and then she heard Bella remark to her mother that there was "no one else," and was aware of a little preparation for the summons to dinner.

She suddenly sprang to her feet, and advanced boldly toward the group on the hearth-rug—even into the august presence of Mr. Lepell.

"Judy," she said, addressing the first sister she came to, "I forgot to ask, but—I suppose the Montresors aren't expected?"

"No," whispered Judith, scowling, and drawing her aside. "We couldn't ask them, of course, with Mr. Lepell,—and Mrs. Marshall would not have liked it either."

"Mr. Lepell—Mrs. Marshall!" echoed Jenny, with supreme disdain and irony. "Molly Montresor is fitter for Mr. Lepell's company than anybody who is here to-night,—and Mrs. Marshall ought to feel proud that she has such relations—which she don't deserve—horrid, vulgar, purse-proud old cat!"

"Hush, hush!" Judith exclaimed, in mingled anger and fright. "Hold your tongue, for goodness' sake! Don't behave like a savage in the drawing-room, whatever you do elsewhere. Hark! there's the dinner-bell. We shouldn't have had room for the Montresors to-night, how should we?"

The company sailed out in twos and threes, and went to dinner—Jenny on the arm of the youngest and meekest of the two curates, who was quite frightened by her stormy face. Jenny was, in fact, in a towering temper. She had not expected that the Montresors had been asked, and so was not disappointed at their absence; but that she should be told, in so many words, that they were not good enough—that was more than she could bear. All her feathers stood on end, quivering, and she was devoured with the desire to avenge her insulted Molly.

Avenge her she did, too, before the evening was over. Mr. Lepell, sauntering into the drawing-room with Mr. Bedingfield, when tired of wine and politics, looked round and espied her sitting sulkily in a corner, a few paces distant from her enemy. Judith, who was lecturing the vicar on Sunday schools, glanced up, and hoped he would take the arm-chair that stood empty at her elbow. Cecilia gave him a soft, wistful smile; Miss Carter beckoned him to her ottoman, and Cordy drew her pink flounces aside, and placed half a sofa at his disposal. But he took no notice of any of them, and made his way straight to Jenny. He was sick of all their display and affectation, and wanted something simple and natural to refresh himself with. He was taken with Jenny as soon as he saw her—scuttling in her clumsy haste to the back drawing-room out of the way. He liked her for her unpretending dress, and her unconscious if ungainly attitudes; for her sensitive modesty and shyness, for her large, clear, bright eyes,—above all, for calling Mrs. Marshall an old cat—Mrs. Marshall, by virtue of her money, the great lady of

Castlegate, to whom the others bowed down. He had overheard her little dialogue with Judy before dinner—his ears being as quick as his sleepy-looking eyes, and it had led him to a determination to cultivate her acquaintance.

In pursuance of this object he now took a seat by her side, and set himself to break the ice between them in a very delicate and dexterous way. Jenny reddened, and felt hot and uncomfortable for a few seconds, after becoming aware of his intentions; but her anger with Judith had roused her spirit, and made her bolder and more courageous than she would otherwise have been. Indeed, her fear and shyness melted away in no time, and she began to talk to him after a little with all her girlish volubility, and with most amusing freedom and frankness.

When they had exchanged confidences concerning Paris, and the Channel trip, and the hotel at Charing Cross, she blurted out the subject that was uppermost in her mind.

"Do you know the Montresors, Mr. Lepell?"

Her clear, blunt tones reached several pairs of ears—Judith's, of course—and made them tingle with apprehension.

"I know Mr. Montresor by sight," Mr. Lepell replied, "but I am not acquainted with him, or with any of his family. Indeed, I don't know what family he has. You mean the organist of St. Cuthbert's, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jenny, tartly,—"'only the organist,' as the aristocrats of Castlegate call him;" and she glanced contemptuously round the room. "But if he is only the organist, he is a gentleman, Mr. Lepell—as good a gentleman as you are."

"*I* did not say 'only the organist,'" he replied, smiling a little under his moustache. "And I am sure he is a gentleman, by the look of him. I wish I had the pleasure of his acquaintance very much."

"Ah!" said Jenny, her face suddenly lighting up, "I believe you do—because you are a real gentleman, and not a stuck-up swell,—and know him for one, though he has only two hundred a year, or three hundred I suppose it is, with his pupils counted in. And I am sure you would like him. He's so quiet and simple, and yet he's so clever,—you can't think what a lot he knows about everything! You wouldn't like Mrs. Montresor so much. She's Mrs. Marshall's sister, you know. They say she used to be very pretty, but she never could have had much in her, and she's rather stuck up and airified—though not so much

as Mrs. Marshall," added Jenny, simply, quite forgetful of the near neighbourhood of the lady alluded to. "I don't fancy you'd like Elinor—Miss Montresor—either, particularly. She's very handsome, if you look at that——"

"I don't look at that," put in Mr. Lepell. "It has nothing to do with liking."

"It's a good job for me you think so," returned Jenny, bluntly. "But it has, all the same. It's her outside beauty that blinds Tom to Molly's inside goodness and sweetness. Oh, Mr. Lepell, I wish you knew Molly!"

"Who's Molly?" he asked.

"She's the other one—Nella's sister,—Mary she is really, but you can't help making a homely name for her somehow. She *is* very homely, you know. People call her plain, in fact, though I don't see it. She is very brown—browner than I am,—and freckled a little; and she's small, and she doesn't wear anything bright; and altogether you might easily pass her over if you didn't know her. But when you have her close to you, and look into her, so to speak, then—I don't know how it is—then you begin to love her, and think what a sweet, delicate little thing she is. Indeed, Mr. Lepell, if she *is* plain, as people say, she's more a lady than anybody in Castlegate!"

Mr. Lepell's sleepy eyes began to shine a little under their drooping lids. "I think I must know who you mean," he said. "Doesn't she—she and her mother and sister—sit just behind the Carters in church?"

"Yes," said Jenny, "in the very next pew. Molly sits in the middle generally, because Mrs. Montresor likes the end and Nella likes the door,—at least, she used to do when I was at home."

"I noticed her the first Sunday I went to St. Cuthbert's," remarked Mr. Lepell.

"And you thought she looked very nice and sweet, didn't you?"

"I did," he replied, simply.

"Ah!" said Jenny, nodding her head, and looking very knowing and satisfied and triumphant, as she glanced again round the room. There was no need to say any more. She expressed her sentiments completely.

"I hope," said Mr. Lepell, after a pause—drawling most fearfully—"that you will introduce me to your friend some day. I should like to know her. And Mrs. Charteris would like to

know her. Mrs. Charteris is coming soon to make her home with me at Bedingfield, as I dare say you have heard."

"No, I hadn't heard it," said Jenny, beginning to feel shy again at the very mention of that great lady's name.

"Yes, I am fitting up her rooms for her. I shall tell her, next time I write, that I have found a friend for her to come to—may I, do you think?"

"You mean Molly?" she questioned, hesitatingly.

"No, I mean you. Molly, I hope, we shall add in due time."

This little speech, which was gall and wormwood to the young ladies around her, was very pleasant to Jenny, though she flushed scarlet to the very tips of her big ears as she made her bungling reply.

"You're very kind—but—but—I'm not—Molly may be, perhaps, but I'm not—the sort of person that—that a lady like Mrs. Charteris would like for a friend,—you see I'm not!"

"I see nothing of the kind," he said, speaking with astonishing rapidity. "Mrs. Charteris and I are brother and sister, and think much alike about those things; and *I* want you for a friend particularly."

"Do you though?" asked Jenny, with a world of wistful curiosity in her large eyes.

"Yes, I do. I don't know why you should disbelieve me."

"Only it seems so odd!" was the innocent rejoinder.

"You must have a very mean opinion of yourself," he said, smiling. And then the young ladies, who could stand it no longer, united their forces and dragged him away.

Five minutes later he was standing by the piano, turning over the leaves of Miss Carter's music. Miss Carter was screeching the "Captive Greek Girl" at the top of her voice, and banging on the piano, heedless entirely of flats and sharps; and his face was as still, and cool, and grave, as if he were listening to the sweetest notes of Jenny's Swedish namesake. Jenny remained musing in her corner by his vacant chair, looking altogether happy and satisfied.

"How do you like him, Jin?" asked Tom, over her shoulder, in a loud Irish whisper.

"Awfully," was Jenny's concise reply.

MODERN CHURCH PARTIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VASCO."

THE history of sects is the history of reaction. It is the swaying of the pendulum. We find, from time to time, a spiritual need arising in the Church; the special agency springs up at the right hour to meet it. Again, the excess to which all human agencies are liable to run, calls for a move in the opposite direction; hence springs another and an opposing band of thinkers, rejecting what has run to seed, without perhaps taking sufficient account of the harvest which has meanwhile been gathered in. To unite two antagonistic parties would seem to be the mission of a third great sect; but, on the contrary, divergence from both is the apparent result—and, as yet, the triangle is not complete.

In order to glance, however lightly, at matters such as these, a man should have sympathy with all—undue sympathy with none. It is easy to pass sweeping strictures on a class or a party. It is easy to glorify a class or a party. But to render simple justice to each and all is not so easy. "For now we see through a glass darkly." Let us therefore tread cautiously as we grope our way along.

When travellers find themselves encamped upon an alien soil, at any time liable to fall victims to a hostile population, or to become the prey of other enemies scarcely less formidable, they throw up defences for the night—they pile brushwood—they burn fires—they spare no pains to keep themselves safe within their charmed circle. What lies beyond is dark to them; they cannot see the landscape for the night curtain which envelopes it. They hug themselves within their entrenchments, and dread the beyond. "Let us not break bounds till the morning," say they. Even when the darkness is passing, and the dim grey light begins to dawn, they shrink from the risk of penetrating beyond the safe and quiet camp. The fences erected against the perils of the long night are not withdrawn, though the need for them may have passed away. Where the level road winds fair and smooth, pitfalls may lurk; where the neighbouring woods show bright through the morning mist, enemies may hide in ambush. *Let us hold by our camp*, say they.

The analogy is obvious. But if, on the one hand, exception may be taken to certain tendencies prevailing in a section of the Church—tendencies fostered by a special bent of mind or deficiency of cultivation,—we must not, on the other, lose sight of the fact that no small number of its followers are found in the ranks of those with whom rests the one shining ornament of any church—the gem of pure doctrine.

Censure is an ineffective weapon of conviction. To argument it is the glory of this branch of the Establishment to be impregnable. What might be held assailable points in the citadel its disciples claim as virtues. The desire to crush thought—the shrinking from scientific inquiry and free discussion, as though science were stronger than God, and the divine revelation so weak that a gap in an ancient Hebrew parchment could shake its authority—the preference given to the earlier rather than to the later and freer dispensation, shown in a cleaving to sabbatarianism, and a dread of things in themselves innocent—and the narrowness which sees safety only within the bounds of a charmed circle—all these tendencies are fostered as signs of grace, not as points of error. And if the hypercritical assailant goes on to say that their assumption of special charity is often found in conjunction with a practical want of it in relation to those who differ from them, he is only saying that they are what they could scarcely help being, as members of their particular school; while the cant phraseology which grates against his susceptibilities is simply another natural consequence of the teaching inculcated in its ranks.

In opposition to this section of the Church naturally sprang up a contrasting force. On the great Oxford movement it is unnecessary to dilate at length. Every point in connection with it is fresh in the memory of most of us, and the interest which it at first inspired has by no means lessened through the lapse of years.

To love the *Church* above all things—to cherish its outward and visible signs as well as its inward and spiritual grace—to find peculiar sanctity in its sacraments, and peculiar rest within its precincts—these seemed the marked characteristics of this party, which was destined to exercise such an abiding influence over the minds of men. To us—tossed, in these modern days, on the adverse waves of doubt and unbelief—there was something so restful in the feeling of laying hold, as it were, on the cord of safety cast forth into the sea of time to unite us with the good ship upon whose deck the martyrs and apostles of centuries were

gathered. What assurance of safety like this? And if it be objected that along with this righteous faith in tradition and authority was joined too passionate a clinging to forms in themselves immaterial, we should do wrong not to lay this in part to the account of the natural law of reaction. They had viewed devout men praying in edifices compared with which their private dwelling-houses were palatial, and offering to God the incense of sounds which it would be mockery to dignify with the name of music. To see a barn substituted for the temple of old—to "hear Christ's praises chanted discordantly, and His miracles" illustrated from the pulpit "ungrammatically"—offended these men. To offer God our worst, rather than our best, was in their eyes unseemly. They banded together to institute a different order of things, and to add to spiritual worship the outward gorgeousness sanctioned by the teaching of the Old Testament.

A different colouring was given to personal piety. A more distant adoration was substituted for the earthly and personal element. Ancient church hymnals and prayers took the place of the familiar psalm-manuals which had repelled the fastidious. Instead of regarding the Creator of the universe as a friend with whom they were privileged to be on familiar terms, some of their number forsook the fold altogether, and fell into the opposite error of claiming inferior mediation, rather than approach too near the great Source of light. Instead of the deficiency in the higher imaginative faculty, which hindered men from grasping the grandeur of unseen realities, and which rendered the human side of Christ's character necessary to the vitality of their religion, an equally dangerous tendency arose to behold God afar off, and people the ladder which leads to heaven with intercessory forms and deeds of penance. In the one school Deity must descend to be apprehended. In His higher attributes Christ was beyond reach of the disciples of this school. They grasped the single relation in which they could realize Him, His manhood; and in so doing wandered into a familiarity of speech which was judged irreverent. In the other, the thick layers of forms and ceremonies threatened to obscure a portion of the direct light needful to satisfying communion with God. There might be error in both schools; there was clearly good in both. In the one, a necessity for an earthly embodiment of their faith—a personal God to pray to—went, curiously enough, along with a morbid aversion to all visible representation of that faith. The aid which our Lord's

human nature afforded to finite understandings was not to be accompanied by the inferior aids which the eye or the ear offered to the worshipper. In the other, both eye and ear were enlisted in the service of devotion, to the manifest danger of their usurping a higher place than they were intended to fill.

What more natural than that a third reactionary impulse should succeed these?

"'Authority—tradition!' what are they? Have we not the witness in our own heart—the light shed on our own understanding—the communion with God which has for its result the interpretation of Scripture truths hitherto garbled or misunderstood?" As this new school sprang up, even the theory of independent illumination was not without its adherents. "The world," wrote an able theologian, somewhat after this strain, "when in its *infancy*, required, as children require, specific laws and rules, written or oral. Hence came the Mosaic dispensation. In *youth* an *example* is the most powerful incentive to right-doing. Hence the one great Example was given, and Christ appeared, while the world was yet in its youth. But when the stature of manhood is reached, the dictates of the conscience supply the need of the man. The world is no longer in its infancy—its youth has passed away. The mid-day sun shines on it. Fetters and restrictions are cast away. Let us receive the light into our hearts, and accept its guidance."

That this extreme view was held only by a few it is needless to add. Independence of the written Word would be a consummation regretted by none more than by the enlightened members of this section of the Church. Liberty of thought—of inquiry—they do indeed claim; without a "reason for the faith that is in them" they could not rest satisfied. But their aim is a blending of the earthly with the divinely revealed light—not a rejection of the latter.

The two most prominent features of this school may perhaps be viewed as, firstly, "an endeavour to regenerate faith, and bring it into harmony with modern thought;" and secondly, a disposition to lay stress on the *love* of God as compared with His other attributes. The desire to stifle thought, and to rest content with a creed based upon faith alone, unsupported by reason, here meets with its antagonistic principle; while the thunders fulminated in a thousand popular books, and re-echoed from a thousand pulpits, are answered by this band of thoughtful men with the solemn asseveration that "God is love."

It may perhaps be said that they are tolerant to excess—not through any indifference to sin, but through a deeply rooted faith in what is good—in the power of man to rise, in the will of God to redeem. "His mercy is infinite—we cannot fathom it;" such is the hopeful spirit which men of this stamp breathe; and in so doing, offend the great mass of those who have long since arrived at a moral certainty that whoso repents not his sins in this life is condemned *for ever*. Yes, so they say; and on this word *eternal* is based a controversy which threatens to last until all those who have taken part in it on this side the grave shall have changed their moral certainty into a practical one, and those who have doubted God's power to pardon shall doubt no more.

A catholic tolerance necessarily lays itself open to the charge of setting men asleep in their sins. "If you lull and stifle in the human heart that fear which is so powerful a fence against sin, you are ruining men under the guise of love." The point whether love or fear influences most can never be determined; since these influences vary infinitely according to the nature worked upon, as well as upon the manner of working. But if the danger of exalting love at the expense of justice is great, we must at the same time allow that it is an error which comes from the right side,—a broken reflection of genuine rays from above, through which we can better discern the likeness of Him who makes His sun to shine on the just and on the unjust. It has no partnership with darkness, as has its opposite. The devils believe and tremble; but they believe in power, not in love.

And as we review this section of the Church more closely we shall find that, in other points too, any supposed failure springs from what we may term an excess in the right direction. God gave us eyes to see, tongues to speak, minds to reason,—every faculty we possess to use. These men use their faculties, and believe that all science, all knowledge, all discoveries, are but handmaids of religion, and that to fear their progress is not to fear God. They stand, as it were, upon an eminence, and survey life, and men, and things with a broader view. They bring the highest mental cultivation to bear upon sacred subjects, and believe that they are honouring God by so doing. They seek ever more and more light. They see God through the dim rays which have illumined centuries—through the earth's history—through its beauty—through the broken beams of truth, and purity, and love, which are scattered in

every place and in every heart which is not closed against them. They see in moral evil (that stumbling-block to faith) the necessary consequence of man's free-will, without the existence of which free-will were impossible; and in physical evil—the result in part of moral evil, and in part a necessity of progress. Their claim to that gift of charity without which men "are nothing" is undoubted; and if they are tempted to fancy the intellectual eminence they have reached higher than in truth it may be—if they fail to receive the written Word in the simplicity of a child—or, in common with others of all sects, occasionally misinterpret what they would fain make clear, all that can be said is, that they are no more exempt from frailty than other men, and that we shall do well to accept what is good in their teaching, and let go the rest.

No sketch of this kind, however slight, would be complete without an allusion to a point of doctrine compared with which all minor differences wax insignificant. Sacrifice for sin is branded in ineffaceable characters on the written revelation. It finds its culminating force of expression in the words of Isa. liii. 56. There is no evading it. No scholarly ingenuity can succeed in wresting from language so clear of utterance its direct significance. "But," it is argued, "a scheme of justice which would be scouted before any civilized tribunal on earth cannot surely be accepted by a heavenly. To punish the innocent for the guilty is not justice. God is just. To suppose that He is indifferent regarding the victim who suffers, as long as punishment is borne by some one, were to paint Him as a heathen Moloch might be painted—not as the Source of love and justice."

At first sight this reasoning seems plausible enough. But the answer which follows is one which in its simplicity a little child might grasp—although it would seem to have strangely escaped the keener vision of the scholarly and the wise. "If," let us say, "our Creator and Judge did indeed calmly survey from His heavenly throne the innocent suffering for the guilty there might be ground for incredulity. It would be hard to reconcile this with the divine character. But if *the Judge himself descends from His seat*, and voluntarily takes upon Himself the weight of punishment, all dream of justice or injustice vanishes, and we are only lost in wonder at the sublimity of the divine idea." It is an idea which the mind of man could never have originated; and which he can never, on this side the grave, adequately grasp, since the finite is powerless to apprehend

either the infinite weight of glory in which Deity was wrapped, or the depth of anguish beneath which His dual nature voluntarily bowed.

We have forborne to touch on the subject of the labours accomplished, outwardly and visibly, by these three parties in the Church, for zeal is not wanting in any. All and each work, with varying success, according to their differing lights, under the prompting of differing spirits; and even scholars forsake the task of refining subtleties of doctrine, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and do battle with misery in the lowest haunts of vice. This is not exceptional, but common; and we thank God for it.

And now to conclude. We have seen that out of one sect naturally springs another; that the deficiency of the one is supplied by the motive force of the next; and that, where in each may be traced error, in each lies a germ of good—of good, infinite, boundless, when developed by the Sun that shines on high, and purified of the husk beneath which the grain lies for a time concealed. And the need of a paper such as this is scarcely so much to trace the varying character of the grain, as modified by nature, soil, or culture, as to show how, through all varying points, the essential quality of each grain should be the same. The use of the grain is to feed men. Differences must exist. Cavillers talk of the schisms in the Church as of evil augury. "If a kingdom be divided against itself, how shall that kingdom stand?" But such divisions were prophesied by Christ. They have always been, and will be to the end. And where a right spirit animates the body there is everything to hope, nothing to fear, in spite of all warring of parties. Only let each draw nearer one to the other. There is room for all varieties of spiritual thought, just as there is room in the earth for its varying products, each designed for man's sustenance.

Grand discords produce the noblest music. May it not be hoped, then, that the discords which prevail in the spiritual kingdom on earth may evoke in the future the harmonies of heaven? And as the three unconnected lines of the triangle, when set apart, have no significance, but when joined together form a symbol of the divine nature, so one day these three parties in the Church may be united, to stand forth an abiding sign of the glory of God.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

II.—THE ARTHUR POEMS.

WE will now proceed to examine those parts of the book more specially connected with the work which the laureate has made so entirely his own, the Arthurian cycle of romance.

And firstly we may congratulate readers on the form this work has now taken. Instead of consisting of a number of isolated pieces, we have them, by the new additions, combined into one harmonious whole. To effect this purpose we have a new introduction, entitled "The Coming of Arthur;" two new poems, "The Holy Grail" and "Pelleas and Ettarre," intended to hold place between those of "Elaine" and "Guinevere;" and, as a conclusion, the first in date and last in place of the whole cycle, that splendid piece known to us all under the name of "Morte d'Arthure," but now, in stricter accordance with the vagueness of the legend, styled no longer "The Death," but "The Passing of Arthur."

We shall be glad to see this splendid work disassociated from other poems of undoubted merit but of different character, and may venture to express the hope that the misleading title hitherto borne by its main part, "Idylls," may vanish. We have the authority of the poem to quote in favour of the new relative position of its parts,—

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Let the old name also change. Our author can have no difficulty in giving us another and more suitable title; for in the sense wherein we and all Europe use the word "Idyll" the present one is a misnomer. Let him take Joseph of Exeter's quaint expression, prefixed already as a motto to both the volumes, and call his whole work, "The Flower of Kings," if "Flos regum Arthurus" would seem too pedantic for general comprehension; but let us at all events have a fitting title for the whole eight pieces, instead of the inappropriate one which we have been taught to give to only four of the collection.

Before speaking of the new pieces in the order wherein we meet them, there are some words to be said on their general

structure. We are not of those who would presume to bind poetic genius by any too stringent rules of prosody. It is in fact one of the great advantages of our English tongue that it allows so much greater freedom to the poet, and if there be some who regret its mixed nature, they can console themselves by the greater modulation of expression which that mixed nature secures. Such blank verse as Tennyson's would not pass muster in German, and would be intolerable in French; and yet its very irregularities are able, in our own tongue, to be turned into absolute beauties, if treated by a master hand. Of this mastery we will give a few instances from the book before us. In page 10 we read, for instance,

> "But summon here before us yet once more
> *Ulfius and Brastias and Bedivere.*"

The latter is an absolutely unscannable line, and yet as musical in its irregularity and as suitable to the occasion as the apparent discord which when scientifically resolved adds such beauty to a passage in a symphony, while showing the originality of the composer's thought. Let us note, again, the power of such an artistic break in measure as occurs in page 110. After Ettarre, speaking of Pelleas' persistent suit, makes her sorrowful conclusion:—

> "'Nay, let him go, and quickly.' And her knights
> Laughed not, but thrust him bounden out of door;"

how spiritedly the new paragraph begins,—

> "*Forth sprang Gawain*, and loosed him from his bonds."

The mere drudge, the mechanical bard, would here preserve his metre; he would break no rule, misplace no accent; he would show us even how symmetrically he could use the very words we have quoted, and put them in their proper place by writing the passage thus:—

> "*Gawain sprang forth*, and loosed him from his bonds."

But the superiority of the first form is self-evident in spite of all rule, and the person who fails to see this must be quite incapable of forming a poetic opinion.

Again, however lax the accent or the scansion, must we not remark the beauty of the line italicised in the following passage:—

> "Then with a slow smile turned the lady round
> And looked upon her people; and as when
> A stone is flung into some sleeping tarn
> The circle widens till it lip the marge,
> Spread the slow smile through all her company.
> Three knights were thereamong; and they too smiled,
> Scorning him; for the lady was Ettarre,
> *And she was a great lady in her land.*"

The line makes absolute music in the ear, and a part of it is repeated with good effect further on, in closing the description of how, when it suits Ettarre for her selfish purposes to show some semblance of favour to the knight she had despised,—

> "Her knights
> And all her damsels too were gracious to him,
> *For she was a great lady.*"

Here, again, is a variation of metre which we may point to as boldly beautiful. It is where Galahad calls to the king, describing his vision of the Grail, page 51,—

> "But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
> I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
> '*O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.*'"

In this line we find the irregularity of measure not only beautiful in sound; but beautiful in suitability to the occasion. It is as if a different language were used for the mystic message; and the very naturalness of the transition adds to the perfection of artistic taste which has so framed it. We are not to profane it by attempting to read the word Galahad as if contracted into two syllables, *Gallad.* This might scan the line, but must mar its beauty. There is a weird sweetness half made of sadness in the sound; as if, Sir Galahad alone of all the knights being worthy of beholding and of guarding the Grail, that voice that accompanied its vision spoke both of sorrow for the valiant ones excluded from the quest, and of dread lest the one worthy should miss the call vouchsafed, and the Grail itself be left without its fittest guardian.

These instances are sufficient to show how effective a disregard of strict metre may be made in adding unexpected beauty to many a passage, while affording a certain useful break to the monotony of recitation. But a poet, and especially a privileged one, may sometimes infringe the terms of his licence after all. And this, we fancy, is, in an increasing degree, the laureate's case. An arbitrary, unnecessary and unlovely harshness should be avoided, and yet we find instances which must be so described multiply themselves before us. We subjoin a few examples. In page 117 we read—

> "And so went back, and seeing them yet in sleep,
> Said, 'Ye that so dishallow the holy sleep,
> Your sleep is death.'"

Of what use is the redundant, mouth-filling, metre-marring "*the*" in the second line?

Or again, on page 136, what good purpose is served by the word "battle-axes" being in the plural number? It seems but to make inharmonious a line which would otherwise have been rythmically perfect.

> "Shield breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
> Of *battle-axes on shatter'd helms*, and shrieks
> After the Christ, of those who falling down
> Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist."

And the last line of the same page has the same fault, caused by a needless copulative:—

> "Moans of the dying, *and* voices of the dead."

(We may say in passing, for the "voices of the dead," which otherwise sounds rather an Hibernian expression, that it may be in some sort explained by reference to the warning given to Arthur by the ghost of Gawain, in a former part of the poem in which the phrase occurs.)

Without desiring to multiply instances of arbitrary, if we may not presume to call it bad, prosody, we must still point out such lines as the following:—

> "Red after revel droned her lurdane knights
> *Slumbering, and their three squires across their feet.*" p. 116.

> "His broken utterances and bashfulness." p. 97.

> "And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
> *Tower after tower, spire beyond spire.*" p. 47.

> "The king
> "*Sent to him, saying, 'Arise, and help us thou,*
> For here between the man and beast we die.'" p. 6.

We note these points as a matter of warning. For many may imitate Tennyson's metre, or neglect of metre, who have no spark of his poetic genius, and thus the form of our blank verse may be seriously distorted by a perverted notion of authority. And in questioning the licences taken we are fully aware that it is not from inadvertence or carelessness, but from deliberate purpose, that the poet has adopted such deviations from strict metre. We find these liberties taken far more rarely in his earlier writings, a fact of which he is himself aware, as appears from observing that in the new conclusion which he has given us to the old "Morte d'Arthur," he has taken care not to admit *one single unrythmical line*, doubtless from the consciousness that his new manner would not contrast favourably with the old, especially in an addition to a production with which his oldest readers are so lovingly familiar.

As to the poetical merit of the "Coming of Arthur," we cannot say much more than that it is on a par with its legendary interest, which is slight. But there is unquestionably much art in making what is, in fact, a mere introduction subordinate to those other parts of a great work which it is meant to introduce. It describes in some sort the mystical appearance of the king, the secret of whose actual birth is still left undeclared, the account given being that in the night of gloom in which King Uther died, "moaning and wailing for an heir," Merlin and his instructor Bleys had seen the infant Arthur miraculously landed by a giant wave from a glorious, phantom-fashioned, spirit-peopled ship, which was but visible a single instant to their sight. This description is given to King Leodogran by Arthur's foster-sister, Bellicent, Queen of Orkney, in reply to his questioning, suggested naturally enough by Arthur's suing for the hand of his daughter Guinevere.

The author does not linger long over King Arthur's courtship, but in a few marvellously pregnant lines he paints at once the depth of the king's passion and the less earnest feeling experienced by his lady love, which, as it were, prepares the mind for the characteristic shortcoming in love for "the blameless king," which pervaded her whole life, and tended at the last to

> "Unsolder all
> The goodliest fellowship of noble knights
> Of which this world holds record."

Though it be foreign to our purpose to make any long quotations from a book which surely all our readers must study for themselves, we may yet be excused for citing the passage describing his sudden love, and its sudden and immediate outcome of confidence and vigour.

Arthur has been summoned by Leodogran to give him aid against the heathen, whose incursions caused wide desolation, and let in the wild beasts upon his frontiers.

> "Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
> But heard the call, and came: and Guinevere
> Stood by the castle walls to see him pass;
> But since he neither wore on helm or shield
> The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
> But rode a simple knight among his knights,
> She saw him not, or marked not, if she saw,
> One among many, though his face was bare.
> But Arthur, looking downward as he passed,
> *Felt the light of her eyes into his life*

> *Smite on the sudden*, yet rode on, and pitched
> His tents beside the forest. And he drave
> The heathen, and he slew the beast, and felled
> The forest, and let in the sun, and made
> Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
> And so returned."

Very well also are the future characters of the boyish brothers Gawain and Modred contrasted in the lines describing their conduct when their mother, Queen Bellicent, sends them out that she may secretly confer with King Leodogran.

> "And Gawain went, and breaking into song
> Sprang out, and followed by his flying hair
> Ran like a colt and leaped at all he saw;
> *But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,*
> *And there half heard;* the same that afterward
> Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom."

But notwithstanding some isolated passages of great beauty, (among which we may class, though we cannot quote, Leodogran's vision), "The Coming of Arthur" is no great and moving work like those which have preceded it hitherto, or those which are to follow it henceforth; and it is with decided feelings of pleasure that we pass from its examination to the grandest performance in the present volume, "The Holy Grail."

The legend of the Holy Grail, at least for general readers, has been, if not nearly lost, nearly forgotten among us. By the time these lines will meet the public eye both the meaning of the words and the thing will, no doubt, have been put forward in various shapes. But it may be well to remind our readers that the legend was at one time probably the most important in the whole range of Christian mythology. Tennyson regards the Grail (we think erroneously) as having been the *cup* from which our Lord is said to have distributed the wine at the Last Supper, which, preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, disclosed wondrous treasures of help and healing to mortals privileged to look upon it. Only to the holiest was its vision vouchsafed; while to be its guardian was an honour reserved for the very purest of the pure. A mythical temple was built for its guardianship in Spain, but the iniquity of men caused the removal of the Grail, temple and all, to the distant East. These are the general outlines of the legend, treated, as all students of German literature know, with astonishing vigour and beauty by Wolfram von Eschenbach; who, however, holds to the view of the Grail having been the costly emerald or jasper *dish* (not cup) used for the Paschal

lamb at the Last Supper, and also to receive the blood shed from our Saviour's side by the spear of Longinus. Hence the name is derived: Holy Grail, by a false tmesis from *Sang real*, royal blood, as if *San greal*, holy grail. In favour of the *dish* view we may mention that the same legend attaches to the great emerald *dish* still preserved with religious care at Genoa, under the name of *Santo catino*. It may also be of interest to our readers, as showing the extent to which the legend occupied the minds of men, to learn that in 1384, not long after Wolfram von Eschenbach's pupil Albrecht (von Scharfenberg) described the temple of the Grail in the later Titurel, the Emperor Charles IV. used his description as the plan for the Chapel of the Cross in the castle of Karlstein near Budnian, a chapel which still exists, and, according to the testimony of Sulpice Boisserée, has all the aspect of a building erected by enchantment.

Of course Tennyson's poem is in no way a reproduction from either of the Titurels or from the Provençal original of Kyot Slegetanis, common to all poets of the Grail. He has done as Wolfram von Eschenbach did before him, chosen just such passages as struck his poetic sense and suited his artistic purpose, investing them with a nobility which only here and there becomes apparent in the old romances, and presenting them in language of exceptional beauty. The story is supposed to be told by Percival the Pure, who, having retired from the world to die in a convent, relates the legend to a brother monk, Ambrosius. His sister, he says, saw the vision first, and the tale of its appearance told by her lips impelled Sir Galahad and then King Arthur's other knights to devote themselves to the quest. They go forth, each in his several course, to seek it; some weary, some perish, several return and tell in various ways their various chances. Of these experiences the most striking and beautiful are those of Percival himself and of the conscience-stricken noble Lancelot. Here is the beautiful description by Percival's sister of her first vision of the Grail. Waked at the dead of the night, she hears a mystic strain of wondrous music:—

> "And the slender sound,
> As from a distance beyond distance grew,
> Coming upon me,—*O never harp nor horn,*
> *Nor aught we blow with breath or touch with hand,*
> *Was like that music as it came.*"

Who has not felt, but only in a dream, the sound of strange music in unutterable fulness and sweetness, such as the italicised passage hints at, but cannot describe; the weird wonder which wakes us from a strange delight, and makes us almost weep at having wakened?—

> "And then,
> Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam,
> And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail.
> Rose red with beatings in it, as if alive,
> Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
> With rosy colours leaping on the wall;
> And then the music faded, and the Grail
> Passed, and the beam decayed, and from the walls
> The rosy quiverings died into the night."

If we may without hypercriticism take exception here to a single word, it would be "stole," which, though metaphorically used, still seems a little to jar on the idea of perfect purity under which the Grail is brought before us.

Surpassingly exquisite is the passage where the enraptured nun, in the instinct of sympathetic purity, stirs the soul of Galahad to the quest whereof at last he is to be king. She wove a sword-belt of her hair, wherewith she girt him, saying:—

> "My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
> O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
> I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.
> Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,
> And break through all, till one shall crown thee king,
> Far in the spiritual city:' and as she spake
> *She sent the deathless passion in her eyes*
> *Through him, and made him hers, and laid her mind*
> *On him, and he believed in her belief.*"

We find further on (p. 52), in the influence of Galahad upon Percival, a sort of transference of the same power; a communication of the same contagion of faith:—

> "While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,
> Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew
> One with him, to believe as he believed."

Altogether a beautiful etherialization of that uncomfortable magnetism which the Ancient Mariner exercised upon the wedding guest when

> "He held him with his glittering eye."

Arthur parts with his knights in deep dejection and with sad forebodings of their future, and we are between two minds as to whether this be in accordance or no with the fitness of things. His doubts arise from his distrust in the purity and perseverance of his friends. But is not the character of Arthur set before us as that of one who is nothing if not trustful of good and confident of success attending holy efforts? Does he not stand before us, not only in modern but in ancient story, as one most likely to praise the highest effort and to encourage the loftiest aim? And are we not thus led (remembering the events of this poem to occupy a date antecedent to the discovery of Guinevere's falsehood and Modred's rebellion) to regard such a presentation of Arthur as hardly in keeping with his character? Through the whole cycle of romance he is presented to us as an optimist; and it hardly seems fitting that just when his knights have taken upon them their holiest vow of all, and girt themselves to their noblest enterprise, he should so far despond.

On the other hand, there may be a certain fitness in such treatment of the character,—that we should see the nature represented not as altogether ideal, but as possible and human; that we should regard the "Flower of Kings" as one liable to depression and doubt, all the deeper in proportion as his confidence had been strong and his hopes high; as one who, skilled in the history and the failures (which is the history of the failures) of his fellow-men, could honour and encourage their efforts without hope of their success, and feel the force as applied to their case of such a thought as we are familiar with in the words, "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses?" At all events, this is one of those debatable points which must, after all, be left to the discretion of an author, and in the present case may safely be so left, since we know so well that the author we are criticising is one who has discretion and thought of an exceptional kind, and may be held to have good reasons for whatever line of treatment he sees proper to adopt.

Apart from the beauty of mere description, we find a marvellously beautiful power of allegory in Percivale's account of his own quest of the Grail. Firstly, we find it in his description of the spirit wherein he set out, as contrasted with the spirit in which he pursued his object. His experience is made to typify that of all earnest men in their strivings after good; high-hearted, self-confident, and sturdy at the first,—tamed by defeats, cast

down by disappointments, chastened by failures, buffeted by doubts at the last. So in a few words we find set forth the history of man's struggles, and their best effect upon the mortal mind.

Let us pause a moment to compare these two fine reflections of a constant mental oscillation with which all of us must be familiar who do not shrink from the duty of self-introspection. First we read of his sanguine elation:—

> "And I was lifted up in heart, and thought
> Of all my late-shown prowess in the lists,
> How my strong lance had beaten down the knights,
> So many and famous names; and never yet
> Had heaven appeared so blue, or earth so green,
> For all my blood danced in me, *and I knew*
> *That I should light upon the Holy Grail.*"

Then follows the contrasted state of mind:—

> "Thereafter, the dark warning of our king,
> That most of us would follow wandering fires,
> Came like a driving gloom across my mind.
> Then every evil word I had spoken once,
> And every evil thought I had thought of old,
> And every evil deed I ever did,
> Awoke and cried, 'This Quest is not for thee.'
> And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself
> Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns,
> And I was thirsty even unto death;
> *And I too cried, 'This Quest is not for me.'*"

The mystical thirst from which he describes himself as suffering may be interpreted as the human longing for happiness. The longer his quest lasts, the more insatiable it grows, in proportion as the time in which to quench it diminishes:—

> "And on I rode, and greater was my thirst."

The first attractions were the "goodly apples" across the rapid brook; those youthful pleasures in which man might be ready to say to his enjoyment, "Esto perpetua!" pleasures able apparently to tempt the follower of holy things, the seeker of the Grail, for a moment from his quest.

> "'I will rest here,'
> I said, 'I am not worthy of the Quest;'
> But even while I drank the brook, and ate
> *The goodly apples, all these things at once*
> *Fell into dust and I was left alone,*
> *And thirsting in a land of sand and thorns.*"

The same experience of the vanity of earthly things is met with at every stage. Even that which is good and right and natural is shown to have its perishing side. As the child may be supposed attracted by gaudy fruits, what more natural than that the young man should be attracted by the womanhood here represented, most appropriately, by a spinster ?—

"And then behold a woman at a door
Spinning; and fair the house whereby she sate,
And kind the woman's eyes, and innocent,
And all her bearing gracious: and she rose,
Opening her arms to meet me, as who should say,
'Rest here;' but when I touched her, lo! she, too,
Fell into dust and nothing, and the house
Became no better than a broken shed,
And in it a dead babe; and also this
Fell into dust, and I was left alone."

So with ever-increasing thirst he meets with ever-varying phantoms, all alike unsatisfying, perishing at his contact, crumbling into dust, as all our worldly thoughts and aims are doing day by day as we reach their possession and prove their emptiness.

The phantom of wealth is finely described, but we must refrain from noting it, in order to give the passage describing that of worldly merit, and the depression of spirit its exposure causes.

"And I rode on, and found a mighty hill,
And on the top a city walled; the spires
Pricked with incredible pinnacles into heaven.
And by the gateway stirred a crowd; and these
Cried to me, climbing, 'Welcome, Percivale!
Thou mightiest and thou purest among men!'
And glad was I, and clomb, but found at top
No man, nor any voice. And thence I passed
Far through a ruinous city, and I saw
That man had once dwelt there; but there I found
Only one man of an exceeding age.
'Where is that goodly company,' said I,
'That so cried out upon me?' And he had
Scarce any voice to answer, and yet gasped,
'Whence and what art thou?' and even as he spoke
Fell into dust, and disappeared, and I
Was left alone once more, and cried in grief,
'Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself,
And touch it, it will crumble into dust."

The allegory is well worked out in the lines which follow, showing the seeker's error to have been an oversoaring trust in his own prowess and deserts, and his true path to lie in self-abasement:—

"And thence I dropt into a lowly vale,
Low as the hill was high, *and where the vale*
Was lowest, found a chapel, and thereby
A holy hermit in a hermitage,
To whom I told my phantoms, and he said:—

'O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all.

* * * *

But her thou hast not known: for what is this
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins?
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself,
As Galahad.'"

The beauty and the sadness of Lancelot's narration we must leave to our readers to elicit for themselves; we cannot quote it all, and must not quote mere phrases here and there. We can but speak of its general effect, which is touching and pathetic in the highest degree. The remorseful habit of mind which is so finely touched in "Elaine"—

"His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul"—

is here portrayed in even distincter fulness, and the whole description well exhibits the very dignity of sorrow and majesty of melancholy.

The adventure of the generous humble Sir Bors, and his unexpected success, is well contrasted with the careless levity of Gawain, the Light of Love, in the same way as Galahad's kingdom gained is with Arthur's, and Percivale's peace and blessing with Lancelot's bitter disappointment. The whole poem is beautiful, in conception, in execution, in moral tone; and if we are compelled to lay it down with a feeling of sadness and sorrow, it cannot be because the good and the pure have been insufficiently commended, but rather that the ideal set before us is one so high and fair as to cause involuntary, unfavourable, but not unwholesome self-judgment; and that the sorrows feelingly touched are such as we ourselves have but too often cause to recognise as bearing strange and striking likeness to our own.

"Pelleas and Ettarre" is a poem of entirely different complexion. If it have not the grave and solemn air of "The Grail," and be but episodic in its narration of a story concerning a few individuals, it is distinguished for originality in the characters and striking points in the plot. There is great life and manhood

in the Pelleas presented to us; inexperienced, infatuated, determined, and uncompromising. The whole conception has a startling freshness. Pelleas, a young uncouth lord, waking from a half-slumber under a tree, sees Ettarre, a lady of surpassing beauty, who with her train have lost their way in the forest, and ask his guidance to Arthur's court.

Smitten by an instantaneous passion for Ettarre, he accompanies her thither, craves knighthood from Arthur's hand, and at Ettarre's request wins for her the prize of the tourney to witness which she had come. She loves the prize but not the prize-winner; employs her ladies to keep him from her side on their return to her home, and, all entering the castle before him, he finds the gate shut and the bridge raised in his face. Thinking this a feint to prove his sincerity, he waits on horseback day by day without the castle walls, till she sends her three knights, one by one to drive him away, but only with the result that the three in turn are discomfited before his indignant resistance. After a week's interval, enraged at his still lingering, she sends the knights together against him again with the same result, and seeing them overturned, cries to them from the castle tower to bind him and bring him in. At sound of his lady's voice, and to do his lady's will, he—

> "Then let the strong hand which had overthrown
> Her minion knights, by those he overthrew
> Be bounden straight, and so they brought him in."

For his love's sake he submits to taunt and scorn and insult, till at last, on Ettarre's bursting out in bitter rage against her knights whom he had overthrown all three together, he withdraws his suit, while rebuking her cruelty:—

> "I cannot brook to see your beauty marred
> Through evil spite; and if ye love me not,
> I cannot bear to dream you so forsworn.
> I had liefer ye were worthy of my love,
> Than to be loved again of you—farewell."

Gawain meets him, hears his story, and proposes to plead his cause with the obdurate Ettarre. He changes horses and armour with Pelleas, goes to the castle, declaring himself to have slain the troublesome suitor, and is given a welcome. After three days Pelleas visits the castle, now no longer guarded, and finds Gawain false to the cause he had undertaken. He draws his sword to slay Ettarre and Gawain in their sleep, but holds his hand from fear of the dishonour such a deed

would do the brotherhood of the Table Round. He leaves his bare sword across the throat of Ettarre, and departs.

> "And she lay
> The circlet of the tourney round her brows,
> And the sword of the tourney across her throat."

Pelleas goes forth frantic at the cruelty of his mistress and the falsehood of his friend, and in his misery meets Percivale, who accidentally hints at the faithlessness of Lancelot and Guinevere. This completes the frenzy of Pelleas.

> "Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as with one
> Who gets a wound in battle, and the sword
> That made it plunges through the wound again,
> And pricks it deeper."

Furious at the disclosure of so much treachery and baseness, he rides madly on his way to Camelot, and in this portion we find the worst and the best passages of the poem. The part we object to is that which shows him wantonly pitiless in his passion:—

> "Pelleas leaping up
> Ran through the doors and vaulted on his horse,
> And fled. Small pity upon his horse had he,
> Or on himself, or any, and when he met
> A cripple,—one that held a hand for alms—
> Hunched as he was, and like an old dwarf elm
> That turns its back on the salt blast,—the boy
> Paused not, but overrode him, shouting 'False!
> And false with Gawain!' and so left him, bruised
> And battered, and fled on."

This is surely an unnecessary and disagreeable episode, which might well have been omitted altogether. On the other hand, the spirit of his further adventure is admirably described. He meets with Lancelot, whom he does not know, riding peacefully along, and dashes against him. Lancelot challenges his rude assailant, asking his name:—

> "'I have no name,' he shouted, 'a scourge am I
> To lash the treasons of the Table Round.'
> 'Yea, but thy name?'—'I have many names,' he cried:
> 'I am wrath, and shame, and hate, and evil fame,
> And like a poisonous wind I pass to blast
> And blaze the crime of Lancelot and the queen.'
> 'First over me,' said Lancelot, 'shalt thou pass.'"

They fight, and Pelleas is unhorsed, and about to be slain by Lancelot,—and here we find one of the very finest traits in the whole. Without a witness, and with the right of victory in his

hand, a common knight would have slain the frantic foe he had unhorsed, and rendered it impossible for him to fulfil his threat of blazoning Lancelot's and the queen's guilt. But when the poor passion-crazed Pelleas clamours for death itself,—

> "'Slay then,' he shrieked, 'my will is to be slain,'"

we read that—

> "Lancelot, with his heel upon the fallen,
> Rolling his eyes, a moment stood, then spake:—
> '*Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say thy say.*'"

Because he is Lancelot, because he has a name and fame of honour, because he is not all evil, and bears in his breaking heart a loving memory of the high moral station which he is conscious of having forfeited,—because of all this he will not screen his own dishonour with his foeman's life, nor even deign to ask his silence. And so they take their way to Camelot.

There is no section, to our thinking, in the whole cycle of these noble poems so essentially and strikingly dramatic as this of Pelleas and Ettarre. For this very reason it can bear less quotation than others. The subject is not pleasant, it is true; but the description is vivid, the action rapid, the events striking, the characters consistent and original. There is a freshness and vigorous manhood in the whole performance which must contrast favourably with other portions of the work, and meet the admiration of most readers. But still the characteristic undertone of melancholy pervades this as all the others. It ends with a scene of dolor and a suggestion of doom. The Queen, in kindness, offers her sympathy to Pelleas:—

> "'Hast thou other griefs? If I, the Queen,
> May help them, loose thy tongue, and let me know.'
> But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce,
> She quailed; and he, hissing 'I have no sword,'
> Sprang from the door into the dark. The Queen
> Looked hard upon her lover, he on her;
> And each foresaw the dolorous day to be;
> And all talk died, as in a grove all song
> Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey;
> Then a long silence came upon the hall,
> And Modred thought, 'The time is hard at hand.'"

The poem has some passages of wondrous word-colouring, (we know not how better to describe it), passages full of a richness which seems to fill and fascinate all the mental, and so in some sort also the bodily eye.

There is one comparison which we cannot but think unfortu-

nate; it is the following, explaining Pelleas's over-admiration for his heartless mistress:—

> "While he gazed,
> The beauty of her flesh abashed the boy,
> As though it were the beauty of her soul.
> For as the base man, judging of the good,
> Puts his own baseness in him by default
> Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend
> All the young beauty of his soul to hers,
> Believing her."

Pelleas's error was not *as*, but *contrariwise* to, that of the base man: nor was it by default of will and nature, but by excess of love and trust. The cases are only parallel so far as both men are supposed to have made a mistake, nor even so far if the base man have erred from want of *will*.

But against this blemish many beauties may be set. How well is described, for instance, the heartless ambition of Ettarre, for the gratification of which she was willing to trifle with young Pelleas's heart!—

> "There all day long Sir Pelleas kept the field
> With honour: so by that strong hand of his
> The sword and golden circlet were achieved.
>
> "*Then rang the shout his lady loved. The heat*
> *Of pride and glory fired her face; her eye*
> *Sparkled;* she caught the circlet from his lance,
> And there before the people crowned herself:
> So for the last time she was gracious to him."

The very look of the printed page, as the eye turns to the italicized lines, seems lighted up and glittering with the flash of this brilliant passage. And what, again, can be much more striking than this description, which we feel almost bound to read in a quick whisper, of Pelleas's feelings on discovering Ettarre and the disloyal Gawain sunk in slumber?—

> "Back, as a hand that pushes through the leaf
> To find a nest, and feels a snake, he drew;
> Back, as a coward slinks from what he fears
> To cope with, or a traitor proven, or hound
> Beaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame
> Creep with his shadow through the court again,
> Fingering at his sword-handle until he stood
> There on the castle bridge once more, and thought,
> 'I will go back, and slay them where they lie.'"

In the new commencement to "The Passing of Arthur," which we have already stated to be the former "Morte d'Arthure"

with a new head and tail to it, there is not much to notice beyond a marvellous description of the battle fought in Lyonesse, of the awful silence which succeeded to its tumult, and of the sea-girt, corpse-strewn field when all was over, and Sir Bedivere alone left with his wounded lord. The new conclusion is of small importance; it occupies about two pages, and its description of Bedivere's watching the disappearance of Arthur is either the key-note or the echo of Percivale's watching the departure of Galahad to "the spiritual city." But the poem would not have lost, in our opinion, had it ended as "Hall" ended long ago when the story first was told in Tennysonian verse, with the line,—

"And on the mere the wailing died away."

We have thus ventured, at perhaps a wearisome length, through this new volume. Readers who have followed us so far will not need, and probably will not desire, many words in conclusion as to its general merits. We hold the miscellaneous poems it contains as not equal to some of the other miscellaneous ones of their author, while we admit no retrogression in the new Arthur poems from the vantage-ground of the old ones. To excel, for instance, such a work as "Lancelot and Elaine" in its own style could not be done; it is work to be grateful for that the standard has been kept up to, and that we have thus a worthy complement to the "Idylls of the King." That a few detached poems should not be as fine as the freshest and most finished our Laureate ever wrote is a very trifling matter. Even were they worse than those of many others, it would still be a trifling matter. Many can write a good piece of detached poetry. But to write such a work as the Idylls is not in the power of many, and is in the power, so far as we know, of but one of our poets; and much higher praise we can hardly give to that one, in thanking him most heartily for his beautiful book, than to say that he has done what few have ever done before, written to a great successful work a sequel which has been no failure, and so far indeed surpassing it as, in giving us a finished series of poems, he has added the new charm of artistic completeness to their old charm of surpassing beauty.

THE TREASURES OF OUR HILLS.

BY MARGARET PLUES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GROVES AND THEIR PRIESTS.

GWENT is as famous for its ancient priesthood which it held in connection with all Siluria—indeed, with Wales itself,—as for its heroes and its fortifications.

Cadwalader stands forward as the first bard of history, the patriarch of the Welsh bards.

The system of that early faith was very exact and carefully defined. The bards had certain privileges, three in number; —indeed, all their regulations were arranged in the mystic number, 3: 1st, wherever they went they were entitled to free entertainment; 2nd, no naked weapon might be carried in their presence; 3rd, their testimony should be preferred to that of any other person. They were required to act for three purposes: 1st, they must labour to reform morals; 2nd, to make peace; 3rd, to raise the excellent. Three things were forbidden to them: 1st, immorality; 2nd, satire; 3rd, bearing arms. Three things were necessary as qualifications for the order: 1st, poetical genius; 2nd, knowledge of the institutes; 3rd, good conduct. Three things they were bound to avoid: 1st, sloth; 2nd, contention; 3rd, folly. Their theology consisted in three primeval unities: 1st, God; 2nd, truth; 3rd, liberty. And from these three things proceeded —from one God came one life, from one truth one good, from one liberty one power; or rather, all the three proceeded from the first, God being the greatest life, good, and power. Their philosophy was also composed of its three principles: 1st, wisdom in the laws of God; 2nd, concern for our fellow-creatures; 3rd, fortitude in enduring the ills of life. Their attractions must also be threefold: 1st, the face of nature; 2nd, the works of art; 3rd, little children. Their principles of poetry were three: 1st, an eye to see nature; 2nd, a heart

to feel nature; 3rd, a resolution to follow nature. Their poetry must have a threefold aim: 1st, accumulation of goodness; 2nd, enlargement of understanding; 3rd, increase of delight. Even imagination was to be governed by a triad of reason: 1st, what is possible; 2nd, what ought to be; 3rd, what is decorous.

Bardism was the forefather of freemasonry. It had its secret sign by which the members recognised one another, and it had its various orders and various costumes, both, of course, regulated by the number three.

The first order, or bards proper, wore sky-blue, as emblematic of light, truth, and peace. The second order, that of the Druids or priests, wore white, as typical of purity and holiness. The third, Vates, green. The religion they taught was that life was increasing to perfection, and truth and justice were continually progressing. They believed in one Supreme Being, and that the soul of man was a spark of lapsed intelligence, tending either downwards to punishment,—that is, utter ignorance; or upwards to bliss,—that is, knowledge; to reach which perfection of knowledge the soul must pass through all the intermediate states of existence, from the lowest water animals upwards in the scale of life. They believed that attachment to evil caused the soul to retrograde to the lower organizations, while the steady pursuit of good pressed it upwards.

Their observances were curious and interesting. They lighted joy-fires in the spring to greet the birth of vegetation, and again in autumn to celebrate the perfection of the fruits of the earth. They went in procession to cut the mistletoe. It was a plant of value and of universal healing wherever it was found, but that growing upon the oak was sacred, and must be cut with a golden hook, and be kept by the Druids. The cowslip also was gathered with great ceremony, and other herbs used in medicine, according to the aspect of the heavens.

So much for the odd medley of truth and superstition which formed the ancient religion of the Druids. Remnants of these old theories are still to be found all over Gwent, standing, like the ruins of the old castles, as mementos of the feelings of the past.

The custom prevailing all over England of dressing the houses with mistletoe and holly at Christmas is an instance of this permanence of Druidical custom, and the games Welsh and Irish children love to follow on All Hallows Eve, of burning

nuts and diving for apples, is another legacy from the ancient bards.

In our rambles in Monmouthshire we enter a whitewashed farmhouse. The farmer is absent in the fields, the servant girl is feeding the pigs; two little girls, his daughters, are busy with needlework, and their mother is carefully hoarding dry herbs in paper bags.

"What use do you make of those herbs, Mrs. Morgan?" we ask, curiously.

"A deal of uses, ma'am. This here is the stone parsley. Poor old Jerry Thomas was terribly ill two nights ago, and the old woman ran to me and said, 'Please to give me a drink of cider for my good man, for he is all drawn up with pain.' So I said, 'Wait for the cider till to-morrow, Nancy, and take a few sprigs of this herb and make them into tea, and get Jerry to drink it off at once.' She was gone before I had finished, so I hadn't time to tell her how much to give him. But she came again in the morning, and I said, 'Is it for the cider that you've come, Nancy?' And she said, 'Lord bless you, missis, no; I've come to thank you, and to thank the great God for the beautiful cure that's wrought on Jerry.'

"'I'm glad he is better,' I said.

"'Better, missis! he's all right, and was afore he'd had the tea an hour!' And then she told me she'd made him drink a pint and a half, which was four times as much as he ought to have taken, but she said what was the odds when it had done such good?"

"And what are you putting in the other bags?"

"Here's wood-sage in this, ma'am, a wonderful fine thing for the stomach; and St. John's-wort in this, capital for soothing pain; and water-mint in this, very good for faintness. And here's rosemary flowers for headache, or anything of the brain, and mallows for coughs or poultices; and red roses for strengthening; elder flowers for dropsy, and also broom flowers and water-lilies for inflammations."

"And have you gathered all these yourself?"

"Not all of them. The children can gather them as well as I can, when they do exactly as they are bid."

I smiled, for I could not see how the obedience affected the question, though doubtless the faith in it doing so might be good for the children. She saw my implied doubt, and added very gently,—

"Yes, ma'am, it requires obedience, it does indeed. I read in the book the rules for the gathering, and I tell them, and they do it as I desire; otherwise the herbs would not have half their power."

"Do explain this, I cannot understand it."

"Well, indeed, ma'am, and it is not so very easy. You see it all depends on the planets. Some plants belong to one planet, some to another, and each must be gathered at the time the planet is favourably placed. The St. John's-wort, for instance, is an herb of the sun, so should be gathered about eleven, or from that to mid-day. This gentian belongs to Mars, and if gathered in August, when it is at its best, it must be taken on the 5th of the month, at 7 a.m. It is not dry yet, for the children only went for it this morning. The dandelion, again, is under the dominion of Jupiter, and may be gathered on certain days and hours in every month; for this month it is the 8th, 13th, 17th, and 25th, for I have just been looking, as I want to lay in a stock. The cowslip belongs to Venus. I gathered this on the 1st of April, at two in the afternoon. It requires a good deal of study, indeed it does."

On inquiry we found that the good woman was a very treasure in the neighbourhood, giving her wholesome herbs and ready intelligence on every emergency, and we thought we had found a very rare being; but after a little more experience we learned that the herb doctresses are far from uncommon in Monmouthshire. We took some pains to get the address of another, and found her a great constrast in character, though evidently a genius.

She had dark piercing eyes, and a twitch about the muscles of the thin mouth, which told of the possibility of severe practice. The dark eyes sparkled when we inquired about her art, and she said,—

"Ah, yes, I am a great deal called out, seldom left quiet at home."

"There are many accidents in the mines and various works, I suppose, which need your assistance?"

"Ah, yes, a lot of accidents. Bad burns principally. A fortnight ago a child was very badly scalded; I made a poultice to cover its whole back, as hot as I could bear my own hard hand in, and I clapped it on the raw place. It did scream, I promise you, and it screams whenever it sees me, but it was well in a week. There is nothing like fire to take out fire, only it wants courage, and one must not mind folks crying out."

"Are you Welsh?" I asked, "or Irish?" for I had been so accustomed to see the two races at work together, that I thought every one I met in Monmouthshire must be one or the other.

"No, I am a Dane. My family is high, and I have education, also the sense to see the fitness of things. Besides, I have also Raphael's 'Prophetic Messenger' to refer to."

"And does it tell you on what days and hours to gather the different plants?"

"To be sure it does. And it tells me what part of the body is in danger at different hours and on different days, and this is very useful for a hurt; on one day it may need twenty times the care that it does another day. Also it tells when quarrels are dangerous, and when they are not, and that is worth something."

As I glanced at her cold, keen eyes I thought that my faith in the Prophetic Messenger would be small if he should ever say that a quarrel with her was *not* dangerous.

"And you have herbs for all kinds of complaints?"

"Yes, to be sure; both herbs and other things."

"What other things?"

"Well, there are certain things that help some cases better than medicine. The baby next door has the thrush; there's an herb for it, but I've known it fail, but I've never known the thing I ordered for it this morning to fail."

"Do tell what that was."

"Ah, I made the mother take it fasting across the fields to the houses along there, where there is a boy who has never seen his father, and he breathed in its mouth. The thrush can't stand against the breath of a child that has never seen its father."

I had all the inclination to smile as I had done about Mrs Morgan's introduction of obedience; but not being able to consult the "Prophetic Messenger" whether, at that day and hour, a smile was safe, I repressed the inclination, and ventured for curiosity's sake one more question to the resolute Dane.

"What is dangerous on this special day?"

She applied to the "Messenger" on my behalf, considered, and then said, oracularly,—"Seek the favour of saturnine persons before noon; after that beware! Marry not. Beware of disputes with the fair sex. Uncertainty prevails."

As she finished she looked at me very fixedly, and I became uneasy lest I might lose my train; but before I left her she

asked if there was not something more she could do for me. I assured her there was not. She looked regretful, and then produced a bottle and entreated me to take a glass of rum.

Here was a difficulty. I abhorred the dram, yet must beware of quarrels with the fair sex. To my astonishment I found she had taken a fancy to me, and sincerely wished to convey some benefit. As soon as my slow comprehension grasped this fact, I asked, as a stupendous favour, that she would lend me the "Messenger." She did more, she gave me out-and-out an old tumbled copy, and now I can read for myself when not to marry!

A little further experience in cottage life in Monmouthshire has shown me many specimens of medico-botanic lore, all of the very practical nature. A good-natured Welsh woman hearing me cough, at once proposed a remedy,—"A handful of salary, a handful of rosemary, and a handful of ground-ivy, boiled along with an ounce of liquorice for three hours; a breakfast cupful to be taken at bedtime." She promptly bestowed the "salary," which seemed to me to be a garden variety of basil thyme; but the other ingredients were left to me to procure. I had recourse to the village school. The mistress, a Welsh girl, at once despatched a child to a garden where the rosemary was very flourishing, while a bright-eyed Irish girl offered her services to procure the ground-ivy. "It do grow in the hedges with a rounded leaf, and goes creeping, creeping." The cough was certainly the better for the decoction.

COMMUNION HYMN.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOU, Who on Calvary's Tree,
The awful Cross for me
In anguish deep and bitter pain didst bear,
Look down in pity sweet,
O Saviour! make me meet
The Chalice of Thy Suffering to share!

I need Thy strength Divine
To nerve this heart of mine,
So that I shrink not from the daily Cross
Thy tender love dost send
To keep me to the end,
Counting for Thy dear sake all else but dross.

Most frail am I, and weak,
And scarcely dare to speak
Of all my sins and sorrows, Lord, to Thee,
Yet Thou for me hast died,
I see Thy wounded side,
Thy Blood-stained Brow,—and this is all my plea.

Lord Christ, I Thee adore
And long to love Thee more,
And serve Thee better 'midst this earthly strife;
Make me more earnest, true,
Help me Thy work to do,
Ere the night cometh, O Thou Light of Life!

Here, on Thine altar stair,
I kneel in faith and prayer,
Pour wine of Heaven upon my parchèd lip;
Now, with the living Bread
O let my soul be fed,
And nourished in Thy Church's fellowship!

Then, when the fight is fought,
Me, whom Thy love hath bought,
Bring safely Home where all Thy glories shine;
To see Thee face to face,
To rest in Thy embrace,
And in Thy kingdom drink the endless Wine!

MARGARET:

THE STORY OF MY LIFE FROM FIVE TO TWENTY-FIVE.

BY E. M. ALFORD.

CHAPTER I.

MY NEW HOME.

My uncle, Dr. Chilton, was by habit and inclination very much of a recluse, except in as far as his profession took him among the haunts of men. He had also an old bachelor's antipathy to children, which made it all the more creditable to him that he took pity upon me, a friendless orphan, and carried me, a little chatterpie of five, to his own home, to share with the highly favoured cat a seat at his fireside.

How well I remember that day! It was a bleak December one. Uncle Sam had been with us since the early morning, watching his mother, and my dear granny, during the last few hours she had to live. I believe she begged him as her last request to take care of me, and every wish of hers was law to him, his love for his mother being of that deep kind which the love of reserved natures is when once aroused.

My mother had died at my birth, and my father a year or two after; since when I had been the pet of my dear granny. But now she was gone too, and there seemed no one left to love me. For my uncle Sam, who was my father's sole remaining relative, was, as I said, no lover of children; and though he would tolerate me, and be kind to me, could not be expected to pet me as my granny had done.

In fact, I was rather frightened by him already, for he was wont, when meaning to be pleasant, to pat me on the head, and make queer old-fashioned jokes which I could not understand, or to take me on his knee, and ask me in a grave voice what I thought of things in general? a question which puzzled and annoyed me very much, and of which moreover I got rather weary, as it was repeated *nearly every* day on his visits to my

granny. As for my mother's relations, they ignored me, as they had my mother ever since her marriage. For being rich in money but poor in spirit, they thought scorn of her for marrying a country doctor, though one of the best of men, and a leading man, professionally and otherwise, in the town and neighbourhood where he lived.

But to return to my starting-point, that December day so impressed on my memory, with its lowering sky and driving snowflakes.

It had been all over an hour or more, and the village bells were chiming six. I was standing cold and wretched, looking out into the gloom from the unshuttered window, hardly realizing what had befallen me, and yet feeling very hopeless and indifferent as to what would become of me now. Presently some one opened the parlour door and peered in, candle in hand. It was my uncle, but I did not go to him, for I was afraid of him, and could not tell him how cold and wretched I was. But on he came into the room, that tall stately figure, and I crouched behind the curtain, not wanting to be seen. He set down the candle and came up to the window, and sitting down on a chair close by me, leant his head on his hands and sobbed.

At first I was frightened, but at length, seeing that high forehead bowed so low, and my formidable uncle crying like a child, I crept out from my hiding-place, leant my little curly pate by the side of his bald one, and cried too. I felt his arm steal round me, and there we stayed without speaking for half an hour I suppose, when, childlike, my present wants got the better of my emotions, and I whispered, "Uncle Sam, aren't you very hungry?" "No, Maggie, I can't say I am," he replied, "but you must be, poor child, and cold too. Come, little lady, put on your warmest cloak, and you shall go home and have a nice tea with uncle Sam and pussy; I can't get you anything here."

Tea and pussy sounded very cheery and homelike, so off I ran and got Martha to bundle me up warm. Then I was hoisted into uncle's dog-cart, and wrapped around with his rug, and away we went through the cold air and driving snowflakes at such a pace that my spirits rose at once, and kept up, despite a little alarm at my exalted position, and the frequent clutches I made at my uncle's sleeve to save myself from toppling forward, of which, in consequence of my feet not reaching halfway to the splashboard, there was some danger. In fact, these little shocks rather added

to the excitement of the thing, and I enjoyed it thoroughly, and began quite to look forward to my new existence at uncle Sam's home. Children feel their troubles are very real while they last, but truly they have a happy knack of throwing them lightly off.

Our drive of four miles was quickly accomplished, and the shops were all lighted up, not yet closed for the night, as we drove into the town of Beckford. An actual fairy-land it seemed to my inexperienced eyes, and coming out of the gloom of the night into all this brilliance, I felt quite awed by it. Presently we left this enchanted part, and drove through quiet, respectable streets without any shops, until finally, in a particularly quiet one, we stopped at my uncle's door. The first sights that greeted me were two windows brilliant with crimson curtains, lit up by a blazing fire from within, and on looking more eagerly I descried Mrs. Pussy asleep before the said fire, and a pair of gay slippers warming at the same. I was all in a tremble of excitement when my uncle lifted me down, and moreover my legs were very stiff from their half-hour's dangle; so he tenderly took me in his arms and carrying me into that brilliant room, deposited me in a huge easy chair that shared the fire with Pussy and the slippers.

Then Susan came in with her smiling face and rosy cheeks and kissed me rapturously, the tears standing in her honest old eyes, and said, "It do seem so good to see you there, little missy; master will never be lonesome now." So that it would appear I was quite mistaken in thinking there was no one left to love and pet me, whereas in truth I had only left one warm nest for another.

This same Susan was quite a character. She had been in my uncle's service for upwards of thirty years,—in fact, ever since he had set up practice in this same county town, where he was now decidedly the leading physician. I believe Susan put down a great deal of his professional success, in her own mind, to her skill in managing his patients. For whenever they came to the door, she would gossip with them to any amount, however busy she might be at the time, feeling everything else, cooking dinners, &c., to be quite a secondary consideration. For, as she would say to her master when he took her to task occasionally for a dinner thus spoiled,—

"Well, sir, I looks to the most important first; for if you didn't have no patients where would the dinners be? and if I

didn't look after the practice where would the patients be, I wonder?" Upon which her master would say quietly, "Susan, you are a good creature, but you should not answer when I make a complaint; you may go now." And then with a grave smile he would bury himself in his books, indulging in an extra half-hour at his beloved classics, to make amends for a bad dinner.

But Susan has carried me off in a long digression, and I must return to my small self in the big arm-chair. There is not much more to tell of that first day. We had a cosy tea, I feeling very important with a great egg in a silver cup, and a gold spoon to eat it with. After tea I hugged pussy a bit, which she didn't seem to appreciate; and then uncle said I had better go to bed. I remember his saying in bidding me good night, "Maggie, you must try and love grim old uncle Sam, for he is sad and lonely now."

Upon which I hugged him as I had done pussy before. He did not, like her, show disapprobation, but I expect he was quite as unused to that sort of attention.

Susan put me to bed and stayed with me till I fell asleep, singing in a dear old cracked voice, "Here we suffer grief and pain," to soothe me,—which it certainly did, for was it not the same hymn I had been accustomed to sing with my granny? she playing the air on her old cottage piano, and looking so sweet with her peaceful face, white hair, and lavender dress.

Thinking of this I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning with wet eyes (for my dreams had been sad) but a light heart, to see the sunlight creeping across the chimney-pots in through the window, to linger on a portrait of my granny that hung upon the wall.

CHAPTER II.

SEDLEY VERNON.

I DO not intend to linger long over the days of my childhood. They were happy for the most part. For I had been blessed with good spirits, and had a comfortable knack of settling down cosily, cat-like, by any fireside where people were good to me.

And my uncle was very good to me. I am sure he really loved me, though he was not at all demonstrative about it, and

could not bring himself down to my level in the talking line. However, I got to like the old-fashioned jokes, and to laugh at them heartily, which I am sure was a great pleasure to him. And even the old question about things in general I began to look out for periodically, and to rejoice in framing some pert answer to it, feeling very triumphant when I succeeded in making my wise uncle laugh.

For I was a very saucy little maid, full of fun, but happily not noisy. In fact, had I been a boisterous, meddlesome child, I should have worried my poor uncle past endurance. As it was, partly owing no doubt to my having spent my early years with an elderly invalid, I had a quiet way of speaking and moving about, notwithstanding my high spirits, and felt intuitively that I must not worry my uncle, or disarrange his books and papers. In consequence of which, I was daily admitted into the library, a high honour, and a great enjoyment to me, for I would take out some great folio with delightful pictures, the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," or the like, and perching myself on a high stool at one of the windows, the crimson curtain closing me in, would enjoy a delicious hour of castle-building and romancing, while my uncle was buried in his books.

I was sent off a day or two after my arrival to a day school in the town, which was the only companionship with girls of my own age I got for years to come. However, that sufficed, for I walked with them, and had merry games in the school playground, and was rather pleased, truth to tell, to have my home to myself.

Susan was my chief friend. I was in the kitchen a great deal, and was sometimes allowed to make a pie or a pudding, because, as Susan said, "it was right that ladies should know how things was done." She was a good creature, and tried to teach me too about better things, and to train me up, as she said, "in the way my sainted mother would have had me to go." Often and often have I had little scoldings from her, delivered whilst rolling out her pastry, I sitting on the edge of the table meantime, swinging my legs defiantly. But I took her lectures to heart all the same, resolving in my own mind to be a better child next time.

On the whole, I got very little correction at home. But at school, being an idle, desultory young person, the tears were often in my eyes, brought *there all the* more by my foolishly

dwelling at such times on the kindness of my home people, and on the sorrow they would feel to see me so unhappy. Which pathetic contrast was always too much for my self-restraint, and made the waters overflow.

My uncle was very busy during the day, and all I saw of him generally was at meal-times, and that hour in the library before tea. Except indeed when he had visitors, and we all sat in the drawing-room; otherwise he spent his evenings alone, absorbed in study. His visitors were elderly gentlemen like himself; but very good company for all that. I liked to hear them talk, and picked up a good deal of my education from them, I think

They were all very kind to me, especially the clergyman of our parish, an earnest, superior man, for whom my uncle had the highest respect, though they often differed in opinion and argued on many points, my uncle generally coming round in the end, and thanking Mr. Vernon for the light he had thrown on the subject in dispute.

There was one event to which I was looking forward with great eagerness at the time of which I write, namely, when I had been with my uncle about five years. This event was the expected arrival of Sedley Vernon, our vicar's only child. His mother, too, had died when he was a wee thing, and an aunt had taken charge of him from infancy, and could not be prevailed on to part with him as long as she lived. But now she too was gone, having died after a short illness, and Sedley was coming home to live with his father, and go to the grammar school in our town.

"When Sedley comes, he must be here as much as he likes," I heard my uncle say to Mr. Vernon. A wonderful piece of news! for no child had crossed the threshold, save as a patient, since my arrival. I began immediately to speculate on what Sedley would be like, whether he had ever read "Aladdin," and could make pies and puddings, &c. I heard them say he was a big boy for twelve, so he was just two years older than I was. I began to plan all sorts of nutting and blackberrying expeditions on the instant. For Susan had neither time nor inclination for much walking, and our school promenades, marching three and three (stupid number) in a long line, were rather an infliction than otherwise, so I really wanted a companion to ramble about with.

At last the long-expected Sedley arrived, and I was disappointed at first, he was so shy and ungainly.

My uncle told me I might go and make friends with him in the study, while he talked with Mr. Vernon in the parlour, so off we set, I leading the way.

The room was all aglow with the westering sun, crimson curtains, splendidly bound books, picture-frames and all looking brilliant.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

"What's beautiful?" he asked, not looking in the least delighted.

"Why, the books, and the pictures, and all, in the sunlight," I said, feeling quite snubbed.

He kept silent, so I made another effort.

"Do you like looking at books with pictures?" I asked, pulling out my favourite folios.

"Not if they're stupid," said he.

"But these are not a bit stupid. Just come and see," I suggested, pointing to a sensational picture of the earth opening before the magician and Aladdin.

"That's not true," remarked Sedley; "what's the good of thinking about things that never happened?"

This was a new idea to me. I had never thought of questioning the truth of any of these marvels. How could I, living quietly at home, know what was going on or had gone on elsewhere? I suppose I looked disappointed, for Sedley took pity on me, and opening another of my favourites, "Robinson Crusoe," said,—

"Now here's a book worth looking at, if you like. Robinson Crusoe wasn't a real man perhaps, but Alexander Selkirk was, and when I'm a man I mean to go away in a ship, and try and discover new worlds; and perhaps I shall be wrecked on a desert island too, and live there like old Robinson did. Wouldn't hat be awfully jolly?"

So the spell was broken at last. We had got on a common ubject of interest, and chatted away till dark, on how and when this voyage of discovery was to be made. I obtained permission to accompany him as cook, on the strength of my boasted skill in making pies and puddings. We planned an expedition down the river for the next day, by way of making a beginning. From that time we were fast friends, and explored the country for miles around, in company.

What happy walks those were! Regularly twice a week when fine, on the *Wednesday and Saturday* half-holidays, did

we start off in our oldest clothes, full of fun and frolic, on these across-country rambles. We did not care where we went; for Sedley knew no fear, and I, though timid by nature, had implicit faith in his prowess. As it happened, we never came to any serious harm, nothing further than a fall from a hedge, or a ducking in some stream we had to pass. On these occasions we were often not home till quite dusk. But no one scolded us. My uncle would say, "It does youngsters good to be independent." And Susan was so delighted with my rosy cheeks, which had been growing pale before these walks began, that she could not find fault with them. My uncle's goodness to Sedley was wonderful. It puzzled me till I knew the reason, and then I wondered no longer, knowing my uncle's character. He made no difference between us. Sedley was as free of the house as I was, and made himself quite as much at home with my uncle's books and Susan's kitchen, without ever a word of reproof.

And thus sped happily away my early years, years on which I love to dwell, but which I must leave now, to go on with that part of my life where there is more that is stirring to relate.

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRTHDAY.

It was my seventeenth birthday. The April sun was shining brightly over the soft hazy fields that I could see stretching away into the distance from my chamber window.

I went down to breakfast in high spirits. My uncle met me as I entered the room with an unusually grave and troubled face, but holding in his hand, oh delightful surprise! a beautiful gold watch and chain glittering in the sunshine.

"Well, Maggie," he said, smiling rather sadly, "you see your fairy godmother has sent you a watch this time as her birthday gift; take care of it, my child, and let it be your reminder, not only of the flight of time, but also of the necessity of being always on the watch yourself, for, alas! your cautious old uncle can't always be at your side to take care of you."

"Oh, thank you, dearest uncle," I exclaimed; "how lovely it is! I will try and remember what you say, but you forget," I added, with a merry laugh, "that I have always some one to

look after me, for when you are out, there is that dear old Susan to act dragon and guard me."

"I did not forget Susan, my child; but suppose Susan too were away from you, and you were thrown entirely upon yourself, do you think we could trust you, Maggie?"

"I can't tell what you are thinking about, uncle, you must let me know that first, and then I will answer your question."

"Well, Margaret, here it is then. I have been thinking for some time past that I am a selfish old man to keep you here all to myself, and that it is time you should see a few more of your species than Susan, Sedley, and uncle Sam. So some time ago having occasion to write to your aunt, Mrs. Marchant, on business, I mentioned you rather casually, throwing out a hint that it might be well if some day you and your cousin Selina could meet, and intimating that I should be happy to see her here. Your aunt wrote by return of post saying that they should be very pleased to have you on a long visit, that Selina seldom left home, but that as she had no sister, and was at the age to feel the want of such companionship, her mother would be very glad that you should come and fill up the void for as long a time as I could spare you, adding, as an inducement, that you might if I chose take lessons with your cousin of her masters. She bid me not write till I could finally decide, and then let her know the day and hour of your coming. So you see, Maggie, I have taken a long time to think about it, but I have determined at last that you must go, and have written to fix this day week for your departure, delays being dangerous, little one."

My dear uncle's voice was husky as he finished his communication, and my first impulse was to throw my arms round his neck and declare that I was quite content with him, and would not leave him for relations who had behaved so cruelly to my mother, and had so neglected me. But we had a long talk about it, and at last my uncle made me see the advantages to be derived from the visit, and told me with a smile that I should be more fit to be mistress of his mansion when I came back an elegant accomplished young lady. Ah me! I had something more than accomplishments to learn in the school to which I was going.

When it was once settled I began to look forward to my launch into the world with a great deal of pleasurable excitement. We are so fond of change in youth, and so very sanguine;

besides, I had a good deal of ambition, and a vague expectation of doing great things in life, and from never having matched myself with other girls, I had no dread or suspicion of the shyness and awkwardness a home-bred child like myself would inevitably feel among her fashionable contemporaries.

So I was in high feather, until my wings were effectually clipped by Sedley, and a complete damper thrown upon my brilliant expectations. He was home from Oxford for the Easter vacation, and had rushed in immediately after breakfast on that birthday morning, looking quite handsome, I thought, with the glow of health and happiness on his face. He had planned a most delightful expedition for the day, and had brought in his hand a small morocco case containing the most lovely brooch I had ever seen. It represented a daisy, and was an exquisite piece of workmanship. Sedley had taken infinite pains to achieve this delicate compliment to my name, and was in high spirits at his success, and at my rapturous appreciation of his beautiful gift.

We made our expedition satisfactorily, hiring a boat to row up the river as far as we could. Then having moored it to the bank we first ate our luncheon on the grassy slope, and afterwards had a regular scramble up among the hills, through deep gorges, and over spongy heather, tracing the river to its source, which we found at last bubbling up in a tiny spring among this same brilliant heather. Sedley was capital company that day, full of fun and frolic, and yet now and again there would be an interval of such grave, serious talk, that I could only look up wonderingly into the frank boyish face, and think how much wiser and better Sedley was than I.

It was not till we were rowing quietly home at sundown, scarcely using the oars, but borne along by the stream, that I told him of my intended visit. The light went out of his face in a moment.

"What, Maggie, are you really going to leave us for your low-minded relations? I should have thought you'd have had more pluck than to go cringing to people who've neglected you so long, and who are sure to snub you if you go eating humble pie to them."

So spoke Sedley, with a frown on his forehead and an angry flush on his cheeks. And as for me, my spirit was raised by his way of putting the matter, and I said with all the cold dignity I could put on, "I'm not going to cringe to anybody; my

"We had a regular scramble up among the hills, and over spongy heather, tracing the river to its source, which we found at last bubbling up in a tiny spring among this same brilliant heather."—*See page* 60. [*Margaret.*

aunt has written to beg me to come, and I don't see why I'm to be shut up in a poky place like this all my days, seeing nobody but Susan and you, except my dear old uncle,—he wishes me to go."

How I could have spoken such false unkind words I can't think, but I was young and hasty then. I repented them as soon as spoken, and might have confessed it had not Sedley's next remark made me more angry than ever.

"Well," he said, in a tone of cool indifference, "you must please yourself of course; for my part, I should not care to be looked upon as a little dowdy by my swell relations, and used as a show-off for my fashionable cousin."

How my cheeks burned, and how hot my heart was within me at these words! too hot for speech. I felt as if I hated Sedley, myself, and everybody else. I, who had been indulging in such ambitious dreams of what I should do in the world, to be quietly spoken of as a "little dowdy," and told I should only act as a foil to my rich cousin! And the worst of it was, the distasteful words brought conviction with them, for as we silently left the boat and walked homewards through the streets I glanced down at my brown frock, in that ugly state neither long nor short, and felt that even here in this "poky hole," as I had so contemptuously spoken of it a quarter of an hour since, I was the most dowdy, awkward girl to be seen. A presentiment of the miserable shyness I should feel amongst other girls came over me, a dread I had never had before, my quiet home life having never put my self-reliance to the proof. And when with a dejected step I ascended to my own little room, and inspected my woe-begone visage in the glass, I felt still more convinced that Sedley's words were true. Oh that I could exchange appearances with my former schoolfellow Lucy Symonds, who, with her doll-like face, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and flaxen hair, was my ideal of beauty! What a hard fate it was that had denied me these attractions! The longer I looked at my pale brown face, with its great dark eyes, and heavy mass of black hair, falling low on my broad forehead, the more I came to the conclusion that it answered to the description "dowdy" full as well as my despised brown dress. A dull, spiritless face it certainly was as I looked at it then, but capable of lighting up into something like beauty as I afterwards learned, notwithstanding its brownness and irregularity of feature.

My uncle noticed my dejection that evening, and was especially kind in consequence. As for Sedley, I would not deign to look at or speak to him more than was absolutely necessary, for my pride was still bent on asserting itself,—all the more, perhaps, for the humiliation within.

During the intervening days I saw little of him. Indeed, Susan and I were so busy with dressmakers, milliners, &c., that I had little leisure for aught but dress.

But the last day had arrived, my trunk was packed and all things ready, and I was sitting on my dear old seat within the library window curtain, looking dreamily into the street, and watching the lamplighter run up his ladder to light my uncle's lamp. I felt sad and sore at heart, and now that I had time for reflection, a great compunction came over me about my quarrel with Sedley, and I longed intensely to make it up before going away. But he had not been to see us all day, and now it was so late I feared he would not come, and I was to leave by the first train in the morning. Sedley was not one to get over things quickly; his nature was less impulsive, but much deeper than mine, so that I felt in some awe of him, despite our intimacy. Had it not been for this I think I should have put on my hat and slipped out to the rectory to bid him good-bye, so great was my longing for forgiveness. Tears of sorrow and vexation began coursing each other down my cheeks, and blinded me from seeing Sedley enter under the lamplight, so I had not time to dry my eyes before he had found me out behind my crimson curtain, and then, as soon as he spoke, I knew I was forgiven.

"What, crying, daisy? then you are a little sorry to go, after all," he said, in such quiet gentle tones. And I exclaimed impulsively,—

"Oh, Sedley! of course I can't bear to leave you all. But what I was crying for then was to think how I had offended you, and that perhaps you would not forgive me enough even to come and wish me good-bye. I know it was very wicked to speak as I did, and to be so angry afterwards, but what made me worse was that all you said was quite true. I am a horrid little dowdy I know, and quite ugly besides, and I dare say I shall wish myself back here hundreds of times before the week's out."

And then, to my astonishment, Sedley declared that I wasn't *a bit of a dowdy,* or ugly either, and that he was quite sure

Miss Selina wouldn't be fit to hold a candle to me; that my eyes were the most beautiful in the world (what could have come over the honest plain-spoken Sedley?); and that the only reason he had said such rude things was because he felt so mad at the thought of losing me.

And so we had a thorough make-up, and a long talk besides in the twilight. Sedley was his old frank, boyish self again, and told me to be sure and write to him if any of my new acquaintance were "cheeky to me," and he'd come and "punch their heads for them."

At last candles were brought, and the hissing urn, and my uncle came in and I made tea for the last time for a long while to come in the dear old snuggery. We had a very cosy evening, and Susan insisted on opening my trunk again, and decking me out in my various new frocks for the inspection of my uncle and Sedley. They both declared I looked charming in a new pink barége, so that was my favourite dress ever after. Ten o'clock came, and Sedley had to say Good-bye. We all made a point of being as cheery as possible, and I told him laughingly as he rose to go, that I knew I was a dowdy just the same for all my fine dresses; but that though I didn't mind his and uncle Sam's knowing it, yet I meant to hold my head high among those strangers, and not let them put upon me as if I were a nobody.

"That's right, daisy," he replied, "you've plenty of spirit, I know, and will get the best of it in the end, I'll be bound; but mind, don't you stand any of their nonsense, but write for me to come and fetch you home if you find it slow."

So promising to write to one another in any case, we parted. I slept very soundly all night, and started in high spirits next morning, after a prolonged hug from Susan, and such a kind, tender farewell from my uncle. Just as I put my head out of the window to smile a last good-bye as the train moved off, I saw some one rush on to the platform, and there was Sedley waving his hat frantically as a farewell greeting.

Then came the shrill whistle, and off we were, dashing past familiar fields and woods, and on into new scenes at express speed, and I felt quite elate with the novelty of everything around me, and the importance and independence of my new situation, travelling all alone, and for the first time, through, and to, unknown places.

CHAPTER IV.

DENIS COURT.

I THINK I can best describe my entrance on my new lif transcribing a letter I wrote to Sedley on the day after arrival at Denis Court.

"Oh, Sedley, you were quite right! how could I ever been such an idiot as to leave my dear old home to come an these odious people? I have indeed wished myself back a fifty times already. This is the best half-hour I have ha yet, sitting at a table in my very pretty bow-window writin you. My room is certainly charming, that is one good th Every luxury you can imagine in it, bookcases, lounging ch sofa, escritoire, &c.; mirrors in all directions. But this luxury is my constant source of annoyance, as they seem repeat dowdy! dowdy! on all sides of me, when, but for th I might have a little peace. For, Sedley, you were q *quite* true in what you said, and I am reminded of your w at every turn.

"But I must tell you in some order, of my adventures miseries. I arrived at the station about four o'clock, and first reminder of 'dowdy' came at once. For two tall powd footmen were standing on the platform inquiring for Chilton, and when your poor little daisy got out in answe her name, and stood before these grand personages in her brown frock, they fairly stared, and I expect would have ref to credit me, had I not, feeling insulted at their rude stare, dr myself up with what dignity I could, and asked whether I sh find my aunt, Mrs. Marchant, in the carriage. I wasn't goin give in to these vulgar footmen, at all events; dear old Susa a lady compared to them. Well, on my inquiry for my aunt, t touched their hats and conducted me to the carriage—a lo one, with the most beautiful pair of horses, and my eight m drive all alone to Denis Court would have been delightful, h not been too full of the dread of my approaching meeting w my grand relatives to enjoy anything.

"At last we reached the park gates, and drove up throug fine avenue of elms to the handsome house. Its present o pants had no hand, you see, in the building of house or plan of avenue, so they could not spoil it with bad taste. I'm af you'll think I am getting spiteful already, and truly so I

You'll find me unbearable when I come home if I stay here much longer. On arriving I was shown up a grand staircase to the great drawing-room, where I found my aunt and cousin taking afternoon tea with half a dozen visitors. Oh! how my knees shook as the door was thrown wide open, and I was formally announced! I had to travel half across the large room with all these strange eyes upon me before my aunt appeared to realize who I was; then she rose in a stately manner and took my hand, and calling Selina, told her to show me to my room, and she would send my tea to me there, as she was sure I must be tired. And as we traversed the great room again I heard her explain in a low voice to her visitors, 'A little orphan niece of mine; I'm afraid she's been sadly neglected, poor child, so I have asked her here for a while to share Selina's advantages;' and then as we closed the door I heard a hum of approbation for her condescension to the poor little outcast. I was half inclined to turn back and tell them how false it was, and that she alone had neglected me—as if any one could have been better cared for than I was by my dear uncle and Susan, indeed!

"Do you know, Sedley, I am quite surprised to find out how wicked I am; I had no idea what a temper I had, or how vain and proud I was, till I came here. For if shyness comes from self-conceit, as people say it does, I must be dreadfully conceited, and I'm sure I'm proud, for I don't mean to give in. So you mustn't come and fetch me home, Sedley, though I am ever so miserable, for I shan't go with you if you do; I mean to fight it out, and perhaps the time may come when I shall be able to snub them in return; but no, I hope I shouldn't be quite as mean as that.

"I have two comforts to be glad of, and one is, that my brown face doesn't show blushes, so I hope they don't know all my shyness. But then it takes its revenge in my hands, for I blush in them to the finger-tips, till they get so bright a red, that I can't bear lifting them above the white tablecloth, the contrast is so great. I'm sure that dandy, cousin Rupert, was criticising them through his eye-glass all dinner-time, and no doubt he thought it their usual colour, for I heard Dick say in a loud whisper, as we were leaving the room, 'Maid of all work at home, eh, Selina?'

"Dick is the other son, and is a rude schoolboy, but I like him better than the supercilious Rupert, and expect I shall teach him to be civil before long. My uncle is the best of the party,

a plain-spoken man with no fine airs. I think women are much more alarming than men. My aunt and Selina quite overwhelm me with the rustle of their long silk trains. But I mean to go in for trains too. And that reminds me of my second comfort, which I had nearly forgotten; it is that I am an inch taller than Selina, for though you all call me 'little,' from being so slight I suppose, I find I should be a very good height if I did not wear dresses that only just touch the gound. Selina is very pretty, I believe, and my aunt handsome. Well, I must stop now, for there goes the dressing-bell. I'm afraid you will think I have grown very foolish already, writing so much about looks and dress, but 'when you are in Turkey,' you know, 'you must do as the turkeys do.' Here comes the maid to dress my hair; I can't abide her pulling it about. Ah me! I must submit.

"Good-bye, dear Sedley.

"I remain, your poor little dowdy,

"DAISY.

"P.S.—I have opened this again to tell you not to expect another letter, for my aunt saw me carrying this to the letter-bag, and looking at the address, asked me to whom I had been writing such a thick letter. I told her to my particular friend, Sedley Vernon. She started on hearing your name, I can't think why, and then told me in her dignified manner that she couldn't allow young ladies under her charge to correspond with gentlemen friends. What nonsense! isn't it? But I was too much in awe of her to say so, therefore I'm afraid I shan't be able to write to you any more."

How miserable those first three days were, to be sure! I was very homesick for one thing, and longed for my uncle's dear old jokes, for Susan's rosy cheeks, and for the free joyous rambles with Sedley, so intensely, that I learnt for the first time how very precious my home and home friends were to me.

Then there was the constant humiliation for another trial. I had been so petted and loved at home, and had had so little to thwart me, that the self-knowledge I was gaining under my new circumstances was a very painful lesson. I had had no idea of how fiery my temper was, nor of how dreadfully sensitive I should be to any slight, intended or imagined. Conceit again, of course. My pride suffered, too, considerably. At home I had been accustomed to think myself rather clever than other-

wise, in spite of my idleness at school, for my uncle's learned friends were wont to make much of me, and to draw me out upon a variety of subjects, being amused, I fancy, at the originality of my remarks, and at the queer medley of books I had read. But here I sat perfectly mum for the most part, and whenever I did summon up courage to say anything, it was always particularly ill expressed, from the self-consciousness that accompanied it. I was all the more sorry for this because uncle Marchant, a clever, kind-hearted man, tried occasionally to draw me out, and I was vexed that he should find me so stupid.

Even when alone with Selina I did not get on much better, for though I soon got at home with her, she being one of those shallow, easy-going people, who quickly give their confidence, such as it is, yet as her talk was chiefly of dress, and of the respective claims to beauty or "hideousness" of the ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, I, who was utterly ignorant of all these matters, and had not even formed my taste about beauty at all, was at a sad disadvantage. However, I was all the better listener, and Selina took to me very well. If I ever did venture to differ from her on any trivial point of dress, &c., she was so dogmatic in putting me down, and demonstrating to me how utterly incapable I, with my training and appearance, must be to judge of such things, that she sometimes raised my ire and we had a stupid quarrel on the subject. But I soon got weary of these disputes about things for which I did not care a straw, and generally made a point of never combating her veto on such matters. So on the whole we got on pretty well.

But I am anticipating somewhat, for during those first three days I certainly had not courage to dispute with anybody. Oh, how long they seemed!—weeks instead of days! And when on the third day I received answers to my letters from my uncle and Sedley, how eagerly I ran off to my room to devour their contents! and how I clapped my hands for joy when I found both of them asking me to come home. Sedley's was a very characteristic epistle for the most past, trying in boyish fashion to laugh off my troubles, and interspersing his humorous remarks upon my "swell" relations with most ridiculous caricatures. But the last page of his letter quite startled me by the earnestness with which he begged me to come back.

"Do come home, Maggie," he entreated, "before they have time to spoil you; I know you better than you know yourself,

and though I think you 'A 1' now, yet yours is a very spoilable nature for all that. You have so much ambition to be top of the tree wherever you may be, that I am dreadfully afraid in trying to cut out the people whom you are with (of course you'll succeed), you will be turned into a worldly-minded, fashionable young lady, and then we shall never get back our dear, natural little Daisy again, and what will become of us? I can't tell!"

How very odd that Sedley, who never seemed to be studying anybody, should have read me so rightly! I was only beginning to find myself out, and yet my conscience told me he spoke truth.

My uncle's letter was kindness itself. He evidently longed for my return, but yet fearing to be selfish would not urge it strongly, but telling me to sleep upon it, left it entirely to my decision.

"I send you some more money, Maggie," he wrote: "if you return, you will want it for your journey; if you stay, it will do to furnish you with 'trains,' though for my part I should prefer leaving the sweeping of my friends' carpets to the housemaid if I were a lady; but then, I am but an old-fashioned man. I fancy the weather has been very dull since you left, Daisy; I haven't seen a gleam of sunshine, at all events."

Dear, kind uncle Sam, we had had nothing but cloudless skies.

PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA.*

By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., Vicar of North Marston.

II. PARISH COUNCILS.

In possibility, some would say in prospect, of Disestablishment if not Disendowment, and even if there be no such prospect and were no such possibility, in the growing inclination among the clergy to welcome and among the laity to offer lay co-operation and assistance, the question of parochial administration is sure to find a general and has already found a partial hearing. The old time-worn institution of Incumbent and Churchwardens needs new adaptation to modern necessities. It has had its day, and done good service in its day, and it may well form the backbone of new schemes, but it cannot stand its ground, any more than many a material church tower, pinnacle, and battlement, in these days when storms beat and winds blow so fiercely, unless its foundations be built round and strengthened, however well we may mark its bulwarks and however thankfully we may acknowledge, as we ought, the many brunts it has borne so sturdily, the many assaults it has stood so calmly and immoveably.

Churchwardens are far too valuable to be abolished. They are to a parish what the House of Lords is to the nation. "Let them go, then," some readers will say—forgetful of Runnymede in the old days, and desirous of America imported into England in the new. Churchwardens, when zealous as they now so often are, and not obstructive as they so often used to be, help very materially to preserve the balance of power in that sometimes very properly limited monarchy, and sometimes very mischievously crippled economy, called the "Parish," of which in former times the clergyman used to be both parson (*persona*, chief person), and *minister* or servant. Not only can churchwardens give valuable support to a clergyman when oppressed by a too despotic squire, but they can also limit the power of a too despotic incumbent.

* The first of these papers, entitled "Penny Readings," appeared in this Magazine for November, 1869. Number III. on "Middle Class Education," will appear next month.

"They can hinder church progress too," replies some justly aggrieved rector or vicar; "they can write twaddle to bishops about trifles light as air, magnified by their prejudices not only into changes of vital import but into sins of unfaithfulness."

They can and do, sometimes, it must be confessed: but for every such case that comes to the light of day, and good care is taken that such cases shall be made public, how many scores of instances that the world never hears of might be adduced to show that, whereas busybody and brainless churchwardens are the exception, wise and sympathetic churchwardens are becoming more and more the rule. Besides which, it should be remembered that there are cases in which energetic action on the part of these guardians of parochial integrity and parochial rights has been the only preservative against rash and ill-considered and sometimes utterly heretical innovations. Public opinion is also becoming far more liberal and tolerant in itself, and far more conservative of the liberty of others, as education spreads and railways bring men together, as thought deepens and observation widens, as molehills cease to be mountains and mountains cease to bring forth mice.

Churchwardens are a rational and useful institution. Squires, a far less definite institution and not by any means of the essence of parochial economy, unless the lord of a manor and the squire of a parish be held to be synonymous—which as corporations and ladies are lords of manors can hardly be—squires are mere accidents, often to the parish very valuable and to the clergyman very comforting and sustaining, but not necessary to the constitution, only desirable for the efficiency and completeness of a parish. Parish clerks will be spoken of in due course. They are mentioned now as being the only remaining lay element in the legal constitution of a parish, so far as its ecclesiastical affairs are concerned. It is a question whether the office of parish clerk has indeed any complete legal recognition. One clerk I knew, who held the bishop's duly stamped licence, and voted for forty years upon his clerkship as his freehold benefice; but he is dead, and his successors—the parish was divided into districts—are none of them, not even the new clerk of the old parish or mother church, freeholders by virtue of office, or licensed by the bishop.

The old parochial machinery is insufficient. "Churchwarden mould" is indeed disappearing, but in some places only to be coated over by the whitewash of Churchwarden officiousness.

In reading the account of the chancel-arch of a neighbouring parish, in Sheahan's "Buckinghamshire," I am amused, and so will my readers be, with his expressive and significant statement that "it has been *churchwardenized* and is now a nondescript." It is true that both Churchwarden mould and Churchwarden whitewash—I mean, of course, Churchwarden carelessness and Churchwarden destructiveness—are, as has been already admitted, giving way to intelligent zeal and God-fearing sincerity and candour on the part of churchwardens. My own *invariable* experience of churchwardens (it may be as well to state) has ever been, and I am thankful to say still is, of a most satisfactory kind.

Still the fact remains that they partake, speaking officially, somewhat of the nature of ancient men-in-armour. They used to levy fines, it is said, and they certainly once had the power of so doing, on stay-at-home parishioners; and the rest of those antique customs cling, if not about them, about our ideas of them—the measure we take of them and their office.

The question of efficient lay co-operation is of vast importance. It is a question which, well solved, would give more shape and substance to that shadowy "Church of the Future," which, through the fogs and mists of uncertainty, looks so eerie, so solemn, so portentous, and so indefinite.

That "Church of the Future." How many thoughts the very expression gives rise to! and how, like Eurus and Notus and Africus, those thoughts—

"Circum claustra fremunt"!

But it is of parish councils, and only indirectly and through the lychnoscope of such plans as parish councils, that I would now speak of the "Church of the Future."

The plan of them, I should rather say the experience of them, for an approach to the plan of them had long floated about in my thoughts, is not my own. At the last ruri-decanal meeting which I had the especial pleasure of attending in the deanery of Maidenhead, under the presidency of the Rev. G. H. Hodson, now vicar of Enfield, Middlesex, one of our subjects for discussion being lay co-operation, a clergyman (who has since given me permission to make his remarks and experience the basis of this article but whose name I do not feel quite at liberty to mention), excited considerable interest by his account of the working of his own parochial council. In the remarks that follow I will sketch out my own never-*published plan, and illustrate* it by the above-

named gentleman's own, so far I believe never fully and formally published, practice and plan both.

The council should consist, it appears to me, of incumbent, curate, lord of manor, churchwardens, schoolmaster, parish clerk, all *ex officio:* also of five or six other members elected by communicants. It does actually consist, in the single case known to me, of the incumbent (*ex officio*), lord of manor (not, I believe, *ex officio*), churchwardens (*ex officio*), and a few other members elected by communicants—elected in this particular case for life or until resignation, but whether the election should not rather be annual in the case of all the elected members, or at least in the case of one after the other by rotation, is of course an open question, for experience either to decide or to leave open.

Taking the constituent elements of the parochial council, one by one, we find,—

1. THE INCUMBENT.[1]—He is, as was before remarked, not only in one sense the servant, the minister, the imitator of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" but he is also, in another sense, the *persona*, parson, or *person* (for as Bible means *the* Book, so—not comparing the two but only paralleling the reasoning—*persona* means *the* person) of the parish. There are often more wealthy and powerful parishioners than the incumbent; but these are the very men who, so far as parochially spiritual or rather spiritually parochial and ecclesiastically parochial matters are concerned, most cheerfully of all men recognise the presidency, which a parochial council would very properly keep from ever growing into either the despotism or the autocracy, or even, using the word in its derivation sense, the monarchy, of the incumbent. He is, by custom and convenience, by necessarily constant residence, and by knowledge of parishioners of all kinds and degrees, the natural president of the parochial council. Nor is it conceivable that, even in the event of disestablishment, unless indeed the wild confusion of a chairmanship alternating with Romish priests and Wesleyan or any and all other nonconforming ministers should be dreamed of, any other easily practicable presidency than that of the incumbent could be devised. A wise incumbent will as a matter of the merest course not press his rights, or frequently run counter to the will of even a powerful minority of his council, which are the House of

[1] This term includes of course a rector, a vicar, and a perpetual curate (which last is not inaptly termed, by one of themselves, "no end of a curate").

Commons of his parish, and should represent all its interests; but yet he will be president-in-chief of the ecclesiastical arrangements of the parish and the parish council, the only other alternative being the hopeless confusion of a house divided against itself, a ship at sea without rudder, chart, compass, pilot or captain.

2. THE ASSISTANT CURATE.—It is too bad to ignore, as so often is done, the official position of "only the curate." Because parishes did not, as originally constituted, give any formal status to or recognition of the assistant curate, there being formerly no such officer, and because Convocation so unjustly refuses to make him eligible as proctor, or to give him a vote for proctor, is it wise or well to run counter to the tendencies of the day, in other relationships so often destructive, in this so eminently preservative, and to deny all approach to the formal recognition of the office of assistant curate? Is "Vicar and Churchwardens" to be for ever the fossilized form of parochial authority? As one step to not only alleviation of curates' anxieties—on which question I hope to be allowed to write more in some forthcoming paper—but to the general harmony and efficiency of parochial business, and towards the formation of a tentative parish council, would not the phrase "Vicar, Curate, and Churchwardens," containing one element of elasticity for the two elements of rigidity (I speak not as regards individuals but constitution), be an amendment worthy of notice? It is seldom the incumbent, and not always the churchwardens, who oppose this just acknowledgment. In a parish council the curate would find a most fitting place, being generally active, zealous, and better acquainted with new tides of thought, or if not that with new plans of action, than either incumbent or churchwardens. Give a curate, instead of the alternate petting and snubbing which is sometimes his grotesque experience, a formal place, and he will feel less like a "governess in a private family," and more like a settled man than is at present the case. Of course this is rather an aside, but not an unimportant aside; the argument moves on, the while: and if while strengthening and shaping the parish council you find other benefits accruing, if while helping the parish you at the same time help one of its officers, and find yourself adjusting various other differences and difficulties, and solving various other problems and corollaries, surely so much the better for everybody.

3. THE LORD OF THE MANOR.—This will often secure a fair

representation of the aristocracy or higher gentry, who have only very lately begun to take an interest in parochial management, and who so rarely can be induced to elevate by undertaking the honourable office of churchwarden. The particular instance before alluded to, of such an element in the council, is the instance of a gentleman who works in all things most harmoniously with and for his clergyman, and who built at his own expense the beautiful church of which that clergyman is the vicar. This gentleman is not, so far as I recollect, an *ex-officio* but an elected member of the council. It would, however, work far more satisfactorily, though not in this particular instance yet certainly as a general rule, that there should be a *quasi*-hereditary element in the councils of a parish, an element of sympathy with established order, to check the else downward tendency of any utterly democratic majority, and to support the incumbent through those passing clouds of unpopularity which a man of energy and character is so generally likely to experience, as well as to support the people against any undue assumption of authority by either incumbent or churchwardens. It is quite true that the squire is frequently absent in London or elsewhere, and that when in residence it is often difficult to bring him to a vestry meeting; but still the fact that he was a member would exercise of itself great influence, and he would in most cases be forthcoming when any question of importance had been announced for discussion. Where a college or a corporation is the lord of the manor it could act by representation, and where there is a *lady* "lord of the manor" the question might be referred to the Hon. Auberon Herbert, and other advocates of the equality of the sexes in the matter of voting.

4. THE CHURCHWARDENS.—These, with the incumbent and curate, might still beneficially retain a separate corporate existence for various purposes; but they would *also* form a main ingredient in the "Council." Being versed in parish business, and having been long entrusted *as* churchwardens with various more or less definite responsibilities, they are a most valuable auxiliary to the satisfactory working of the parish council. Their twofold representative character, as being officers of (1) the parish and (2) the ordinary, gives additional weight to their presence in the "Council Chamber," a term I use to distinguish the parish "in Vestry" from the parish "in Council." They are also mediators, referees, and to some extent arbiters between incumbent and people, one of them being chosen by the former and

one by the latter, so that although they are *ex-officio* members of the *Council*, it is only by virtue of their annually changing office, that is to say only *necessarily* for one year, that they are so. It is open to the people or to the incumbent to change them, if either they (the people), or he, consider that their respective rights have not been fairly upheld in parish parliament by the wardens of the church. It is—this is another aside—not a good plan for either the incumbent or the parish to choose the same warden year after year, except where there is a scarcity of the raw material. An excellent plan, whether there be or be not such a scarcity, and a plan which works well in a parish I was formerly connected with, is for the vicar to choose as *his* churchwarden the man whose year of office as *parish* churchwarden just expires, so that every warden holds office, as a rule, for two years, viz., for one year on behalf of the people, and for the following year on behalf of the vicar. Let any rectorial reader try this plan, and he will find it tend to a blending of the various parochial interests most satisfactorily. Wardens so elected will also bring to the parish council a more impartial and less one-sided view of matters than if they had only held office "for one side."

5. THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLMASTER.—This, and the parish clerk element, does not appear in the council I have specified as being actually at work, though the clergyman in question admitted to me that he saw no objection whatever to its introduction. There may be individual cases, I am well aware, in which this officer would be an element of disaffection and confusion; but such cases are yearly diminishing in number. There is far less conceit and arrogance, far more meekness and gentleness and gentlemanliness, in even the highly certificated, than there used to be. One never sees now-a-days, in the educational journals, a monthly assertion of the wish to "shake hands" with (as if the gratification of such a small wish were ever consciously withheld), and of the right to be addressed as "Esq." by, the rector, squire and churchwardens. *Nous avons changé tout cela;* all that has rather changed itself than been changed. And if it were not so, still the scholastic element has a right to representation. The schoolmaster has also probably more knowledge of and influence over parents, certainly he may have if he aims at it, than almost any other person has; he can speak upon educational matters, the Sunday as well as day schools, the parents' objections to or approval of such and such changes, the prospect of support and

success, or the reverse, in introducing new subjects of instruction, and such like. And it should not be forgotten that, as an elected member, the *schoolmaster* would be likely to have far more power for mischief than as an *ex-officio* member of the council. But it seems to me to be ungenerous to act suspiciously towards so useful and upright a body of men.

6. THE PARISH CLERK.—Of this officer I have already spoken, so far as regards his legal status and the tenure of his office. He is rapidly departing from the solemn perch he formerly held possession of, at the base—I was going to say "of Pompey's statue;" I meant, of the pompous, rigid, three-storied, by-long-flights-of-stairs-ascended[1] edifice of our boyhood's days. He is being gradually deposed from the ecclesiastical Captain Cuttledom of the parish. He wanders restlessly about, shorn of the black gown which used to rival both preachership and beadledom in its imposing funereal dignity, and, in one case that I knew of, his health gave way after the renovation, perhaps not altogether in consequence of the renovation, of the parish church, and removal of his clerkly desk from having any further local habitation or name. He did not say "Aha! I am warm, I have seen the fire," with any approach to resignation, as the old desk, his god that had been, crackled away in the winter fire. He pined and ultimately died, although the churchwardens seeing his perturbation tried various schemes, such as partitioning off the portion of a seat as near as might be to the pulpit for his exclusive use, checking some of the congregationalism of the "Amens" that *his* "Amen" might at least predominate, though no longer monopolize. But for all this, the parish clerk, with enlarged and amended (I mean no play upon the word) duties and responsibilities, is a power and a personage. He knows and represents the working-man element, he is the veritable "working man's candidate," and is often a working man himself. Long live all parish clerks, long live especially the office they fill. May it contribute many useful members to many parish councils. It was a feature worthy of note that the late excellent Bishop of

[1] Has any reader ever been to West Wycombe church? If so, I need not tell him that there are contrivances in the way of pulpits and reading desks to which even the three-storied pulpit &c. is preferable. The reader or preacher stands upon a chest of drawers (!), an arm-chair for his seat,—"and how does he reach the pinnacle?" Simply by pulling out the drawers, which make steps up to the reading *desk on one side and pulpit* on the other. Mr. Spurgeon himself might take *the hint.*

Carlisle held "his triennial visitation of clergy, churchwardens, *parish clerks*, and *schoolmasters*."

7. ELECTED MEMBERS.—These are elected by communicants, and should be about equal in number to the *ex-officio* members; or at least to the *ex-officio* members deducting churchwardens, who are themselves indirectly elective. The total number of members should be an odd number, unless a casting vote were given, in addition to his other vote, to the incumbent. Whether members should be elected annually, or biennially, or triennially, or resign by rotation, or be for life, only experience, varying probably with locality, can decide.

Such might be the experimental Parish Council. If it is to prosper it must *be* a parish council, and not a mere assembly called together to register the incumbent's decrees, and give effect to the incumbent's will. The gentleman who has tried and is successfully trying the plan, entered so fully into the spirit of the movement as to consult the council upon the introduction of a surplice into the pulpit. A few of the members of the council objecting, the clergyman gave way without a murmur, and thus wisely acting, gave the public confidence in both the council's genuineness and his own straightforward purpose in its establishment. It was consulted also upon such subjects as the quality of the sacramental wine, and surely it might in time come to choose clerk, schoolmaster and other officers, becoming a bond of parochial trusteeship for all the good objects and movements in the parish. Moreover—and this is a most important possibility—the parish council might direct public opinion from its present dangerous tendency to the election of incumbents by parochial suffrage; it might do so by acting calmly, soberly and deliberately on behalf of the parish, in the event of a veto or the next presentation or the parochial advowson falling, either through voluntary abnegation of patrons or forcible action of events, into the hands of the parish. The question bristles, indeed, with collateral issues of no ordinary import.

There are blots in the scheme, and the venerable archdeacon (Randall) of Berks hit one when he remarked that such a council, elected by communicants, would have no legal status. It would be, indeed, to the incumbent and churchwardens what the curate is to the incumbent, and what Convocation (as regards its legislative powers) is to Parliament in Church matters. But it would *soon, if generally adopted,* recommend itself to parliamentary *and national recognition.* What is well said in a

thoughtful article[1] in last January's *Contemporary*, of the Church at large, is true of the Church parochially. "The Christians of the Church of England, lay and clerical, must first conceive the desire, and form the resolution to give it effect, before either Government or Parliament will come to their assistance. Parliament would not resist a strongly formed and strongly expressed wish of the general body of the Church of England." The Church of England is composed of parishes, and as the most effectual way to exercise political influence is to look to the registers, so the best, though far the least ambitious, way to promote church efficiency and progress is to look to the parishes. Writers like the Rev. J. C. Ryle, who in his admirable contribution to the general question of the "Position of the Laity" passes by the *parochial* lay question in a very few words, with only a passing allusion to the "stiff and formal-sounding parochial council," and hurries away into more indefinite and far less practical schemes—writers like him, and also like the more thoughtful and far-seeing "layman" of the *Contemporary Review*, widen out the scope of their plans till, like a too comprehensively strained india-rubber girdle, they are apt to burst with overmuch tension; and though of such men's plans, whatever they might write, it could scarcely ever be truly said *Tabulæ risu solvuntur*, it is generally the case that *Tabulæ solvuntur*;—the schemes collapse, the plans dissolve. If tried in a smaller area and a less theoretic spirit, if fitted down at once into parishes, instead of widening out sometimes into almost national and even pan-Anglican proportions, they would perhaps bear better fruit.

To the objection that a "fancy" element is introduced into the council, it need only be replied that the Right Hon. John Bright, eloquent and honest though he be, is not the man, nor his opinion the opinion which Churchmen would especially value. If the "fancy" element works well, what is there in that very inapplicable and rather silly designation to deter clergy and laity from adopting and improving upon it? That it would be the very best means of arriving at a true knowledge of parochial opinion there can be little doubt. At present the clergyman whose parish is too large for constant personal visitation, and who sometimes, in spite of such visitation, cannot arrive at what the people desire or dislike, think and hope and believe—he only knows the opinions of the few who, in a poor population, feel at

[1] "A Few Thoughts on the Laity." By a Layman.

home with him, or are officious and busy, or are overbearing and arrogant. By means of a parish council he would know what the parish thought, and needed, and was ready for, and would welcome on the one hand; and what it would object to, and (if it had the power) effectually oppose on the other. And although there would be times and occasions in which principle would forbid him to yield or compromise; the general run of parochial questions would give him such ample scope for proving himself neither cantankerous, headstrong, unconciliatory, dictatorial nor opinionated, that he would find himself provided with a reserve of strength sufficient for almost all emergencies. And then, in face of a compact body of harmonious and united parishes spread over the length and breadth of the land, what could enemies do but call off their forces from the attack?

THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEVA.

BY DAVID KER.

"WHAT on earth is that building they're putting up on the quay yonder, opposite the Winter Palace?" asked a friend of mine newly arrived in St. Petersburg from the West, entering the room where I was busied with Count Tolstoi's last historical novel, one fine morning in the end of December.

"What sort of a building? I haven't been that way lately," responded I, reluctantly closing my book and leaving the battle of Borodino still undecided.

"Well, there's only a great wooden platform there yet, planted on the ice of the river, close to the quay; but I fancy it's not finished, for they seem to be working away as hard as ever."

"Ah! I know what it is, then; that's where the high-priest stands when he goes to bless the river on the 18th of January. There's always a tremendous crowd to look at it; and it is rather a good sight when the weather's fine. They call it the Kreshtchenie,' or christening."

"Aha! that's another thing I've got to see yet, then," remarks my companion, who is an enthusiastic sight-seer. "You must *chaperon* me there, remember, when the day comes; it's only three weeks to it now."

In truth, the consecration of the waters is a sufficiently curious and characteristic ceremony, which, though naturally celebrated with more pomp and scenic effect in the capital than elsewhere, is unfailingly observed on the same day in every corner of Russia. The 18th of January (or the 6th by Russian reckoning) is always a great day with our Eastern neighbours. It may not be a time for lighting up of trees and distributing of presents, like Christmas day; nor a signal for boisterous greeting and universal intoxication, like the New Year; nor a day of salutes of artillery and magnificent illuminations, like the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation day; nor a season of gorgeous reli-

gious pageantry and joyous bell-ringing and general saturnalia, like the great Easter festival; but nevertheless, in its own peculiar way, it receives nearly as much honour as any of the four.

About the beginning of January any one passing along the granite quay in front of the Winter Palace may observe upon the ice of the Neva a high platform of wood, surmounted by a small octagonal building open on every side (not unlike an English summer-house), the entrance of which is exactly on a level with the footway of the quay. It is covered in with a dome-like roof of a bright blue colour, and communicates with the river by a flight of wooden steps leading down to the ice, in which a large square hole has been cut just at this point. The ultimate purpose of this building will doubtless be a problem for the casual tourist, whose mind will probably begin to run upon a possible show of fireworks—a sledge race upon the ice, the platform serving as a kind of grand stand for the use of the imperial family, or some other public spectacle of a similar nature; but the better informed resident will tell him that this is the pavilion designed for the accommodation of the high-priest and his acolytes during the approaching ceremony of the "Kreshtchenie," or solemn blessing of the river, on the 18th of January.

Through good weather and bad weather the month wears on, and the morning of the great day comes at last, ushered in by a lowering sky and cold wind, which augur ill for the approaching ceremonial; but nevertheless the spectators of the great consecration begin to assemble at an early hour. My sight-seeing acquaintance (determined, as he says himself, "to do the thing properly while he is about it,") makes his appearance about nine o'clock, fortified against the cold by a huge fur coat and a pair of high goloshes, which give him very much the look of a full-length illustration of Puss in Boots. We hastily despatch a couple of rolls and three or four glasses of tea, and muffling ourselves well in our thick coats (for a strong wind is no joke when the thermometer stands at 5 degrees Fahrenheit), sally forth about half-past nine. As we pass through the yard the "dvornik" (doorkeeper), who, enveloped in his enormous sheepskin frock, with the wool inside, is chopping wood in a corner near the gate, steps forward and takes off his cap in salute.

"Good morning, bârin; it's cold weather to-day. Are you going to see the 'Kreshtchenie'?"

"Yes, brother, we're going to have a look. I suppose *you* mean to go too, don't you?"

"Ah, if I only could!" says Vasili Pavlovitch, with the air of a child who is hurried past the window of a toy-shop without being allowed a peep. "But I've got a great deal to do this morning, and haven't time to go anywhere. What can one do? Might I beg a very great favour of you, bârin?"

"What's that?"

"Why, that if you happen to get anywhere near the river, perhaps you wouldn't mind bringing me some of the water back; for I've had a terrible touch of rheumatism this last day or two, and there's no medicine for that like holy water."

"All right, brother, I'll get you some, never fear."

Vasili Petrovitch produces a little earthenware mug with a wooden cover, which I thrust into the pocket of my coat; and away go the pair of us at a smart pace, while our friend in sheepskin returns to his work with the air of a man who has just had a great load taken off his mind.

"Do these fellows *really* believe all that fudge?" inquires my companion as soon as we get outside.

"They're beginning to get out of it now," answer I; "but there's a great deal of superstition among them yet. I'll be bound that as soon as the water is blessed to-day, you'll see a regular rush to get some of it, as if every drop were worth its weight in gold. And what is more, the common people preserve it in cups and jugs for months after the consecration, firmly believing that it will always remain fresh and good, and have the power of curing all diseases, just as you heard that man say just now."

"But if there's likely to be such a crush as you say, how will you be able to fill that fellow's jug for him?"

"Oh there's no need to fill it at the exact spot where the blessing is pronounced. Once the consecration has been completed, the whole river is holy, from Schlüsselburg[1] to the Gulf, and one part of it is as good as another. See, the people are beginning to assemble already; there will be a grand crowd in another hour or so."

And, sure enough, the front of the quay is already thickly lined with spectators, among whom we hasten to take our places, as near to the scene of action as possible. Planting ourselves firmly against the low wall of granite that protects the edge of

[1] A town built at the point where the Neva issues from Lake Ladoga. It originally belonged to the Swedes, and was taken by Peter the Great shortly before the founding of St. Petersburg.

the footway, we survey the gathering masses who pour in from every side—along the Admiralty boulevard, down the quay itself from the higher town, and across the wide dreary waste of the frozen Neva,—all pressing eagerly toward the same point, which two-thirds of them will never even come within sight of. Several picked grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, in their high bearskin caps and long grey coats, are stationed in a double line from the gate of the Winter Palace to the entrance of the pavilion, in order to keep the ground clear for the passage of the imperial *cortége;* while along the quay, and on the bridge, and upon the snow-heaped ice of the river itself, gathering hundreds crowd and cluster till the whole landscape appears like one vast human anthill. All varieties of St. Petersburg society are here represented: smooth-faced young officers in gold-laced uniform, chatting gaily among themselves; mischievous-looking students from the imperial university passing very free criticisms upon the surrounding throng; delicate-looking ladies, whose pale cheeks and drooping eyelids tell of a prolonged ball-room ordeal overnight; brawny merchants from Moscow, homeward bound as soon as the ceremony is over; fur-clad tradesmen, gazing intently at the details of a scene which they have probably witnessed at least a dozen times already; and rough-looking, long-haired artisans in ragged sheepskins, staring with wide eyes at the still motionless gate of the Winter Palace, awaiting the appearance of their father, the Emperor.

The actual consecration is not to take place till twelve o'clock, but by half-past ten every available inch of standing room is occupied; and many *dilettante* sight-seers, who have rashly dreamed of looking in upon the spectacle in their ordinary fashion, turn away in dismay from the serried phalanx of wedged shoulders which extends from the corner of the Admiralty Boulevard to the arch of the Winter Canal.

At length peals forth, clear and sharp on the frosty air, the report of the mid-day gun from its platform in the great court of the Admiralty overlooking the river; and at the same moment a deep hum of expectation runs through the far-extending crowd, as the great gate of the Winter Palace swings slowly back to give passage to the heroes of the day. The glittering robes of the high-priest and the fantastic vestments of his acolytes are seen moving slowly over the frozen ground towards the pavilion; and with them comes the slight military-looking figure of the Grand Duke Constantine Nikolaievitch,

and the dark eyes and brown handsome features of his brother Nikolai; and more remarkable than either, the Emperor himself —his fine face looking somewhat worn and haggard, and a few tell-tale streaks of grey showing themselves in his dark brown hair, but still acknowledging with a courteous smile the full hearty cheer with which the common people (who idolize him) never fail to greet the appearance of Father Alexander Nikolaievitch. All across the river it rolls, and over the bridge, and along the crowded quay, sounding in the still air like a distant peal of thunder, while the illustrious group enter the pavilion, and the high-priest, taking the cross from one of his acolytes, descends the wooden steps, dips the sacred emblem in the water, and pronounces, in a clear full voice, the words of consecration. The aspect of the whole scene is at this moment picturesque beyond description. In front towers the vast many-turreted mass of the Winter Palace, and the long vista of magnificent buildings that stretch eastward from it, in an unbroken line, along the bank of the frozen river; to right and left extends the wide waste of ice, peopled with its motley throng of struggling forms; the crowded causeway of planking which replaces for the time being the great pontoon bridge, broken by the drifting ice two months before; and the mighty wreck of the old bridge standing out black and grim against the whiteness of the opposite shore, like the skeleton of some primeval monster mouldering amid the icy wastes of the far north. In the background, the golden spire which surmounts the Church of the Petropavlovsk fortress rears itself against the cold grey sky, as if watching the scene; and in the centre stands the solitary figure of the high-priest in his gorgeous robes, illuminated by a stray gleam of sunshine which struggles through the clouds overhead—an exact reproduction of the closing scene of "Arion:"—

> "One radiant gleam was in the sky,
> Though earth and sea were dim;
> While darkness shrouded all beside,
> Light lingered still on him!"

And now ensues a general rush to the consecrated water; the space immediately around the pavilion is like a fiercely contested battle-field. All hands are busy, and jugs, bottles, and jars are filled or broken by the dozen. But at length the eager crowd is satisfied; the motley concourse melts slowly away; the imperial *cortége* has vanished as it came; the quay, so lately swarming with life, lies silent and untenanted; the great ceremonial is over.

WHEN TO SOUND THE TRUMPET.

BY THE REV. I. R. VERNON, M.A.

[This paper was written in 1867, but having been, by some inadvertance, laid aside, is printed now, for two reasons: 1. Because the principle remains the same at the present time, and the danger to the church is as imminent, though from other menaced points than the one here specified: 2. Because the true state of the question about the time of publishing banns of marriage, and the importance that might attach to the matter, is even now understood hardly by one clergyman or layman out of a hundred].

When is it best to sound the alarm? Should the sentry wait until the enemy have got well into the camp; and have thrown up an earthwork or so, under cover of which the main body may follow the skirmishers? is this the time when the trumpet peal should rend the air, and echo among the bluffs, and call the startled soldiery to arms, now that they must fight the enemy at a disadvantage;—if, indeed, there be any fight to be made against the established and prepared lines? Or should the clear blast cleave the night that very moment that one stealthy skirmisher, one man of the advanced guard, is seen cautiously climbing towards the entrenchments?

To change my illustration. There is, every one knows, a castle and a strong mass of fortification on the two hills between which and under which lies good Dover city. You can form a guess at the strength of that fortress: you can imagine how the balls and shells might tear up all that clean smooth escarping, and thud about the mighty earthworks, and yet leave but little encouragement for any foe to venture a charge up to that solitary brave flag which marks the citadel. Quite away from these two hills, however, and far from the town, seeming indeed to have little connection with either town, castle, or fort, there is a small outwork or fortification. Insignificant it might appear, almost beneath notice or regard, to the casual eye.

Now suppose the enemy were to land somewhere about Deal, and march Doverwards. Suppose that there were no general, or

a very short-sighted one, over the garrison in the fort. Suppose that while all was busy there, and in a turmoil of preparation suddenly it was perceived that, the main body of the enemy being occupied in menacing the fort, a strong band had been detached to surprise and take this little insignificant outpost. And suppose that this movement being pointed out to the leaders of the garrison, the answer were, "Oh, that is but a slight matter, a minor affair, a point not worth serious fighting. No, no, we can afford to let that take its chance; only just wait however until the enemy marches against the fort; you shall see fighting then."

And suppose that, accordingly, enabled by this apathy and blindness, the detachment succeeded, and the outpost fell. Well then it would only come to this, that you would certainly see no fighting about the castle and the fort, or at least very forlorn and hopeless fighting, fighting under fearful disadvantage, and with terrible loss, if not with absolute ruin in the end. For that insignificant little outwork was the key of the position. It crowned a slight eminence which commanded both fort and castle.

Watch grandly and calmly and at peace, however, ancient castle and bristling fort of Dover; look out in peace upon the jewel-blue of the still twinkling sea; listen, restfully, unmenaced by any foe, to the never-ceasing plash and break and murmur upon the shelving beach, as the waters slowly sink down, or slowly brim up about the gray-white, air-softened cliffs; flap idly, dreaming flag, in the summer blue; pace, sentinel, and lounge, soldiers; not for you is this warning intended. Nor would I by any trumpet startle Shorncliffe, hard by; let the long array of huts crest Sandgate and Cheriton, and look down upon Seabrooke and Hythe, undisturbed by the visions of any stealthy lines creeping up the slopes, or established on the heights. My outwork is of another character; my trumpet for a subtler foe.

To drop my parable, let me briefly state that my trumpet concerns the good camp of the Church of England established in these realms; that my fort is also that same Church. And then I go on to particularize the insignificant outwork which is even now assailed, and whose capture would establish a precedent from which the whole fort might, at ruinous outrage, be assailed.

And, like a faithful sentinel who has caught sight of the foe already scaling the heights, I would sound an alarm to all true Churchmen.

A Bill has been brought into the House of Commons, and

read, at the hour at which I am writing, a second time, whose object is to override two rubrics of the Prayer Book by force of an Act of Parliament. I shall merely point out the object, and disregard the technicalities, of the Bill. Whereas an Act of George IV. had permitted the publishing of Banns of Marriage in the Afternoon, *if there be no Morning Service*, and had particularized the time, viz., after the Second Lesson, at which they were *then*[1] to be published, and whereas (through some strange inadvertence on the part of the Church's sentinels) the printers had been allowed to substitute a clause of the Act for the Rubric before the Service for Solemnization of Matrimony (which Rubric specified the time at which Banns were to be published *in the morning*, viz, after the Nicene Creed, with all other notices), and not only so, but had been allowed also to omit part of a Rubric after the Nicene Creed; this omitted part directing that "then also shall Banns of Marriage be published." Whereas, I say, this irregularity had followed upon this Act, a certain Archdeacon reminded Convocation some years ago, that these alterations in the Rubric were unconstitutional, illegal, and not binding upon the Clergy, who must refer to the Sealed Book,[2] the unchanged authority fixed by Convocation and Parliament, for instruction on the point. The Bishop of Oxford maintained the same in a Charge shortly after; and some of us will remember the controversy that followed concerning this question in the *Times*. Combatants of about equal name were ranked on either side, and I really think that few people detected the real point at issue between them. It was simply thus: The one side argued with unanswerable clearness for the publication *in the Morning* after the Nicene creed, on the basis of the Rubric as having the authority of law, and denied that the Act of George either did interfere, or was meant to interfere, or indeed could interfere, with the Rubrics of the Sealed Book. The sole object of the other side was to ignore any rights of Convocation, and *to make an Act of Parliament over-ride a rubric.*

Now this last is also the object of the aforesaid Bill, which, mark you, has been already read twice at the time at which I am writing, and which will likely have been passed up to the

[1] Rightly understood, even the Act does not interfere with the Rubric. It only deals with the publication in the afternoon, if there were (as was often the case at the time) no Morning Service.

[2] A reference to Keeling's "Liturgiæ Britannicæ," giving the Rubrics at the last revision, will at once show how the case stands.

House of Lords by when this is in print.[1] *This Bill would render it illegal to publish banns at the time ordered by the Prayer Book.* I speak, of course, of the Prayer Book in its unmutilated state; the Sealed Book, *which is alone the authority.* The object is to render it compulsory on every clergyman to publish the Banns, morning as well as afternoon, in the teeth of the Rubric, and by command merely of Parliament, after the Second Lesson and at no other time.

Now concerning this matter, there seems to my thought a strange apathy and indifference in the minds of Churchmen. Of Lord Shaftesbury's Bill I need say nothing now, because men are awake, I think, to the principle involved in it. But I have talked to several laymen about this attack on what certainly seems, at a casual glance, a not very important outwork. I have pointed out the *principle* involved, and from what a vantage ground, namely, that of *precedent*, other Rubrics might be attacked; and I have been answered, "No question of doctrine is involved in this: do not fight until some point concerned with doctrine is assailed." That is to say, prepare busily in the Fort, careless that the enemy is gaining a vital advantage, an outwork which commands your strongest defences. For who does not know the importance of an appeal to precedent? And is it likely that a crafty foe would pick out the *heart* of your position for *first* attack? Would they not creep round you by filching from you (if they can) that post which, seeming insignificant, is carelessly defended, but from which, once gained, they can rain down shot and shell into the trenches and upon the Citadel?

Surely, then, now is the time to sound the trumpet, and not when the enemy has gained a position from which to direct future attacks. And some scattered warnings have I heard; but truly, they seem to be little heeded. I have in my parable only varied the proverb of "the thin end of the wedge." Do not men acknowledge the importance of resisting the introduction of this? Half way up *this* wedge lies the question of severance of Church and State, and at the broad end, national Infidelity;[2] that's all. Look at Prussia, and at the precious Prayer Book which the legislature (Chevalier Bunsen, and, I believe, but am

[1] It was defeated by the generalship of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, from whom the writer received a letter on the subject.

[2] A consummation even now (1870) devoutly urged in the matter of national education by the penny and halfpenny papers.

not sure, the late king, being the chief reformers) has composed. It is Catholic enough, I believe, to include Socinians,—excluding, indeed, none but Catholics. Here is a warning, if Churchmen will be warned. The State may render it an impossibility for the Church to remain in union with it, and may proceed to establish non-belief instead of Creeds and Articles. But then I do believe, whatever an extreme party may say, that the Church also would suffer terribly by the disruption.[1] On this point (as well as on that which is the subject of this paper) the *English Churchman* newspaper has had some admirable articles.

But now the question with which I would end this chapter of warnings and suggestions (it claims to be nothing more) is this: If the outpost *be* betrayed, what shall we do? How shall we fight? Let our leaders tell us. I will rudely, and perhaps crudely and rashly, jot down my ideas, committing no one,—not the editor of this periodical, nor any other,—to them. If Parliament acts illegally and tyrannically, let us stick to the true law of the realm. If this Banns Bill passes,[2] let every man of us give out the banns in the proper legal place—after the Nicene creed, and,—in the morning,—at no other time; and go to prison, if need be, for doing this. If Parliament *should* proceed, upon the report of the Royal Commission (I, for one, distrust it), without the action of Convocation, I advise, obey still the proper law, the rubrics; and bear whatsoever pains and penalties. But in this matter there should be an organization, an agreement. Disunion is weakness;[3] but the actual union of the clergy would be a strength that no enemies could break. And surely the principle of preventing the State, *apart from the Church*, from meddling with Rubrics, is one that might unite men of all shades of opinion, except the extreme Ritual party, and the extreme Low Church (rather no-church) party, which meet in the wish to sever Church from State.

I would have an agreement signed by the great body of the clergy to stand to these principles at all costs and at all risks. Let the laity also be made acquainted with the point at issue, and the designs of the foe are unmasked and the citadel is safe. Only *now* should the trumpet sound, and *now* should the battle begin.

[1] *E. g.* By becoming in every parish the church *of a congregation*, not *of the parish*.

[2] Though this bill was defeated, it would be well for every clergyman to revert to the correct practice in this matter. Surely, for another reason, it is better to keep to *one* (and that a more suitable) time for publishing notices in the morning.

[3] Witness the deplorable Temple scandal.

THE MARSHALL FAMILY.

A CLERICAL REMINISCENCE.

BY REV. W. L. BURTON.

"WELL, Mr. Burton," said my good friend Mrs. Maingay, one morning I had called upon her, "have you nearly made acquaintance with all your new parishioners?"

"I fancy," I replied, "I have found them nearly all out; but the parish is so wide and so wild, that I may have missed some outlying corners."

"Have you come upon the Marshalls yet?" she rejoined.

"Why, yes," I replied; "that is, I have discovered five families of the name; it seems a very common one."

"I mean the Marshalls on the common," was her answer; "they are an extraordinary set; there are five or six families all living together in some wretched cottages on land reclaimed from the waste. They are never to be seen at church, being Dissenters, or Ranters, or something of the kind, and none of our clergymen have ever been able to make anything of them yet."

These I certainly had not come upon, and I naturally asked some more questions about them.

"There are several families of them," she said, "belonging to different generations, but all have strange notions, and all have queer characters. Some have been transported for sheep-stealing and other good behaviour, some in older times were famous for smuggling, and some disappeared mysteriously immediately after the burglary was committed two or three years ago at Farmer Smith's. One of the men, a jobbing gardener, is, I believe, tolerably respectable, but the women are the queerest of all. That man's wife told your predecessor that he was an emissary of Satan himself, and slammed her door in his face. Another of them is called 'the Queen;' she is Edward Marshall's wife, and, odd though she is, is still held to be far more rogue than fool. The whole set live in an outlying, wild part of the parish, and most people think it well that they are not distributed more generally through the place, for no one trusts or

believes in them for a moment. In fact, the last two or three curates here have thought it better, after a little trial, to leave them to themselves."

Could any description be more tempting to a young curate in sole charge than this? Of course I should not, from this mere hearsay of character, have left them out from my explorations in any case; and, in fact, I naturally felt that persons thus described needed more attention and care from their pastor than others; so I took an early opportunity of finding out their colony, and of introducing myself to the cottagers as their new pastor.

I was rather unfortunate the first day I called, having found none of the men and only one of the women at home. This was Mrs. John Marshall, the wife of the gardener, who, after the manner of her persuasion, the moment she found I was a clergyman, fell upon me with a marvellous volubility, and immediately preached a sermon, consisting of a cento of misplaced and disconnected religious phrases, pouring out in five minutes' time enough words, at least, to have made an address of twenty minutes if delivered at an ordinary rate. She had certain notions as to conversion, one of which, not an uncommon one with people of her class, was that conversion, to be effectual, must be instantaneous. "There, sir," she said, "you see that 'ere bedpost? Well, ten years ago the voice spoke to me out of that bedpost all in a moment, and from that time I have been a child of God."

"Well," said I, "if that be so, I hope you have found good results follow from it, to the blessing of others beside yourself. I hope you can feel that your husband and children have the same happy account to give of their condition."

"No, sir, no," she said; "perhaps one or two of them is, but now my husband isn't, that I'm sure of."

"Why," said I, "does he not agree with you? What place of worship does he go to?"

"Ah!" said she, "that's just it, he goes to church when he goes anywhere; and you know he can't get no good there."

"I gently ventured to hint the possibility of her being mistaken upon that point, but saw very plainly that hers was a fixed idea as to the very fact that worshipping God in a church was a mark of the beast. So I let the point pass for the time, and asked her whether she prayed for her husband or her sons.

"Pay for them, sir?" she said. "No, I know better than

that. I only pray for God's people. I've no right to pray for them as isn't."

"Then are you not very unhappy," I replied, "in living year by year with people you profess to love, and for whose souls in some sort you must be answerable before God, and yet being obliged to feel that, according to your judgment, death when it comes, as it must come, to separate you, may separate you for ever instead of for a little time?"

"Oh dear no, sir," she answered. "I couldn't be unhappy at being parted from God's enemies. He knows best about those things, and I leaves all to Him."

"But supposing you are right in judging your family to be enemies to God, why should you not pray for them that they may be reconciled to Him?"

"Because I wouldn't interfere with His purposes at all," she answered.

"And yet God's very purpose may be that you should pray for them before they are reconciled to Him. Did not our Saviour himself pray for His enemies, and tell His disciples to do the same?"

"Ah, well, so He did," she answered, "but that was only the men He spoke to Himself; He never meant us to do it, only the first apostles."

"Then may I ask you, do you consider what you say when you use the Lord's Prayer?"

"Oh, I never uses that. That wasn't meant for us to use."

"What?" said I; "did not the Saviour say, 'When ye pray, pray thus'?"

"Ah, that's the very thing, sir; He said 'pray *thus*,' not 'pray *this*.'"

It was of no use that I quoted St. Luke's version, and the simple words, "When ye pray, say," &c. No, this was after all only an instruction to the first apostles, in no way binding on or permissible to any child of God in the present day.

Anything more utterly hopeless than to ply the poor woman with an argument, I never met, though I tried it in an instance or two. Having asked for whom she *would* think it right to pray, she said, "For God's people, of course."

"But then how are you to know who God's people are?" I asked.

"The Lord has told us," she said, triumphantly. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"But," said I, "to whom does He say this?"

"To everybody," she replied.

"How do you know that this was not limited to the first apostles, as you say the first instruction in prayer was?"

She had no answer to this, and immediately rushed out of the cottage, pretending to have seen a pig straying from its stye. There was no pig, but in dashing round the corner she came violently in contact with one of her sisters-in-law, with whom as it happened she was just then in a state of feud; in a moment, as Virgil would have said, "a clamour rose to the stars," such a torrent of rage, abuse, swearing, and violent language flowed from the lips of both ladies, who only stopped to get breath and glare at me as I rushed out to part them. I said a few quiet words, and advised them each to go into their own house, which they did sullenly enough, and with looks that showed their longing to have no parson's presence as a check upon their eloquence. I made the end of my visit very short to Mrs. John Marshall, feeling that the temper she showed and the language she used were fruits by which one scarcely could help to judge her hardly, and disappointed to find a woman with so much of Christian phrase upon her lips so far from penetrated with a Christian spirit.

From her house I went to that of Mrs. Edward Marshall, whose face I had seen for the first time illuminated with the light of bitter rage against her sister-in-law.

I presumed her "views" were something of a piece with her neighbours' and relatives', and certainly in so far as considering the church as a mere machinery of Satan, and its teachings a delusion of the simple, their notions accorded; but here I learned by experience at the outset of my ministry a fact which it is useful always to bear in mind when dealing with the lower orders of any Dissenting body, that agreement in abuse of the Church does not bind them to agreement in faith among themselves. In fact, every one of them is a rule unto himself, and himself only; every one of them is a prophet and interpreter to himself of any text in any connection in the Scripture which seems to countenance his own view for the time; but as to a thought of one member of a chapel congregation being supposed to submit his own opinion to the more educated judgment even of the chapel pastor, they dream not of it. So my task was fresh with Mrs. Edward. She had her notions of conversion and faith, and her *theory* (if no more) of works, but was quite indignant at my supposing her to hold much the same doctrines as her sister-in-

law. I must give a specimen of her ratiocinations; premising that in every worldly way she was shrewd, clever, and vicious to the last degree.

I got upon the subject of sinfulness, not merely general but personal, and was rather pleased to find how cordially she admitted her own individual iniquity. "Ah! sir," she said, "I've thought a deal about that, and there's no doubt we aren't as we ought to be, not one on us; I know I've been very wrong myself in one thing ever since I was married, and there's many another the same."

"Then," said I, "why have you not got that wrong corrected in these twenty or five-and-twenty years?"

"Oh! sir, it's too late now, it's past mending any more."

From this I earnestly dissented, and she went on to astound me with her *quasi*-confession.

"Tell you how it is, sir, we didn't none of us ought to change our name when we married!"

"And is *that* the sin you find lie so heavy upon your conscience, Mrs. Marshall? Is there nothing in all your doings that troubles you more than that?"

"Oh," she replied, "that's trouble enough; my name was Dalton afore I was married; I didn't ought to have changed it. The sun doesn't change, no more doesn't the moon, and so I'm sure women must be very wrong to go changing their names."

This was certainly the argument from analogy with a vengeance, and so advanced that I felt any logical attempt to meet it must be utterly absurd. Still I tried one shot at it by reminding her that the sun never rises two consecutive days at the same spot.

"Ah! but it's the same sun for all that," she replied; "and so the sun doesn't change, and the moon doesn't change, and so we be wrong to go changing our names."

"Well, now," said I, catching up that marvellously successful piece of quackery, Francis Moore's almanack, "do you believe in this almanack?"

"To be sure I do," she said; "many's the time it tells right."

"Well, then," I went on, "what does he mean by this at the end of each month,—'Changes of the moon'?"

She met me with an overwhelming readiness, "Do *you* believe in that almanack, sir?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "it's only a catch-penny imposture."

"Well, then, I suppose he may be making a mistake about the moon changing!"

This is a good sample of the extraordinary shiftiness of these people. They will give up with the most astonishing readiness everything they profess to believe, rather than admit the possibility of being wrong in holding the most extravagant notions. I was vastly amused with the woman, and could hardly help laughing out at the feeling that, from her point of view, I had certainly got the worst of the argument; however, I changed the conversation, and brought it upon the subject of church-going. Here I found her very different from her sister-in-law. Her main difficulty about church-going (though professing not "to hold with the Church") was want of shoes, or bad weather, or muddy roads; but to believe her there never was any one more ready to attend the church with regularity.

Oh yes, she'd come to church some time; she had heard I wasn't as *low* as some—this, I should explain, referred to my voice, not to my doctrine,—it was all the same where anybody went, so as they went somewheres, and so on, and so on.

"Well," thought I, "after all, this is somewhat less discouraging than I expected. I'll return to the charge on the subject of sinfulness," and choose, as a means of reintroducing it, the suggestive topic of the encounter I had shortly before witnessed between herself and Mrs. John. Rash and juvenile curate that I was! It was the letting out of water. She worked herself into a perfect fury of denunciation of her sister-in-law, and every one of her belongings that ever had been, were, or should be,—and she held forth in a fashion which convinced me, had conviction been needed, that she had more to answer for than having changed her name at marriage. I suppose it was this idea which led me to try another change of conversation by asking, with the innocent feeling that I was paying her a delicate compliment, how she came to be called Queen Marshall. Of all the many *gauche* speeches I ever made, I suspect that was about the worst. The nickname, as I afterwards heard, arose from a silly speech she had made in anger on some occasion, declaring herself as good or better than the queen; but if I had accused her of an aggravated breach of every law on the statute-book, she could not have been more indignant. Glad was I at last to bid her a most cordial and civil farewell, and to get away from the colony, feeling only too well that for that day at least I had done but little good among these oddities.

My next meeting with any of the family took place a few days afterwards. This time it was James Marshall, a married son of Mrs. John's, whom I met and spoke to on the high road. He kindly undertook to prove to me the impossibility of my being a servant of God at all. And this was *his* little bit of logic:—

"Well, sir, I've no doubt but you does your best; but then you know as well as I do as you can't be a child of God. Don't you, now?"

"Indeed," I said, "I should be very sorry to know that. How do you make it out?"

"Well, sir, don't all you ministers go to the college?"

"Most of us do," I replied.

"And you've been to the college, haven't you, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, "for several years."

"There, then, sir; that's where it is," he returned; "in course you *can't* be a child of God."

"But why not? What has college to do with it?"

"Oh! sir, don't you know what the Scripture says? It's not with enticing words of man's wisdom!"

I might detain my readers a long time with the sort of dialogue I carried on with these people at different times that I met them; but the subject is by no means a pleasant one. Many a shock I got in my interviews, but always felt that they were too shrewd to believe really in the absurd arguments they put forth. Besides, I soon wearied of listening to their self-complacent assumptions of having "got the Spirit," or being "children of God," when I came to know that so far as any outward signs of conversion and earnest Christianity were concerned, nothing of the sort was to be seen amongst them.

One striking scene which took place between myself and some of the family I must record. James Marshall the younger, whose views were so unflattering on the subject of university education, was married to a Churchwoman, and had three young children. These poor little ones were attacked with malignant scarlet fever, and the youngest, an infant, died before I ever heard of its illness. It was a matter of notoriety in the parish that none of these children were baptized, and that the father would not permit them to be. Consequently, when notice was sent of the funeral, and I was asked to appoint an hour for it, I told the clerk that I should not be justified in reading the service. The day of interment came, and, in order

to give as little offence as possible, I met the funeral procession, and addressing the father of the child (its mother was dangerously ill at home from quinsey), condoled with him on his loss, and explained how much I regretted the fact that the child not being baptized obliged me to decline using the service. He took it very quietly, having probably expected it, and I went into my parsonage, leaving the interment to be completed without me. A late hour had been fixed for the convenience of the bearers, and by the time they were leaving the churchyard it was the deep dusk of a gloomy autumn day. I was just getting ready for dinner when I heard a very "pert" sharp knock at the hall door, which was beneath my dressing-room window. I looked out, and saw a sister of Marshall's wife, who, on my asking her what she wanted, said, very indignantly, "Well, sir, since you wouldn't bury the one child, perhaps you'll come and christen the other two." I believe, poor woman, she thought it would be a sort of punishment to bring me out two or three miles on a miserable dark evening; but she had little notion how willing I was to accept her challenge. "I shall go with pleasure," I said.

"You'll not find them alive in the morning," she rejoined; "they're both that bad."

"Oh," I replied, "I shouldn't think of waiting till to-morrow; I shall ride over in the course of the evening."

She seemed rather mollified by my willingness, and thanking me civilly, went away.

Let me here interrupt my little story by a few words on the subject of refusal to read the burial service. A little time ago there appeared a most furiously indignant leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*, holding up to the odium of all Christian men, and accusing of all sorts of iniquity and intolerance, an unfortunate clergyman in Cornwall, who had done just as I had done, and declared his incompetence to read the burial service over the unbaptized child of a Dissenter in his parish. The whole article was a wondrously *naïve* illustration of the unreasonable ignorance which some Dissenters labour under as to the duties of the clergy, and of the subjects on which they write. If the writer of that article had ever read the service through with common attention, he would have seen that the very *first* sentence it contains after the title is as follows: "Here it is to be noted, that the office ensuing is not to be used for any that die unbaptized." And as long as the clergy are bound by the instructions of their Prayer-book, it is unquestionable that

they have no discretion whatever in this matter, and that, apart from the unmeaningness of the proceeding, they would commit a flagrant breach of solemn obligation in using the service under circumstances in which its use is explicitly forbidden. To suppose a less important case, but still sufficient as an illustration, let us imagine the writer of the *Telegraph* article to be a gentleman; that he have a daughter who chooses to fix her affections on a stable boy; and that this pair escape the father's vigilance, and present themselves before a clergyman, requesting him to read the marriage service for them. He refuses, this not being within his competence, unless they present the requisite certificates. Would the father in this case sit down to write a furious article against the monstrous "priestly" intolerance which deprived his daughter of a sacred rite? Or would he not, on the other hand, if the "priest" had proved too facile, and, simply using his own will instead of requiring a licence, united the couple, immediately endeavour to prove the illegality of the act, and indignantly demand the punishment of the offender? This, however, is a digression from my story.

Not knowing how long I might be detained, I ate my dinner, and ordered my horse. When I came out I found it night, and one of the very darkest in which I had ever been out,—in fact, so much so as very nearly to justify the exaggeration so commonly used, "so dark that you couldn't see your hand before you." The first mile and a half or two miles of my way lay along the high road, so that I had no difficulty in getting along, but the remaining mile was across a heath, intersected here and there by deep cart-ruts caused by turf-waggons, and burrowed into countless holes by countless rabbits. Here it was absolutely impossible to see any path at all, and I bitterly repented having brought a horse out, instead of making my way on foot. I could not now let him go, since his return home without me would terrify my wife; I had nothing to tie (or, as the country phrase goes, to "hang") him up to; and I very soon found, from a couple of tremendous lurching staggers, that it was quite as much as my neck was worth to remain upon his back. So I had to lead him, which I did for a yard or two by the head, till I stumbled myself, and nearly had him down upon me. I never had found my good old friend so terribly in my way before. The best I could do was to unbuckle the off rein, and taking the loose end, and thus getting as far in front

as possible, to blunder on in what I felt to be the right direction. I was certainly more than an hour in doing this difficult mile, and might have wandered till the moon rose (it was due in two hours more) without reaching my destination, but that, just when resolving to mount and sit still till nature's lamp should light me, a shower of bright sparks at a little distance showed me that I was close to Marshall's cottage. A few steps more and I was suddenly "brought up" by his garden fence, groping my way along which I reached the gate. I tied my horse to the gatepost, and made my way to the door, which, with the windows facing the contrary way to that in which I had approached it, had prevented my deriving any guidance from the lights in the house.

The cottage consisted of three rooms on the ground-floor; the one I entered was the kitchen and dwelling-room, beyond which were two bedrooms, in the nearer of which lay the sick mother; and in the further the two children, whose terrible ravings rang from time to time in our ears.

I found Marshall in the kitchen, smoking his pipe, which he laid down on my appearance, keeping his seat, however, instead of rising up. Feeling that from his point of view I had inflicted some injury upon him in not reading the service over his little child, I spoke to him in a conciliatory way, which seemed to mollify him a little. But he would not let me imagine for a moment that it was of his wish the other children were about to be baptized. I thought it well to use the opportunity presented to me, and to argue the matter with him; but I could get him no further than to declare that "he didn't hold with no sprinklings of man," and so forth. Yet I felt that after all he was not so perfectly certain of the correctness of his views as to take the responsibility of forbidding the baptism altogether. I tried this by saying, after some little discussion, "Well, I have come out to-night at some considerable inconvenience to baptize your poor little children. You can judge from this that I for one consider such a rite as a matter of importance to them. But as it is you, as their father, who will have to answer for its neglect, and who also have the power of forbidding it, I can only say that I shall be ready to go home without baptizing them if you state this to be your wish."

"Well, sir," said he, seeming rather startled than otherwise at this proposal, "my wife is so bad, she's like to die too; and she used to be a Churchwoman, and she hasn't got altogether the

knowledge of these things as I have, and so, to tell you the truth, I thought it best to humour her, and let the children be christened."

"Well, to tell *you* the truth," I replied, "your wife could not know that I was about to refuse officiating to-day; and yet it was before consulting her that I was asked, directly after the funeral, to come over here."

"Well, sir," he added, hastily, "'twas her sister, 'tis the same thing; and I suppose, as you are here, you may as well do it as not, to satisfy the pair of them."

"This is a very low view to take of a high privilege," I answered. "Would you mind kneeling down with me and praying that God may truly send a blessing with His ordinance to these poor children?"

This rather amazed him. He looked at me very doubtfully; however, I gave him no time to deliberate, but saying, "Let us kneel down and pray," immediately suited the action to the word, when he followed my lead, and knelt down near me.

Though he joined me in gesture I could not say whether he did in spirit. When I have prayed (as I have hundreds of times) with other Dissenters, I have found them almost invariably interpolate such ejaculations as "Bless the Lord!" "Glory, glory!" and continual "Amens!" into the prayer, showing at least some appearance of uniting in hearty worship; but Marshall was altogether silent, and rose from his knees the instant the tones of my voice ceased.

"Well, then," said I, "am I to understand that you wish me to baptize the children or no?"

"You shall do as you think proper, sir," he replied.

"Well, I think it very proper indeed," rejoined I. "Will you join me in the service?"

"No, sir," he said, "I'd rather not. I don't hold with it."

"Very well, Marshall," I answered, "I shan't press you. Shall I go in and see your wife?"

"Do, sir," he said, "the children's in the room beyond."

I went into the bedroom, and found the poor woman in that terrible suffering which only those who know the distress of breathing caused by aggravated quinsey are able to appreciate. She was gasping for breath, and almost voiceless, lying propped up with pillows, and attended by her sister and another woman.

I talked a little to her on the subject of the funeral, and did something towards soothing the distress of mind she was in

from the fact of the service not having been read over her child. I showed her briefly how entirely the prayers of the Church in that service are made not for the dead over whose bodies they are spoken, but for the living who stand around the grave; and encouraged her for endeavouring so soon to correct, as regarded her other children, the neglect which had given her no uneasiness while they were well and strong. The conversation seemed to interest her, and, in taking her thoughts for the moment from her bodily sufferings, seemed to do her actual good, her voice becoming stronger and more distinct. And when, after a little reading, we all knelt down and prayed, she was able to make the responses, and repeat the Lord's Prayer in an audible voice.

This being over, I called to Mrs. Winter, the woman who was nursing her, to prepare a basin with some fresh water in order to baptize the children. She went for the purpose into the inner room, and had disappeared but a few seconds when a tall female figure stalked in with a most theatrical stride and flashing eyes, revealing Marshall's mother, absolutely furious at the idea that the children were to be "sprinkled" at all.

She had been urging her son, as she supposed successfully, to send me about my business, and had been looking forward to the triumph of defeating my purpose; but, probably not quite certain of her own influence as weighed against that of his wife, had mounted guard over the poor little sufferers, to preserve them from the possibility of affording a victory to the Church which she so cordially hated.

"Good evening, Mrs. Marshall," I said, from the one side of the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she answered, with an icy dignity, setting her lips and tossing her head; and then, before I could utter another word, launching out into a perfect torrent of words to her daughter-in-law, which really seemed to overwhelm and terrify the poor sick woman.

"My dear child," she began, "the sprinkling of man doesn't make the child of God! It can't do it, and so you should say it shan't do it. What's the use of disturbing the poor little darlings with all that Church nonsense, and parson's nonsense? And you'd let that man sprinkle them, would you? That man that let the blessed baby be put in the ground like a dead kitten to-day instead of doin' his dooty, as he's paid for to do and bound for to do. Never let the children *be sprinkled*, or you're not a child

of God, and you know what the end of that 'll be. They children shan't be sprinkled while I stand here," she added, turning to me; "their father don't want it, and their mother don't want it, and their grandmother don't want it, and nobody as I knows on wants it except yourself; and what the use is of stopping in a sick house when one isn't wanted and is only in the way of the womankind I'm sure's more nor I can see."

The wife's sister and Mrs. Winter burst out in apologies to me as Mrs. Marshall lost her breath and paused to mark the effect of her attack.

"When I'm about my duty," I said, "Mrs. Marshall can't make me angry, nor can any one else;" and so, motioning with my hand for quiet, I observed, "I'm sorry to be in your way, Mrs. Marshall; but you know I've been sent for here."

"Oh, sir, I s'pose you have, sir; there's always people ready enough to busy themselves about other people's businesses. It wasn't my poor son as wanted you, after refusing to read the prayers over his child, that I'm certain on. It was you as did it," she added, turning her rage this time on Anne Hammond, the sister. "And what had you to do, bringing the gentleman out from home such a night as this on a fool's arrand? Who are you, to meddle with other folks' families?"

"Be good enough to remain silent, Anne," I said. Talking will do you no good, neither of you have an atom of temper. Remember that these two rooms are full of sickness and suffering, and that quarrelling is a disgraceful and unchristian thing."

"Ah, sir, it's all very well for you to talk," was the rejoinder. "If she'd dared to 'buse you, you'd find you'd have to give her her answer."

"I should certainly give her an answer," I replied, "but it would do me no good to answer her angrily. I should keep my temper over it."

"Ay, Anne, to be sure," chimed in Mrs. Winter, the nurse, "Mr. Burton's quite right, and it takes two to make a quarrel."

Poor Mrs. Winter had rashly put her head under the waterspout. Mrs. Marshall was down upon her in a moment, scolding, storming, raving almost at the poor woman for *her* meddling. I really think that respect for my presence was the only thing which kept the virago from a battle. However, I thought the best plan would be, after all, to turn the current of her vituperation on myself, rather than to leave the two poor women who held my side of the question longer under the lash. When

the oratrix came to a pause I made a gesture for silence, and said, "Let us get to the subject which brought me here, Mrs. Marshall. What is your objection to these children being baptized? Just try to think for a moment, and to answer me calmly. Will their being baptized do them any harm?"

"Well, no harm as I knows on," she answered, sullenly. "It won't do them much good."

"That must be a matter of opinion," I replied. "But just think a little further, and see whether it be for the glory of God, or for the sake of having your own way, that you are so excited and angry to-night. In one breath almost you have blamed me for wanting to baptize these children, and for not baptizing the little baby which has died."

"Humph! sir, I don't see how you make that out."

"Well, you'll admit that you blamed me for not reading the service over the baby?"

"I did, sir; I'm not going to tell you a lie," she replied. "No one likes their own flesh and blood to be just put in the ground like a dead dog or cat. It's hard because we doesn't hold with the sprinkling of man that we shouldn't have Christian burial."

"But how was I to know that the baby was a Christian?" I asked. "Your husband is in a benefit club, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir, that he is, and has been this forty year, and never been on the box once."

"Well, then, he has his card, and his book, and his account. He had some one to propose him as a member first, and the secretary enrolled his name when he was admitted?"

"I suppose he did," she answered.

"But suppose your husband never had been proposed or enrolled at all, and had been taken ill ten or twenty years ago, and had gone to the secretary and said, 'Give me my nine shillings a week sick pay;' would the secretary have been right to give it him?"

"Surely not, sir."

"Not even though your husband might have said he had been intending to join the club some time or other later on in life?"

"That wouldn't make no difference, sir."

"Well," said I, "putting aside that the law of my Church, which I am bound by, actually tells me not to read the service over any unbaptized child, am I to be blamed for not giving Christian privileges to one who can give no sort of sign of

Christianity at all? Is not the blame due entirely to those who want an ordinance of the Church without belonging to the Church?—who want, in fact, to take what they have no right to? The truth is, you and your son are not troubled about the baby half so much as at what people will say about the burial service being withheld, for you know in your own hearts that the fault lies with yourselves in setting up your ignorant opinion against what every one else upholds. Suppose me to go away to-night, having been hindered by you from baptizing these children, and that one of them dies, and is buried as the poor little baby to-day, will it be my fault or yours?"

"Your fault, sir, of course," she answered.

"Well," said I, smiling, "will you kindly tell me how and why?"

But here Marshall himself, who had entered the room, interrupted his mother, struck in some degree by the absurdity of her answer. *His* turn was come. Round upon him she came with a most voluble declamation. Of all her children (she said) he was the one whom alone she had been able to regard as a true child of God. And now he turned to take the same side as a Church minister against his own mother! And no Church minister could be a child of God. Now at last she knew her son to be one of the reprobate; and she was glad to know it, she added, as it was better to be sure one way or other than have doubts. And so she went on scolding and preaching together, and evidently making her son quail before her under the fire of her denunciations. I was afraid she would divert him from the concession he had made relative to the children's baptism, and took advantage of a pause in her eloquence to say a word more of my desire to proceed with the office.

"And do you mean, James, after all I've taught you, and taught you in the name of the Lord, to have those children sprinkled to-night?" she demanded, in the most tragical voice possible.

"Well, mother," he replied, apologetically, "you see Jane's very bad about it, and after all, you said yourself you didn't see as it could do 'em any harm though it might do them no good——."

"Oh! you godless prodigal! Oh! you heathen! To think that my son James should be a child of the devil! Then I'll go, and never put my foot in your doorway again. But I'll curse you all before I go, and it'll be like the curse of the prophets. You'll never get over it in this world or the next——."

"Well, well, mother," interposed the son, "perhaps the minister won't mind leaving things as they be for to-night. I don't want to fret you, and cursing's no good."

"You mean then, Marshall," I said, quietly, "that the children are not to be baptized?"

The man was in a dilemma, but with an effort, he said, "Well, sir, I'd rather they wasn't, after all?"

"Very well," I replied, "the responsibility lies with yourself. Are you quite satisfied about it, Mrs. Marshall?"

"Quite satisfied, sir," she answered in triumph. "I see I have had grace to cast the devil out of my son. This my son was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found."

"Then you no longer consider him a child of wrath?"

"No, sir, a child of God."

"And how do you feel in the matter?" I asked of Marshall's wife.

The poor woman's agitation actually broke her quinsey, and we all startled as, instead of answering in a gasping whisper, she cried, in a loud, beseeching voice,—

"Oh, Mr. Burton, don't go away without christening the little ones. Don't leave it undone, sir, now you're here. James dear, let it be done for God's sake."

The old woman turned furiously upon her. I brought the wordspout on myself again by interposing a sentence, and sat quietly for another quarter of an hour, as she poured the terrors of her tongue upon me. Marshall tried to interrupt her, and to apologise for her violent language to myself, but I assured him it caused me no offence, and begged him to let her have her say out. When she seemed nearly exhausted I entered on my innings.

"Now, Mrs. Marshall, don't you think I'm a pretty quiet man?"

This question took her by surprise. She paused a moment, and said, "Well, sir, perhaps you be quieter than some."

"I told you long ago, and I tell you again, you *can't* vex me when I'm about my duty. I make no account of all you have said against me, or of all you may say against me. But fair is fair, and I hope when you have quite done, as I have been listening to you for more than an hour, that you'll listen to me for five minutes. Have you quite done yourself?"

"I should think I have, sir," she replied, very triumphantly.

Well, then let me say a few words without angering you. I know you and I don't agree in *our ideas* about baptism; but let

that pass for a minute. You object to my ministering to your grandchildren because no Church minister can be a child of God. But who gave you the power of judging who is and who is not a child of God? If I may speak very humbly of myself I can say I hope I am a child of God, and that the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed me from my many sins. How can you tell that I am not?"

"The Spirit gives me power to tell it, sir," she answered.

"Do you mean God's Spirit?" I asked.

"Certainly I do, sir," was the reply.

"Then you of course believe that the Spirit of God, the Holy Spirit, can make no mistake in what He teaches you?"

"Of course not, sir."

"Then when you say your son is a child of God now, you firmly believe the Spirit of God has told you so?"

"Yes, sir, that I do, and no man shall stop me of this boasting in the county of Surrey."

(This extraordinary adaptation of the words of the apostle I may say, by the way, was but one of the many instances in the woman's long declamations).

"In the last quarter of an hour you first said your son was a child of God, then you said he was a child of the devil, and now you declare him again to be a child of God. The Holy Spirit knows of course whether he is or not; therefore any error in the matter must be in your ignorance, not in His knowledge. And you have over and over settled the condition of your son's soul just according to whether, at the moment, he pleased you or not. Can you not see that if you have made such an awful mistake, one way or other, as to his condition, you may make one as to my condition just as well, and be keeping your grandchildren from my ministration also in a mistake? I don't want to vex you in what I say. I only wish to make you see it is *possible* for you to be wrong. For instance, I don't presume for a moment to judge and decide upon your condition, for I have not the means of knowing."

"If you had the Spirit of God, sir, like I have, you would have the means of knowing ready enough; for you know the Lord said, 'By their fruit ye shall know them.'"

"And by what sort of fruit?" I asked; "by the fruits of the Spirit, is it not?"

"Exactly so, sir."

"Well, is not this a Scripture text (Gal. v. 22, 23) 'The fruit

of the Spirit is . . . . peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance?' Do you believe this?"

"In course I do."

"And you think we should judge of true conversion, of any man's being a child of God, by seeing whether or no he brings forth this fruit."

"Just so, sir."

"Well now, bear with me for another minute. As you see, I have left my home this dark wretched night to come and baptize these little ones. Will my doing so make me wiser, or richer, or better? I have come simply because I felt it my bounden duty. I come into this house where your daughter-in-law is lying sick and suffering, almost struggling for the very breath she lives by. And there are the two little ones whom you hardly expect to live till morning, burning with fever and thirst, and fighting as it were with death itself. And death has already won his battle over their little baby brother, and one would think under all circumstances that such a house of sorrow and sickness should be a quiet one. And what do I find here instead? a woman who calls herself a converted Christian, a child of God, raging, storming, and outraging, as you have done, every one under the roof for more than an hour and a half; disgracing yourself and your whole family by your heartless, wicked language, and all merely to have your own way in a matter which you are too ignorant and foolish to understand anything about. Now will you just answer me one question? I don't ask you which of us is converted, and is a child of God; but which of us to-night seems to be the one bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit, by which you say the children of God are to be known?"

She seemed staggered for a moment, and preparing to speak, but I got no answer from her to my question. For her son, standing up and going round to where his mother was standing on the opposite side of the bed from me, put his hand upon her shoulder and said, to my great astonishment:—

"See mother, you can't do no good here, and you haven't been doing none. Mr. Burton's quite right, and you'll do a deal better to get away home. All the noise is bad for Jane, and I'll have the children baptized at once, if Mr. Burton will still do it. Here's your shawl, just put it on, and go away home, that's a good woman; there's no use in scolding here all night, for my mind's made up over it."

She drew her shawl round her with great dignity; struck a little perhaps by my argument, but absolutely astounded at her son's decision, she had not a syllable left to say, and stalked majestically towards the door. I stood up and met her as she approached it, holding out my hand and saying, "Good-night, Mrs. Marshall."

She folded her arms, drew herself up, if possible, higher than before, and looked the most eloquent indignation at me. But I was between her and the door, and kept my hand outstretched.

"You have given me harder words than I have given you," I said, "but if we are Christians, let us bear no malice. You surely won't go away without saying good-night?"

This would certainly have been to put herself further in the wrong; so, after a short pause, she said, "Good-night to you, sir," in a most majestic voice.

"But you'll shake hands before you go, won't you?" I persisted, still holding out mine to her.

There was another pause, and she held out her hand. The sum of my revenge was to give it a *very* hearty shake, as I found I had to shake both for her and myself. And then saying, "Good-night, and God bless you," I let her go.

She never answered me a word, but went her way. After a little conversation and prayer I baptized the children and went home in good spirits, thankful for the results of the conflict. Marshall came frequently afterwards with his wife to church, and until he left the parish, which he did in a few months, seemed to be a very different man. He never attempted a theological argument with me again, and I hope, in whatever parish he settled, that his clergyman may have found him better affected towards the Church than his mother's influence had made him while a parishioner of mine.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Oxford Lent Sermons. 1868 and 1869. With a Preface by Samuel, (late) Lord Bishop of Oxford. Oxford and London: Parker & Co.

AMONG the many legacies of good left to the diocese of Oxford by its late most able and gifted prelate, the volumes of Lenten Sermons, six or seven in number, preached by his lordship's desire, and printed under his direct superintendence, are by no means the least valuable. The two volumes before us abundantly sustain the reputation of their predecessors, though it seems a great error in judgment to allow the sermons for 1868 to be delayed in publication till January, 1870. Bishop Wilberforce sends them forth from Cuddesdon as a parting gift, with the following touching words:—"I cannot this year finish these prefatory remarks without remembering that I shall not again preside over the preaching of these Lenten Sermons, or select their subjects or their preachers; and I cannot remember this without desiring to thank thus publicly those who year by year have helped me with these sermons. The days we have spent together each year at Cuddesdon in prayer and consultation, for their preparation, have been amongst the happiest of my life."

It is very difficult to think of the diocese of Oxford apart from the master spirit that for a quarter of a century has guided its councils and been first and foremost in every good work. Bishop Wilberforce, down in our hearts, is Bishop of Oxford still, and it will take years to familiarize us with the new designation or the new signature, "S. Winton." A noble work, however, in a larger diocese, will now receive all the marvellous energy and the ripened experience of a bishop who, beyond all others, has laid his mark for good on the Church of the nineteenth century. May God bless abundantly the old work and the new bishop under whose auspices in future the Oxford Lenten Sermons will be carried on.

John Wesley's Place in Church History; determined with the aid of facts and documents unknown to or unnoticed by his biographers. By R. D. URLIN, Barrister-at-law. Rivingtons, 1870.

WE earnestly trust that Wesleyans in general will carefully read Mr. Urlin's most interesting and instructive book. It is a valuable contribution to the Life of John Wesley, that has yet to be written, if

we are to gain anything like a true and impartial view of the times in which he lived, and of the great work he was enabled to accomplish. There can be little doubt that had John Wesley lived in these days, he would have cast in his lot with earnest and warm-hearted Anglicans, for every doctrine and practice which are the distinguishing characteristics of the Book of Common Prayer he held most dear; daily service, weekly communion, a reverent observance of all fasts and festivals and the like, are continually referred to and recommended in his journals and addresses. Mr. Urlin may be glad to see another striking hymn by Charles Wesley, from the scarce volume alluded to in his Appendix A, and we reprint it here, for his benefit and that of our readers.

"Ye faithful souls, who thus record
The passion of that Lamb divine,
Is the memorial of our Lord
An useless form, an empty sign?
Or doth He here His life impart?
What saith the witness of your heart?

"Is it the dying Master's will
That we should this persist to do?
Then let Him here Himself reveal,
The tokens of His presence show;
Descend in blessings from above,
And answer by the fire of love.

"Who Thee remember in Thy ways,
Come, Lord, and meet and bless us here;
In confidence we ask the grace,
Faithful and true to all appear:
Let all perceive Thy Blood applied;
Let all discern the Crucified.

"'Tis done; the Lord sets to His seal;
The prayer is heard, the grace is given;
With joy unspeakable we feel
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven:
The altar streams with sacred Blood,
And all the temple flames with God!"

Only Charles Wesley could have written this last verse, and the whole hymn is beautifully adapted for sacramental use.

Why, with all the evidence of the book before us, do modern Methodists call themselves "Wesleyans"? In 1790, the year before he died, John Wesley wrote a valedictory address to his followers, and in it occur these memorable words:—"I never had any design of separating from the Church. I have no such design now; I do not believe the Methodists in general design it. I do and will do all that is in my power to prevent such an event. I live and die a member of the Church of England, and none who regard my judgment will ever separate from it."—P. 172.

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & Family Treasury.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER III.

MOLLY'S HOME.

TOWARDS the dusk of the afternoon on the following day Jenny ran down the white steps and along the smooth gravelled drive, and out of the pompous gates of Castlegate House, and went to see her friend Molly Montresor. She had looped up her old worn-out schoolroom dress, a faded blue stuff, over a violet and white striped petticoat, intended for summer wear, maroon coloured stockings, that the wind made too conspicuous, and a pair of thick leather boots that Tom might have gone farming in. She had done away with Thompson's fashionable chignon, and gone back to the hanging net, over which she had tied an old straw hat, more remarkable for comfort than elegance; and her queer costume was completed by a really pretty and stylish French mantle of black velvet and soft white fur, which her mother had given her to wear in church and in the carriage on state occasions—not to call on Molly Montresor in certainly, when it was damp and dark, and the sky was loaded with snow.

She ran along the quiet road that led into the town, splashing

the mud up to her knees; and then, when she reached the streets, where already the lamps were being lighted, subsided into a hurried shambling walk, which quickly brought her to her friend's door.

The organist's house stood close under the shadow of St. Cuthbert's tower, a sturdy, grey old tower, dappled with moss and lichen, and festooned with ivy hundreds of years old. It had originally been the vicarage house, and was long and low, with broad eaves and latticed windows, and was also wreathed and twined with clinging tendrils and matted with dark green leaves. It stood alone in a little paved court, surrounded by a high wall and narrow garden border full of ancient laurels, from which a door opened into the street—a little court that was cool and shady in the warm weather, when it was filled with the scents of violets and lilies of the valley, and when its grey slabs were fringed with forests of wild ferns, but which would now have been dreary and dismal enough but for the stream of rosy firelight that glimmered about it from an unshuttered sitting-room window.

This rosy light, warmed in its passage through half-drawn crimson curtains, seemed to welcome Jenny as she opened the street door. She stood still a few seconds to get her breath, and to take in the details of the familiar scene, unchanged since the day she bade good-bye to Molly, sobbing and crying, half a year ago, save that this was winter and that was sunny summer-time; and then she crossed the damp pavement on tiptoe, and looked in at the window.

It was a cosy, homely room, simply and substantially furnished, coloured with dark, soft, time-toned colours, flecked with a bit of old china, a bouquet of ivy leaves and holly berries, a bright little picture here and there,—a room that, for harmony and refinement, was worth all Castlegate House put together. On a large Persian rug spread before the fire, whose fringes were worn thin, but whose blurred mosaic of red and blue was not yet worn out, lay a grizzly old deerhound, with his sharp nose on his paws. He was a mumbling old hound, who would never run the red deer through his Scottish glens again, but he would be beautiful while there was a living bit of him, with his high blood and his dignity. He raised his head when Jenny looked in. He had heard her step, but he knew it, and he did not betray her to his mistress, only gazed at her through the window with silent curiosity.

"'I wasn't going to wait for that,' said Jenny, as they dispossessed the old hound, and knelt down together before the fire."—*See page* 113.

[*The Touchstone.*

Molly was the only person in the room, and she was sitting at the piano. The firelight shone on her little delicate bright head, twisted round about with close-woven braids, in lieu of the universal chignon, and on her brown dress, two or three shades darker, edged with white linen at the throat and wrists. Jenny could not see her face, which was bent low over the key-board; but she listened, and she heard her sweet clear voice singing an old ballad to herself in the dusk:—

"The holly floated to the tide,
And the leaf of the rowan pale;
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

"Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course
Along the lily lee;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he."

She paused, as if trying to remember what came next, and Jenny tapped at the window.

The next minute they were both in the hall, hugging and kissing, very nearly crying with the delight of meeting again after their long separation.

"Oh, come in, come in," cried Molly. "To think you should have got out to see me so soon! I heard you were home, and I was wondering whether I could screw up my courage to go to Castlegate House and call upon you."

"I wasn't going to wait for that," said Jenny, as they dispossessed the old hound, and knelt down together before the fire. "Let's look at you, Molly,—it seems as if I hadn't seen you for years." And she took the small head in her two big hands, kissed it all over, and held it at arm's length.

Certainly Mary Montresor was, as Jenny had called her, "sweet." Not beautiful at all, judged by the rigid laws of beauty; not striking; not even "interesting-looking," but sweet and delicate and pure, with the suggestion of gentle blood in her speech and her ways, and with her steadfast soul in her earnest grey eyes.

"I wish I were like you, Molly," said Jenny, enviously.

"Wherefore, dear?" asked Molly, smiling.

"Because you're so lovely!"

"I lovely!—don't talk nonsense, child. Wish you were like Nella, if you must wish for loveliness, which you don't want a bit, whatever your sisters may say. Nella *is* lovely, if you like."

"Nella seems so," rejoined Jenny, slowly, still studying her face with wistful intentness, "but you are really."

"Thank you," said Molly, rising and making a profound sweeping curtsey, "I never was paid such a compliment before that I remember."

And then they both laughed, and Molly sat down again and began to question her friend on her Parisian experiences. "Tell me all about it," she said, putting Jenny into a chair, and then coaxing her big palm with her soft brown cheek.

"Mamma and Nella are out in the town, shopping for Christmas, and papa is at his organ. We shall have no one to interrupt us."

So Jenny told her all about it—talking nineteen to the dozen, as the saying is. She talked of nothing else till it was dark, and till the bells of St. Cuthbert's chimed five o'clock. Then she broke off in a hurry, and declared she must go home.

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Molly, "you don't want to run away yet. What time do you dine?"

"At seven; but we have tea at five. That's the last new thing out," added Jenny, with a grin.

"Then you just take off your things, and drink tea with us; half-past six will be quite as early as you need to go, and we shall have tea in half an hour."

And she began to strip off Jenny's rich jacket and shabby hat with busy hospitality, Jenny offering but a slight resistance.

When they settled down again the conversation drifted into another channel.

"We had one of our swell dinner-parties last night, Molly, and who do you think we got hold of this time?"

"Oh, I heard," said Molly, "Mr. Lepell."

"Yes, Mr. Lepell; and you can't think what a dear he is! We had quite a long conversation together, he and I. Emily Carter and Cordy looked as if they would have scratched my eyes out. They were as cross as anything. And Bella and Judy and Cecilia have been lecturing me to-day shamefully, Molly, saying I was forward and immodest to talk to him so much." And Jenny's face crimsoned as she spoke.

"That was too bad," murmured Molly, indignantly. "You are never that, I know. But," after a pause, "Mr. Lepell was nice, was he?"

"He was a dear!" Jenny reiterated, her brow clearing again. "He was so kind, I felt as if I had known him for years. And we talked about you, Molly. I told him how I loved you, and

what a sweet you were; and he said he noticed you the first time he ever went to St. Cuthbert's."

"He meant Nella," said Molly, stooping for the tongs, and beginning to pick little cinders out of the hearth and drop them on the fire.

"No, he meant you. And he said he hoped he should know you some day, and that Mrs. Charteris would know you too, when she came to live at Bedingfield."

"He must have meant Nella," persisted Molly, still intent on the cinders.

"No, he didn't; for I described you to him, and where you sat in church, and all about it."

"He couldn't have meant me," Molly repeated.

"I tell you he did, then!" retorted Jenny, getting exasperated with her obstinacy; "and why shouldn't he, pray? And who's Nella, that she should attract everybody's attention? Nella is made too much fuss of by half."

"Here she comes," said Molly, rising hastily, and running to the window. And Jenny, pausing in her tirade, heard the click of the street door and the hollow sound of footsteps on the slabs of the little court.

In another minute Elinor entered the room, followed by her mother and her devoted slave and admirer, Tom. She was very beautiful, certainly, as far as outward beauty of form and colour went. She had a fine-skinned, milky, rose-leaf face, with regular, delicate features, and a tall and slender figure, which would have been graceful but for its forced and affected attitudes. Her lips and teeth were brilliant red and white, her luxuriant hair was like spun gold, and her eyes were of a dark, soft, purply blue, like two large violets. She, too, showed, in her different way, that she was of a higher race than Mrs. Marshall, her aunt, and Miss Emily Carter, the great brewer's heiress, whom money had done its best, and failed, to cultivate into gentility; but the eyes of the initiated—those grey eyes of Mr. Lepell's, for instance—saw more of their blood under her dainty skin than under the tan and freckles of meek little Molly.

"Why, Jenny darling, you here!" she exclaimed, throwing down her muff, and stretching out her arms for a fond embrace.

"Well, my dear Jenny!" followed Mrs. Montresor, who had come in, shivering and complaining of the damp and cold.

"Hollo, Jin!" exclaimed Tom.

And then there was a deal of affectionate scuffle, which was

followed by a cheerful, chatty calm, and the appearance of the servant with the tea-tray. A very hospitable tea-tray it was such as Tom and Jenny loved. It bore a big silver teapot, and old-fashioned, capacious china cups, and it was supplemented with toast and muffins and hot cakes, and little pots of sardines and jam, and a new brown loaf, and a butter cow on parsley leaves,—delicacies of olden days, contemporary with one o'clock dinners and comfortable plebeianism.

It was a long time before they forgot the cosiness and quiet merriment of that little tea-drinking. Tom, to whom Nella was more often slighting and uncivil than not, in her great idea of her own importance, had been invited in by herself, and she was so sweet and fascinating to him, with her arch raillery and the play of her pretty hands about his cup and plate, that he hardly knew whether he were on his head or his heels. Jenny, who was very hungry, and who declared she had not had a bit of comfort since she drank tea there before, was in a state of extravagant fun and enjoyment. Pensive, lackadaisical Mrs. Montresor revived in the cheerful atmosphere, and talked quite merrily; and Mr. Montresor, though he came in from St. Cuthbert's starved with cold, was delighted to see Molly's schoolgirl friend, and contributed no small share of hilarity to the general stock.

"That's what I call being jolly," remarked Jenny, as she and Tom plodded home together, arm-in-arm, through the slush and snow.

"Jolly!" echoed Tom, "I should think so. It's the nicest home in Castlegate—all to nothing."

"And Nella is the nicest girl, eh, Tom? That's what you want me to say, I suppose. Oh, my old man!" she added, with quaint pathos, "I wish you weren't quite such a fool."

"I hope I'm not a fool, Jenny," Tom meekly replied; "only you're prejudiced, you know. But don't you think," he suggested taking advantage of her feeble glimmer of encouragement, "that she's looking wonderfully—a—well?"

"Oh, wonderful!" Jenny rejoined, ironically. "Like an angel of course! But I'll tell you who doesn't look well, and that's Mr. Montresor. I never saw a man so altered in half a year."

"I haven't noticed it," said Tom.

"No, because you've seen him constantly. But he looks all fallen away to me; and he never used to cough as he did to-night."

"He's got a thorough cold," said Tom. "No wonder. That St. Cuthbert's is like a well."

"I believe he's in a decline," said Jenny.

CHAPTER IV.

RELATIONS AND FRIENDS.

JENNY was right. Mr. Montresor was in a decline. Hard work, and the damps and chills of old St. Cuthbert's, where he was wont to sit for hours night and day at his organ, breathing in his soul a golden atmosphere of passion and poetry, had worn out the fibres of his delicate constitution, though the decay had been so gradual that even they of his own household had almost failed to notice it. When the first violets peeped out in the mossy courtyard, Molly gathered them, and laid them, wet with tears, on his sofa pillow; and by the time the green fern fringes feathered out over the flower borders, he had given up his place in the church for ever,—given it up to her, whose little feet were suffered to patter up and down the stairs of the organ-loft, and whose little hands were allowed to send tremulous whispering notes through the stern Norman arches, without let or hindrance from the shade of the saintly woman-hater.

In the early summer he died. His window was set wide open, and all the room was filled with morning sunshine, and the scent of roses and mignonette and honeysuckle, and the caw of rooks feeding their young in St. Cuthbert's glebe meadows, and the clear notes of turtledoves and woodlarks singing in distant country solitudes. He did not suffer at all. He just went to sleep, and slept and slept, until they stooped to look at him, and saw the lines in his grey face all waxen and white, and the shadows of care and trouble faded away from it as mists of twilight before a risen moon.

The church bell began to toll at mid-day, and the news was talked of over every luncheon and dinner-table in the town. Miss Emily Carter came to call at Castlegate House in the afternoon, and broached the subject to Judith and Cordelia in her noisy, flippant way.

"You've heard, of course, that the organist is dead at last?"

"Yes," said Cordelia, pensively. "Poor Jenny was in their house when it happened, and has been crying ever since. She

and Mary are great friends, you know. And Tom is so upset too! He didn't eat a mouthful of lunch."

"Tom!" echoed Miss Carter, smirking and bridling, "has *he* caught Jenny's fever of admiration for the Montresors? I have heard something, by the way, of a fancy for Elinor, but I never thought there was anything in it. Those young Cambridge men aren't happy without somebody to flirt with, and one is as good as another—eh, Judy?"

Judith was proof against little pleasantries of this sort.

"Tom is not a flirt," she said, severely. "He would be ashamed to play with a girl he did not intend to marry. And of course he would never dream of marrying Elinor Montresor."

"Why not? Some people think her very pretty," said Miss Carter, with the air of one who could afford to be generous and condescending in speaking of such a person.

"And she has old blood in her veins," added Cordelia. "The Montresors were amongst the great Border families who were implicated in the rising of the North, and have no end of quarterings in their shield." Cordelia had taken to the study of heraldry and genealogy since becoming enamoured of Mr. Lepell, but the subject had no sort of interest for either her sister or her friend.

"Go back to Adam and Eve when you are about it," Miss Carter replied, ironically.

"What does that signify?" questioned Judith. "The girl hasn't a penny."

The heiress looked meditative and complacent.

"What will they do, I wonder, now?" she said. "Mr. Montresor's earnings must have been a mere pittance to keep house upon, and of course he cannot have saved anything."

"I should think Mrs. Marshall would help her sister," Cordelia suggested.

Miss Carter looked dubious. "Very unpleasant for poor Mrs. Marshall," said she, looking at the situation with the eyes of her order. "Living in the same town, too—quite under her nose, as one may say. Of course the girls will have to work for their living."

"They will take situations as governesses, no doubt," said the practical Judith. "And high time, too, that they made some use of their education. Absurdly expensive it has been, you know. Mr. Montresor sent them abroad for two or three years to finish—as if he had had the Bank of England to go to."

"He could not have done anything better," put in the good-natured Cordelia. "He worked hard for the money, and it was well spent. I'm sure there aren't two more elegant, ladylike girls in all Castlegate—Elinor especially."

"She's wonderfully stuck up," Miss Carter remarked, with envious recollection of the delicate face and golden hair which no amount of money, potent as it was, could buy. "She sweeps into church as if she were a princess. However," she added, with an unintentional touch of satisfaction in her tone, "she'll find her level now, poor girl!"

Mrs. Marshall, the lady who was to be pitied so much for possessing poor relations who would have to work for their living, was talking the subject over with her companion and drudge, Miss Hughes.

"I always warned her what she would come to," said Mrs. Marshall, fanning herself violently, as she lay back in one of her gilded arm-chairs; "but she would do it. Here was old Jacob Carter would have given his ears for her—a bachelor to this day, and worth a hundred thousand if a penny! But she must needs go mad after that poor consumptive music-master, because of his fine eyes, and his playing, and his elegant manner of taking his hat off when he met her, and because Vere Montresor was such a romantic name! That's what comes of reading poetry, Hughes. She was always poring over that trash and mooning about the garden. Poor mother should have known better than to allow it. Well, I hope she's found out her mistake at last. I always said she would."

"I suppose, 'um, you'd like the blinds drawn down," Miss Hughes suggested, meekly.

"No, I don't think that's necessary; he is no actual relation of mine, and I have associated so little with the family."

"But you'll wear a little mourning, won't you, 'um?—very slight, you know,—just for a few weeks."

"I suppose I must. I'll get a bonnet to match my grey silk, with a little scarlet in it. Scarlet is quite correct for slight mourning, you know."

Tom Masters was in his father's den, lounging against the chimney-piece with his hands in his pockets, all the melancholy he was capable of expressed in his face.

"They'll be as poor as Job, father," said he, wistfully; "and they've never been used to that yet. For all their quiet ways, they've had enough for comfort, and for little ladies' luxuries too."

"Poor things, poor things," ejaculated Mr. Masters, bustling about the room to hide incipient tears, and trying to cough down a lump in his throat. "Suppose we send 'em a ten-pound note? Come in handy for the funeral, anyhow, eh?"

Tom's face lit up for a moment, and then clouded over again with perplexity and thought.

"Thank you, daddy, for the ten pounds, but—but—we mustn't give it to them that way, you know."

"Nonsense, boy! why not? Money is money, and will be a deal more useful than goods."

"I didn't mean goods either," said Tom. "Let's see: you don't remember to have received any favours or assistance of any sort from Mr. Montresor, eh? You don't think you could have owed him for anything, do you?"

"No," replied Mr. Masters, all the ire of a prosperous, self-made man aroused by the insinuation. "I never put myself under an obligation to any one, and I pay my debts as soon as they fall due. I shouldn't be likely, either, to owe anything to a poor fellow like that—I should think not, indeed!"

Tom was silent a minute or two, gnawing his lip and staring at the carpet. Then he asked his father for the note or cheque, and leave to arrange with Jenny the mode of its presentation; receiving which, he left the room, and hurried up-stairs three steps at a time.

Jenny answered his rap at the door of her bedchamber, presenting a swollen and blistered face, still wet with tears, and an unusually dishevelled and unbuttoned appearance generally, which would have shocked the young ladies in the drawing-room below. She dragged him in, with a little exclamation of welcome, and, pushing him into an arm-chair, sat down on his knee, and put her arms round his neck, and sobbed afresh for her Molly's troubles as if they were breaking her heart. Tom couldn't stand it at all. He coaxed her head, and patted her heaving shoulder, and exhorted her in a choking whisper not to fret and make herself ill; and then he began to cry like a baby himself, from the depths of his tender manliness, over the thought of what three delicate women might have to suffer, left alone in the world.

When Tom had fairly given way, Jenny roused up and dried her eyes, and set to work to scold and comfort him. Then they fell into consultation by slow degrees, as to how they could best serve the bereaved little family. First, they had to arrange

about the giving of the ten-pound note, and that took a deal of anxious consideration. Every plan they proposed seemed less likely to answer than the last; and the one they finally decided upon, though perhaps the best—namely, that Jenny should take it to Molly herself, and explain their feeling about giving it, their desire to help as privileged friends, their doubt and fear as to the delicacy of the mode adopted, the distress they would suffer in the event of a refusal, and so on,—was doomed to fail on trial. The little bit of paper was to find its way back to Tom's pocket, gently and gratefully, but decidedly rejected, there to trouble his peace of mind for many a day.

This matter, as they imagined, satisfactorily disposed of, Tom turned the current of talk into another channel. His grief made him bold this time, and he did not stammer and blush as was his wont.

"Jenny, I'm not going to hold off any longer, now she's got no other protector."

Jenny knew quite well what he meant, but she lay still in his arms and made no response.

"I don't care what anybody says," continued Tom, waxing defiant. "I'll marry her, if she'll have me, and she shall be comfortable and taken care of. She shan't go knocking about the world if I can help it, unless she would rather."

"And she wouldn't," said Jenny, in a tone of quiet conviction.

"No, I think not. Playing and teasing was all very well when she had nothing else to think of; but I'm sure she has cared for me at the bottom all along, unless she is the most heartless flirt in the whole world, which she isn't—and that now she'll show it. There's nothing like trouble to make one know one's own mind in those things, Jenny," he added, oracularly, with a wise shake of the head.

"And are you sure you know yours?" inquired Jenny.

"Of course I'm sure, and never so sure as I am to-day. Poor little Nella!"

"And poor little Molly!" added Jenny, with a sobbing sigh. "Don't you think you could *ever* love Molly, Tom? She's so much the best."

"She may be," he replied. "And I'll be the kindest, carefullest brother going, and never let her worry her dear little head if I can help it. But I only want to marry Nella. I've set my heart on Nella, you see, and a fellow can't chop and change about in those cases."

"Not a good fellow like you," commented Jenny, lifting her head from his shoulder, and giving him a tender hug and kiss. "Well, I suppose you must have her then, and I must make the best of it."

Tom returned her caress by nearly squeezing the breath out of her body.

"Oh, my old brick!" he exclaimed, in ecstasy, "what should I do if I hadn't you?"

"Do!" echoed Jenny; "you'd have to do without help, I can tell you. If I didn't countenance you, nobody else would. A pretty row there'll be when our people get a scent of it!"

"Ah, so I'm afraid. Though why they should make a row would puzzle me to say. If she hasn't got money, I have; and she has beauty and good birth and accomplishments, worth Emily Carter's fortune a hundred times over. For I suppose it's Emily Carter they've picked out to be my partner in life—much obliged to them."

"I would rather you married Nella Montresor than Emily Carter," said Jenny, decisively.

"Thank you, Jenny dear. So would I. And you really will help me then?" he added, after a pause, hugging her tight, and looking wistfully into her great honest eyes.

"Of course I will help you," she replied, a little touch of grimness lurking still amongst the love in her face and voice. "It's no use half doing a thing. If it can't be helped, I must make the best of it, as I said before."

"And what had I better do, Jenny?"

"Do nothing at present, of course, until the freshness of this trouble is past—until they are settled a bit."

"Nothing at all?"

"Except pay her little attentions—show her you love her the more now she is poor and fatherless—as you ought to do, if you love her at all——"

"I do—I do!"

"Yes, of course. Only do it very quietly. Don't make yourself obtrusive, you know. But I'll tell you as you go along, if you'll be guided by me."

"I'll be guided by you and welcome!" exclaimed Tom, hugging her like a great bear until she gasped for breath. "You're an angel, Jenny!"

"I'm afraid you're a fool, Tom! and with Molly right under

your nose too! However," sighing resignedly, "I won't bother you about Molly any more."

And she kept her word.

CHAPTER V.

PUT TO THE TEST.

MR. MONTRESOR was buried under an old elm tree in the quietest corner of St. Cuthbert's churchyard. The inhabitants of Castlegate did not know—nor would they have cared much if they had known—what an illustrious race was extinguished when the poor organist died without a son. They would have thought it a lamentable thing if he had had a large estate or a thriving business to bequeath, and no son to inherit it and keep it together; but they had no sort of appreciation of the value of a noble lineage and an ancient name. It was nothing to them that his forefathers had been amongst the greatest of the mighty border barons, while their own were serfs and slaves. It was nothing to them that an old castle stood mouldering away in its lonely north country valley, whose walls and gateways were barnacled with armorial shields, testifying to his inheritance of royal blood, and the purest blood of the old nobility. It was nothing to them that England and Scotland were full of traditions of gallant deeds, whereof those of his name had been partakers,—nothing to them that minstrels had sung throughout the world of their glory and greatness ere the virgin Queen swept them down for their attempt to restore their old religion. It was nothing to them that he had come to poverty and obscurity by reason of the loyal devotion of his more immediate Scottish-born ancestors to an unfortunate but lawful king. It was nothing to them that he himself had been so courteous and sensitive and refined in his tastes and habits, and had borne in his delicate face and gentle voice so strong a testimony to a birth and breeding superior to their own. They had regarded him simply as the organist, who had lived on three hundred a year, and kept but one servant. And now they spoke of his burial only in connection with the fact that there were no hearse and plumes or mourning carriages,—the men of the choir carrying the coffin, and the widow and daughters following on foot, because the above-mentioned luxuries were beyond their means.

There was one person in Castlegate, however, besides Tom and Jenny, who saw with other eyes, and that was Mr. Lepell. He had met Nella and Molly at a small dinner given by Mr. Leigh, soon after his *tête-à-tête* with Jenny Masters, and had been introduced to them both; but he had had no opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance. He had straightway gone to make a series of visits to various country houses; and then he had been drawn with the tide of fashion to London clubs and drawing-rooms. Bedingfield had been deserted up to the very week of Mr. Montresor's death, when he had suddenly returned, for no particular reason.

On the day of the funeral he went to see Mr. Macintyre, and made inquiries as to the pecuniary circumstances of the Montresor family. He heard that the organist had insured his life for a thousand pounds, the interest of which was now their sole dependence; and he went home in a very restless and unhappy frame of mind. He ate his solitary dinner, and then he went out to a favourite garden terrace, sat down, and smoked. It was the stillest evening possible. Only a few belated bees were buzzing about, and some cockchafers humming round a sycamore near him—with now and then the soft notes of a cuckoo breaking in, and the saw of a grasshopper lurking under the quaint clipped hedges. The sun was setting as it only sets in June, with a glory of light and colour not to be described; and the air was pure and clear, and full of delicate, dewy perfumes. The time and the place were favourable to meditation, and he meditated profoundly.

He could not help thinking of the ivied house under St. Cuthbert's tower, and the three sorrowful, lonely women to whom it had been a happy home for so many years, but whom it must soon shelter no longer. Especially his thoughts dwelt upon little Molly, Jenny's friend. They had done so for some time, in a very odd and unaccountable way,—to the entire exclusion of the beauty, and rank, and fashion of the *beau monde*. He knew nothing of Mrs. Montresor; and the fact that she was Mrs. Marshall's sister, together with Jenny's graphic sketch of her general characteristics, had not prepossessed him in her favour. Nella he admired, as he admired the belles of his own clique, with an artistic appreciation of her delicate tournure and lovely colouring. He saw that she had something in common with them, which the other Castlegate ladies of his acquaintance had not; but he saw, too, a strong admixture of Castlegate vulgarity.

She would talk, for instance, of those great ancestors of hers, openly bewailing the downfall of her father's family to its then humble social grade. She had little affectations and pretences, little supercilious airs to tradespeople and her unimportant friends, and, in a general way, offended his taste. But Molly was different. Molly was quite above talking of her ancestors; and though she had a quiet dignity of her own that commanded respect, she was the very simplest, and humblest, and most modest of girls. He had only spent a few hours in her company —only a few minutes in *tête-à-tête* conversation; yet he was prepared to corroborate Jenny's emphatic assertion that she was "more a lady than anybody in Castlegate," and "made of ladies' stuff all through."

He thought of Molly now as he had never thought of a woman in his life. Somehow he could not bear the idea of poverty in connection with her, though she would like, and would be able, to work for her living as well as any girl of her station and years. He supposed she would take a governess's situation—that was the popular opinion of Castlegate gossips; and he straightway distressed himself with visions of tyrannical mothers and impertinent elder sons, and puzzled his head to devise impossible plans for shielding her from these annoyances. He could not pick out, from amongst his own lady acquaintances, one mistress of a family to whom he would care to introduce her in such a capacity. And if he had known of a hundred, what would have been the use? There was only his sister Hilda, Mrs. Charteris, to whom he might venture to speak on the subject. Hilda had a little girl, who was wanting an instructress. But then they were coming in a week or two to live at Bedingfield with him, and Molly Montresor could not live at Bedingfield—though a stranger might have wondered why. What would Hilda say to him, by the way, if she could know of this significant interest in an organist's daughter?

He smoked and mused and asked himself questions, until he lost all recollection of time and place. The sun sank down in the scarlet sky, and the afterglow melted in soft grey twilight, which filled up the distance of park and woodland on which his dreaming eyes had dwelt. A star or two came out, and some little moths flickered along the terrace. A flight of swifts from the castle towers in the distance—the ruined castle of the Bedingfields of feudal times—darted round and round the old-fashioned garden; and now and then a velvety bat came reeling amongst them, or

an owl, with its white-lined wings and its quivering whistle, sailed softly overhead. He sat on and smoked in the stillness and solitude, and the night dews fell on his unconscious head. He certainly had never been so lost in meditation on behalf of any young lady before.

At the same hour Molly was sitting with her mother and sister by the window that opened on the little paved courtyard —the window at which Jenny had stood to listen to her song of the "Cout o' Keeldar" just six months before. She looked very small and fragile in her black dress, and her soft brown face was pale and thin with the wear of hard-working days and sleepless nights; yet she was brave and strong as any of the broad-shouldered giants of the superior sex who had to stoop their heads to look at her. The deerhound lay at her feet resting his sharp muzzle on her knees, and gazing into her eyes with his wistful dog-love, as she talked, earnestly and anxiously of plans for the future. He seemed by far the most reasonable and sympathetic listener of the three.

Mrs. Montresor and Nella had abandoned themselves to despair throughout the crisis of their trial; and Molly had had her hands full. They thought she did not "feel it" as they did, because she had been so attentive to the necessary business details, and had kept up the ordinary regularities of the household—cooking their dinners, and so on,—while they had wept hysterically on beds and sofas, caring for nothing but their own trouble. Molly said nothing. She covered her grief up, while she worked and thought for them, only taking it out in the solitude of her own room, and when she stole away to St. Cuthbert's daily services, to spread it, as Hezekiah spread his letter, before the Lord. But it was a deep grief notwithstanding —deeper than theirs,—inasmuch as there had been a sympathy between her nature and that of her father which they could never have understood. She had had the hardest trial of her life on this day. Yet she had not cried at the funeral, and on her return home she had given her whole energy to the task of consoling her mother and sister. Then, at tea-time, she had ransacked garden and store-closet for delicacies to tempt their appetites, and had almost fed them with her own hands, chatting the while with a subdued and comforting cheerfulness—and with a self-abnegation that was simply heroic. And now she was giving her anxious heed to their future—planning and arranging to save them even the trouble of thinking—more as

if she were the mother and head of the family than the youngest in the house.

"I don't know what we shall do, I'm sure!" sighed Mrs. Montresor, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "We shan't have more than fifty pounds a year, if so much, and we can't live upon that. I suppose you and Nella must go out as governesses, as Miss Meredyth advises; and then what will become of me? Your aunt Marshall might give me a home, but I offended her so by marrying your poor dear father, I don't think she'll ever speak to me again."

"We will do without aunt Marshall," replied Molly, with a very decisive expression about her soft mouth and eyes. "No, no, mother, we won't part so. We'll have our own home, and keep together, and help one another; and we shall get along comfortably, please God."

"How can we?" responded Mrs. Montresor. "The house-rent alone is thirty pounds."

"Oh, we must leave this house, of course, and take quite a little one. I have thought that Nella and I might open a day school, you know——"

"Not here, where we are so known!" put in Nella, looking much alarmed.

"Why not? All the better for us, where we are known—where dear father was known, and how he educated us and brought us up."

"But," continued Nella, brightening, "if we have a school, why not make it a good select school for gentlemen's daughters only, and do it properly—have a nice resident foreign governess, and masters, and so on. We could keep in this house then, or perhaps go into a better one still."

The suggestion tempted Molly for a minute or two. She gazed into the dog's eyes earnestly, and knitted her brows and considered,—both her mother and sister watching her, hoping and expecting that she would agree to it. But presently she looked up, and shook her head in her convincing way, and said that it wouldn't do to think about.

"We are too young to have the management of such a school as that, Nella. And we must be careful not to set ourselves up above our place—the place we ought to fill now."

"Above our place!—and we Montresors, with king's blood in our veins!" interrupted Elinor, tossing her head. "Rather let us take care we don't come down from our place, and degrade and lower ourselves,—*that's the danger*, I think."

"It would be a come down and a degradation if we were to get into debt, and take upon ourselves obligations that we couldn't discharge," said Molly, in a low, firm tone.

Nella could not argue against that, so she put up her handkerchief and began to cry, and supposed they had better go into the workhouse at once.

"No, dear, I didn't mean so," explained Molly, patiently. "And I think I know of a little house where we could be very cosy if we would."

Whereupon she set herself to describe a certain dwelling, in a certain by-street, which had once been the abode of Nella's dressmaker, and to show how, with a little taste and management, it might be made pretty and comfortable. She had selected it and made all the arrangements in her own mind, and she now unfolded her plans and proposals in the most tempting possible manner.

"Such a horrid, low-lived part of the town!" ejaculated Nella, who refused to be tempted by any means.

"And such a cottage!" Mrs. Montresor added. "Why, there are but two bedrooms and a bit of a cupboard up-stairs."

"That will be enough for us to begin with," answered Molly, her little face getting flushed and troubled. "You know we cannot afford to keep Mary now. I dare say we may have a servant again after a little while," she added, hurriedly, "as soon as we find our school prospers sufficiently."

"No servant!" exclaimed Nella, verging upon despair. "Oh, Molly, what will people say?"

Molly's face gave a dumb, but eloquent answer.

"How can we do housework?" Nella continued, in a burst of plaintive indignation.

"We shan't make much work, we three, in such a small house," replied poor badgered Molly, sweet and patient still. "Mamma won't mind seeing to the cooking and those little things, and the rest I can do before school begins; I like getting up early."

"And who's to go to the door when people call?"

"We shan't have many callers, dear. And we shan't want them, we shall be so busy."

"Of course people won't call if we live in such a hole as that!"

Molly coaxed the hound's velvet ears, and sighed. And then she set herself afresh to her hard task.

And Mr. Lepell mused and smoked in his garden, and thought truly, as Jenny had said, that she was "more a lady than anybody in Castlegate."

PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA.[1]

By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., Vicar of North Marston.

III. MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

Twenty years ago, when boys took so many spoons and forks to genteel "Boarding Academies" and brought home indiscriminate half-yearly prizes to delighted parents, when the rich and the poor were the only classes that were receiving, except in a few scattered instances, sound and suitable instruction, this subject that has since been and is daily being so seasonably ventilated, was comparatively new. The tide, it is true, had, after carrying thousands of charlatans to unearned competence and even fortune, fairly begun to ebb. Many influences, the too often forgotten College of Preceptors, with its high aspirations (though not strictly speaking a pro Ecclesiâ corporation) and its at that time scant recognitions among them, began to tell upon public opinion. Shrewd shopkeepers, and even less easily excited bucolics of the middle grade, began to waken up to the fact that they were paying good money for bad education, education shallow, showy, pretentious, unsound, and in some cases really worse than negatively worthless. It was certainly a high privilege to have their sons called "Master Joneses," and to exhibit high-art penmanship, said to be done by Master Jones's own hands, and to read in local journals how Master Jones recited "My name is Norval" before a select party of ladies and gentlemen at the break-up, and to receive a letter from the "Principal," stating that Master Jones was a young gentleman of most brilliant abilities: these were great privileges. But they were also costly privileges. It was paying too dear for the whistle. Moreover, some of the bolder and more inquiring spirits of parentdom began to see that it was no whistle at all, and would not blow; that, so far from Master Jones ever becoming orator or statesman, Landseer or Tennyson, he did not even take kindly to book-keeping, account-

[1] The first of these papers, entitled "Penny Readings," appeared in this Magazine in November, 1869. No. 2, "Parish Councils," was issued last month. No. 4, "The Patronage and Curate Question," will appear next month.

making, business correspondence, or plain reading: that though he could recite Shakspeare he could not read a paragraph of the weekly newspaper to his father and his father's guests without sad blunderings and hesitations. These influences had begun, even twenty years ago, to leaven public opinion, and especially parental opinion, and still more especially church opinion. For it was seen that a blow fairly dealt upon the ignorance and shallowness of the shopkeeping sections of society was a lance broken on behalf of not only intelligence generally but church education particularly.

But the question was in its infancy, and but for the rapid advances made in national school education, and the proximity of such a thoroughly well-educated people as the Scotch, who have always been in the habit of sending us, as gardeners, tradesmen, and doctors, so many favourable instances of the possibility of a good and cheap education at school or college from the labouring to the professional ranks—but for this, the question would have grown far more slowly to its present maturity. What is wanted now, and has been wanted all along the twenty years, is not effort (though great effort is undoubtedly and w still more undoubtedly necessary) so much as system and centralization; not donations so much as school fees; not new scho or masters so much as adaptations of the old existing mea "not revolution"—to use the cant phrase of the hour—"so mu as reformation." The efforts that have been made so vigorou and often wisely have been, so far, too isolated and independe too persistently experimental, and often too evidently ambitio Everybody has seemed to start afresh, without adopting or ev adapting the measures that others have found successful.

Now, if the *Church*[1] is to take this question in hand, the must be either harmonious co-operation or harmonious rival between her various "parties;" and they must work, thoug not together in one sense, yet so far together in another sense a that they work not only with a common desire, as of course the do, to promote the glory of God and the happiness of men, bu also, what is not so much a matter of course, with a commo fealty to the Church of which they are, as distinguished fro Roman Catholics and other nonconformists, the soldiers an servants. And although they may not be able to act in œcumenical, or economical, or pan-Anglican, or even Anglican council they can—each party for itself, in due subordination to every

[1] This term is used in this paper to express briefly the Church of England.

party for the Church—work out the problem of adequate and systematic middle-class education to a satisfactory Church of England, as distinguished from either secular or Nonconformist, solution.

The diocesan, ruri-decanal, and parochial system of the Church is, in itself, a leverage of vast power. It supplies me with a text for what I would say upon my present subject. I am not about to do what was just declared to be a waste of power, viz., to propound any new scheme, but to endeavour to accomplish the far humbler task of finding a girdle wherewith to bind together new schemes and incorporate old resources.

The parochial system will for years to come wield a power which disestablishment cannot break, especially in a church population so little straggling as is the English when compared with the Irish and Scotch. Any scheme which brings the force of diocesan and parochial organization into play must needs quicken the nation's pulse and affect society generally. It was a sense of this which roused the storm that produced the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. That storm was in a sense unjustifiable; but it was only so far foolish and unreasonable as it is foolish and unreasonable for Liberals or Conservatives to cry aloud when the opposite party is evidently strengthening its Reform Club or Carlton Club ramifications and enlarging its electoral funds. The very Liberals who cried loudest at and against the great Protestant agitation were the first to become chargeable with a great Liberal agitation against the Conservative machinery (copied from the Liberal) for organizing popular demonstrations. It was as fair and as foolish for Protestants to be angry that Papists should borrow their diocesan tactics, as it was for Liberals to be angry that Conservatives should borrow their working men's association tactics. If the one was foolish, so was the other. If the Liberal outcry was reasonable, the Protestant outcry was more reasonable, inasmuch as there were other and graver by-issues and interdependent questions and consequences of a less simple kind. The point I am making is of course this—that diocesan organization, whether in an established or disestablished (or probably in an unestablished) religious body, affords, in the nature of things, and as is evidenced by the jealousy it causes in opponents, a *modus operandi* not easily surpassed. And the Church has this ready made to her handling.

Suppose, then, as an absorbent of all the various schemes, schools, theories, and agitations that this confessedly great sub-

ject has originated, now and in past days—suppose, in contradistinction to, or rather in improvement of, "county" and oppidan, except when parochialized, efforts—some such general plan were, I do not say adopted, but fairly discussed by Churchmen having authority, as this following plan; which, be its demerits what they may, would at least show what the Church can do, and what her system can effect for society and the nation, as well as more directly for religion and more indirectly for herself. The symmetry of the scheme will at every stage be broken by irregularities of population, inequalities of existing provision, differences of Church opinion, and the like. But so long as any scheme provides a strong Church-and-people backbone—I do not say necessarily Church-and-State backbone—so long as it can meet and provide for the exceptions which the parochial system ought long ago to have been (statistically and pecuniarily) modified and adapted and rearranged to meet exceptions, *owing* to the till lately fossilized condition of parish and diocesan boundaries, incomes, &c.—so long as any general scheme can adapt itself to exceptions as they rise to confront it—so long it is worth at least a hearing. Suppose, then, the following plan were entertained. Its basis is extremely simple. A middle school in every parish, with incumbent and church wardens, or parochial council, as committee. A decanal committee in every deanery. A president of committee in every rural dean. A referee in every (one's own) archdeacon. A visitor (by self or deputy, and in Confirmation or other rounds) in the bishop. A patron in the archbishop. The chief advantage in this plan, bristling already to the reader's eye with difficulties and impracticabilities, is that failure in part would no more mean failure as a whole, and that present impossibility of setting it on foot in a place would no more imply future impossibility in the same place, than the failure of here and there a set among the potatoes, or of a whole crop of potatoes, would imply necessarily either future impossibility, or present unsuitability of soil rather than season.

Take a country parish to begin with. It is confessedly the most difficult case to meet. Dean Dawes met it (as I fear I myself shall have at first to meet it) by grafting his middle school upon his parish school. His success was owing to causes, some of which were peculiar to the time, some to the place, some to the man. National schools were then almost the only good schools, and their masters almost the only good masters obtain-

able for the time, or seemingly possible for the future, in village parishes. The farmers of King's Somborne were probably exceptional. The Dean was a man of far above the average stamp. Except as an *in transitu* arrangement, farmers must have their separate schools. And there is many an old rustic endowment in some places, many an energetic incumbent in other places, the making of many a working committee in other places, and the prospect of many a hundred pounds income from fees in other places, which would start and keep together farmers' schools. Where the population is very small indeed, where, in fact, the parish has become an instance of the need of territorial modification of the parochial system, there the co-operation of neighbouring parishes must be sought, though even there the expedient of a few boarders, as an additional or a main source of income, is often found to answer. If it is a district of small parishes, a ruri-decanal school for farmers, ever ready to divide itself into branch schools, would be perfectly consistent with the plan and even with the symmetry of the plan; just as the *principle* of suffragan bishops is untouched by the fact that Sodor and Man, if not Carlisle, will be independent of its application. The rural dean of Trysull, near Wolverhampton, has a good national school and also a most useful farmers' school in his not remarkably populous country parish. He found an old educational endowment, which was being frittered and misused in one way and another, and with rare energy and foresight, in face of much head-shaking and very little encouragement, this gentleman set about making a country parish middle school. It was a poor schoolroom, and a scattered population. Three boys, however, sons of one farmer, were induced to come to the opening, and in a week or two three more. With six boys it went on for a time, and then increased to eight. Afterwards it rose to twenty or thirty (more than that would have defeated the scheme and destroyed its specialty), sons of farmers and tradesmen and village doctors and boys (as boarders) from the nearest town. And now it has settled down, I believe, into a quiet efficient village school for farmers, who have outgrown or never liked the Dawes system, and who yet either do not wish or cannot afford to send their sons to middle-class colleges, such as Hurstpierpoint or Denston. The fees for such country schools vary from three or four guineas to eight guineas per annum. The masters should be men of higher culture than most of the certificated, and may often be obtained from good private schools; but some few

national schoolmasters, who have added a little Latin to their generally sound commercial knowledge, and who are willing to learn and teach (*docendo discere*) agricultural chemistry, land surveying, and book-keeping, are just the men to conduct middle schools in country parishes. In this plan the Church would take the initiative and keep the lead.

Take next the small town. There is, perhaps, an endowed grammar school, the property not of the Church but of the town, not of the middle, but sometimes, though less frequently every year, of the professional class, with a sprinkling of pauper free boys. Where there is *no* grammar school, the course for Churchmen to adopt is extremely simple, viz., to start a tradesmen's middle school, which will get support from neighbouring villages (farmers' and tradesmen's sons needing similar education), as the village middle schools will from neighbouring towns; and in this case the Church will soon have the middle-class education in its own hands; and this not by unfair or ungenerous means, but by fair pre-occupation and efficient retention of a new and hitherto vacant field of action; or a field covered only by agencies in themselves inferior, not as being nonconforming, which sometimes they are not, but as being unsound, and generally altogether inefficient and unsuitable for educational purposes.

Where there *is* a grammar school, which is very often Church of England in constitution, though belonging to mixed trustees, the great aim would be to bring local public opinion to bear upon the kind of instruction to be given, and such influence would soon bring about an alteration in the kind of masters, and substitute for the elegant university scholar a man of, I would not say, lower, but more practical and homely turn. It may be said that this would be to lessen the Church's power; and it may be asked how, if it were not so to do, the change could be made? I reply, first, that a good schoolmaster, "the right man in the right place," is to be found for commercialised grammar schools among Churchmen as easily as among Dissenters. And I reply, secondly, that the most influential tradesmen and other townsmen would, for their own sakes, if the Church offered them the soundest education, take it at the Church's hands, and be moulded by the energy and vigour of the Churchmen, who would be sure to form a portion of the board of trustees. The non-gremial examinations, though ostensibly national and not Anglican, are offered by the universities and mostly conducted by clergy; yet the middle classes accept them heartily. And if once a well-organized

Church scheme, as wide and as free and as parochial as the Church herself, with a good education in its open palm, offering to affiliate grammar schools, village farmers' schools, and whatsoever else, were to get into fair and full work, it would carry all before it, and in that all, the grammar schools of small towns, which are now so useless on account of their mainly classical features, as academies were on account of their too prevalent charlatanism.

The case of cities and large towns is far simpler, especially if their population be rich and powerful. Manchester and Liverpool, and more recently London, have shown what can be done by liberality and energy in founding collegiate institutions and commercial and city schools. There is also the plan of "county schools," such as those in Devon and Surrey; and again there is the plan of college schools in country districts, intended neither for the particular parish and district nor the county in which they are placed, but aiming to cover, or rather glean over, a still wider area, and to become middle-class Etons and Harrows, Winchesters and Westminsters, Rugbys and Shrewsburys. These college schools, like humbler and indeed all other experiments in the same direction of improving mercantile and agricultural education, are very unequally distributed; although, but for the embarrassing restraints of the extreme party character for which some of them have got the name, their power of self-multiplication would be unlimited, not, however, as some plants are self-multiplied by the agency of birds carrying seeds to widely distant localities, but rather strawberry-like, by throwing out runners in a sort of local connection. Little birds do whisper stories of their success, but other little birds whisper stories to their disadvantage; so that the seed which one bird drops, another destroys.

This does but strengthen my argument that what the nation wants of whoever will offer it is a connected, general, systematic scheme. If the Church offers such a scheme, the Church will find it eagerly received. Even yet no flag has been planted upon this ground, however many straggling outposts may have been established. It is a new world which has long had its Columbuses, but which still awaits a possessor. Shall that possessor be a League, a Union, or a Church organization? Private enterprise is fairly beaten.

Let me not be mistaken. If a body of earnest educators, composed of Anglicans, Nonconformists, Wesleyans, and Romanists, were to unite in common cause, and to carry the bodies they

represent with them, the education so offered would be far better, far more *pro Ecclesiâ* because more sound and systematic, than what is offered now. The great NAME, above every other name, is beginning to unite, and will more and more unite good men of different opinions in many great schemes. In the field of education, as in every other field, the battle is widening out into a contention between Religion and No-Religion. Moreover, speaking as a Churchman, so persuaded am I of the Anglican tendency of any sound education, so convinced that the more educated the nation is, the more orthodox (as Anglicans count orthodoxy) it becomes, that I would prefer, for myself, any vigorous and earnest general plan to the partial and fitful and irregular schemes now under trial. But even so, the organization of the Church, the diocesan and parochial partition of the country, would be a saving of labour and a tower of strength. And, failing this plan (as, alas! it would be too likely to fail), the Church has its own map ready drawn, its own superintendents ready made, its own model schools (when denuded of party characteristics) ready formed. So far, the Church, *as* the Church, has not taken the question up. It has been a party question. Meetings, not to discuss the desirableness of setting on foot a Church society for the better education of the middle classes, but to discuss the extension of "Mr. Woodard's scheme," or the "Hurstpierpoint scheme," on the one hand, or the "Middle-class Schools' Fund" (Evangelical) on the other hand, have been held. And that is all that has been done towards the formal and regular extension of well-tried plans. Against the "Woodard schools," in regard to the soundness of the education (apart from the party side of the question) they impart, no man in his senses can say a single word; unless it be that they have slightly overshot the requirements of shopkeepers. Of Mr. Woodard himself, viewed either as an educator dissatisfied with the present state of commercial-class education, or as a High Churchman naturally anxious to stamp his own scheme with his own, say armorial bearings, no man in his senses ought to write or to speak with anything but respect and admiration. But his schools, as at present administered, will never represent the Church at large, any more than the Church Union or the Church Association, as at present administered, ever will. I could, but for fear of stirring up, or re-stirring up, party feeling, easily adduce facts. And so long as the Hurstpierpoint scheme continues to be a High Church as distinguished from a Church scheme, who can blame, who will not commend, the Evangelical

party for supporting *their* plans also? They (the Evangelicals) have, indeed, been culpably and foolishly tardy in this relationship. While the middle classes, such of them as are "Church people," have ever inclined to what may respectfully be called the 39-Article party, that party has allowed High Churchism to inaugurate Church education reform in these sections of society. Broad Churchism as well as High Churchism was in the field with its plans of campaign before Low Churchism had begun to exert itself with the least determination. The Evangelical party has, however, at last, incited by the wisest of its leaders, taken possession of a corner of the middle-class world, by the establishment of a "fund to promote the establishment of middle-class schools in connection with the Protestant and Reformed Church of England"—the two adjectives, "Protestant and Reformed," being avowedly intended to act as sign-posts to the distinctive features of the scheme.

There is no *sufficient* reason why these various High, Broad, and Evangelical schemes should not be linked together; I do not say *fused*. It is easy to quarrel and difficult to agree; and in due time—certainly *not* a "good time coming"—there may come to be, if we carry our present party spirit to its legitimate issue, High and Low Church Clothing Clubs, Benefit Societies, Joint-stock Banks, and Limited Liability Companies. But this difficulty of agreement ought surely to be grappled with for the sake of both the Church and the middle classes; and in face of the many foes without, and lukewarm friends within, our already half-disestablished Church.

How can a wide scheme be practically set about?

Invite the Bishops, Lord-Lieutenants, High Sheriffs, and other territorial persons to meet together in an anti-desultory (may I coin the word?) and practical spirit, out of which meeting would come a Middle-class Church Education Board; out of which board would come diocesan and county boards (with a "small b," as Mr. Dickens would say); inspectors or *ex-officio* visitors would follow, schools in every diocese would follow, offers of affiliation from the Central Board to already constituted schools would follow, funds and fees and masters and pupils and organized action generally would follow. If *then* any existing institution or school refused to become affiliated, the ground which it now takes, either as opposed to High Churchism or to Evangelicalism, would be cut away; and public opinion, especially ecclesiastical *public* opinion, would go at

once with the authoritative scheme put forth from headquarters, a scheme which, if it were a wise scheme, would allow free play for the action of the different schools of Church thought, varying in their prevalence often in town and country, diocese and diocese; and would insist only on education of a sound and useful character, and so far of a Church character as each locality, within Bible and Prayer-book limits, accounted Churchmanship to be best represented by this or that party. What a field of operations such a scheme might cover; what scope for development it would afford! Deciding upon a day school here, a boarding school there, a mixed day and boarding school elsewhere; an Evangelical farmers' school in one place, a High Church mercantile and lower professional school in another; affiliating in this county, constructing in that; sending out a branch from one, combining two now injuring each other's action; getting a grant from this deanery, sending a grant to that deanery; changing one parish school into a deanery school, another deanery school into a parish school; raising some and lowering other fees; substituting the book-keeping of one school for the land-surveying of another; comparing together such experiences as those of Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Woodard, Mr. Broadbent, and other managers, as well as some of the successful masters, of Middle and Lower Middle Schools. Surely the very mention of these possibilities not only suggests, but establishes the fact of present insufficiencies, immaturities, and incompletenesses.

Who is to invite the authorities to meet?

The Bishops have had, in these latter generations, much unjust blame heaped upon them. But it is the truth that, except in a few well-marked instances, they do look too carefully at the signatures of letters which request their co-operation in new plans for the promotion of Church progress and prosperity. Lords Lieutenant and High Sheriffs are, doubtless, of the same way of thinking and acting. If, therefore, this paper should fall into the hands of any persons influential enough to bring together a few leading ecclesiastics and laymen in a preliminary caucus—using that word simply to denote a preparatory committee—the question which heads this last paragraph would be satisfactorily because practically answered.

MADE PERFECT THROUGH TRIBULATION.

BY MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D.

I'VE wandered often on the wild sea-shore,
While winds were sleeping in their ocean cave,
And the soft waters crept in tiny rings,
With the slow breathing of a cradled child.
The sullen rocks loomed rugged, grim, and bare,
A shapeless mass of crimson dark as wine;
And the hot sunshine tipped each craggy peak,
Sharpening the coigns against the blinding sky,
And the rocks, like couching monsters, wore
Dank crowns of matted weed, and tangled coil
Of fruitless verdure and unblossomed green.

And then there came a change, as though
A wondrous Hand had drawn a sudden veil
Along the misty cliffs and far-off fields;
The inland slowly melted into void;
The tall dark ships drew in their quivering sails;
And up the welkin climb a towering range
Of purple clouds that cast an angry shade,
Lurid and full of awe, upon the deep.
The crested billows flung their glittering foam
In streams of broken crystal on the rocks,
Like fierce battalions hurled upon a rout.
Then as the storm rack swiftly drifted past,
A thousand colours glorified the waste,
Topaz and emerald and amethyst,
And purest sapphire like another sky;
And the broad shadows lent a nobler tone
To the tame cliff, and as the Angel's Bridge
Spanned the rekindled heavens, all was new,—
New grace, new life, new promise, and new hope.

And so methought it fares with human souls,
Whilst life is bright and all in sunshine bathed,
Stern, hard, unlovely, commonplace they seem,
Each angle and rough place within their depth
Take outward form and prominence withal.
But let their heaven grow black and overcast,
The cloud of sorrow flout their summer sea,
Then hearts are softened to a tenderer thought,
The eyes beam kindlier, and the bitter lip
Forgets its cruel cunning for the pain ;
And the life trembles with a holy joy,
As like the sainted seers it enters in
To feel the touch of the o'ershadowing cloud,
Which veils the presence of the Man of Woe,
Light of all worlds—the earth, the sky, the sea,
The minor chambers of His royal state,
And that calm paradise of waiting souls,
Bent by no stain, and kindled by no sun,
Where grief made perfect, and a cross was won.

THE SEVEN ANGELS.

A RABBINICAL ALLEGORY.

(From the Hebrew).

BY REV. REGINALD N. SHUTTE.

"THERE was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord" (Job i. 6), and He said to them, "I love man more than any living thing which I have made upon the earth, and my desire is to pour down upon him treasures of goodness which I have kept back from other creatures of my hand, that he may learn to praise and bless me for their use." And upon this, God commanded seven angels to go out from His presence, and to descend upon earth, each with a store of precious gifts in his charge. Their names were as follows:—

The Angel of	Understanding,	The Angel of	Pleasure,
"	Wisdom,	"	Honour,
"	Health,	"	Riches.
"	Long-life,		

Swift as light they sped upon their mission, and arrived at the outskirts of a large and bustling city—the centre of a nation's trade and pleasure—which they agreed to enter one by one, so that the people might not be bewildered by having too many good things offered at the same time for their acceptance.

Having assumed the form and dress of a merchant who had travelled from distant lands, the first angel passed within the gates of the city, and shouted out in the market-place, "Ho, sirs, come and buy! Buy understanding! who wants?—who wants? The price is low. It is a capital article, adapted by the maker for the use of all classes. Who wants?—who wants?"

Nobody at first paid any attention; but presently some of the native shopkeepers called out and told him to move on, or they would straightway fetch the watch. Then some idlers began to collect, and a mocking cheer was all that the angel got for his pains. "Look at this old dotard," cried one who was clothed in the robes of a professor; "he must take us to be fools indeed to

bring his rattle-traps here!" "What rubbish he offers," sneered a young gallant with a bundle of books beneath his arm; "why every huckster in the town has much better goods in stock than anything that he can offer. Understanding indeed! Why the comical old figure is enough to make one die of laughing." "Dastardly presumption," exclaimed an old minister of religion, "to dare to pretend to offer his goods to me!" And then in ineffable scorn, he turned to the angel, "No, my friend, I have understanding as well as you. I am not inferior to you. Yea, who knoweth not such things as these?" (Job xii. 3). But still the pretended merchant cried out "Who wants understanding? It is 'a well-spring of life to him that hath it'" (Prov. xvi. 22).

The angel went sorrowfully along, elbowed and pushed by the jeering crowd, who made fun of his old-fashioned dress and strange language. "They hunt his steps, that he cannot go in the streets" (Lam. iv. 18). Worn out with fruitless toil, he at length struck into a quiet by-way, where a housewife was busily engaged in sweeping the pavement before her door; and as she stopped in her work, and seemed inclined to listen, he ventured to take down his pack from his shoulder, and display his goods. Hardly, however, had he uttered a word of invitation, "Attend to know understanding" (Prov. iv. 1), than the woman raised her broom, and would have beaten him on the head, if he had not caught up his pack and darted away beyond her reach.

Scarcely had he left the city when the second angel entered it by another gate, disguised as his elder brother had been, and cried out, "Wisdom ho! who wants Wisdom?" "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?" (Prov. i. 22). But nobody paid the least attention, so he stood "in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths, and cried, Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man. Hear, for I will speak of excellent things" (Prov. viii. 1—6). But the people only laughed and mocked, and said that this must be the brother of the old dotard who was here just now. It is high time that the city were cleared of such rogues and vagabonds.

Things began to look threatening for the angel and his wares, and some of the passers by had already jostled him so rudely as almost to fling him into the kennel, when an old man came forward, and laying his hand gently upon his shoulder, said, "This is no place for such as you, my friend. 'Folly is joy to him

that is destitute of wisdom' (Prov. xv. 21). 'Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?' (Prov. xvii. 16). Your wisdom is too high for fools like these (Prov. xxiv. 7). Therefore I counsel you to begone, before some evil happens to you. I am, as you see, only a poor working man, but long years ago 'I gave my heart to know wisdom' (Eccles. i. 17), and more than once have I helped this wicked city in times of trouble and distress; 'nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard'" (Eccles. ix. 16).

"I am afraid that you are right," said the angel, "judging from all that I have seen and heard. My goods are much too precious to be kicked about the gutter, as has well-nigh happened to them now. So, before evening falls, I will try to find a better market." And slipping a precious jewel of wisdom into the old man's hand, he quickly passed out of sight.

Next came the third angel, who cried out, "Health, my friends; buy health; who buys? who buys? The medicine that I offer in these small packets will restore health to you, and will heal you of your wounds" (Jer. xxx. 17). Here is balm for all your pains (Jer. li. 8). Only come and try my goods, 'and your health shall spring forth speedily' (Isa. lviii. 8). Who buys? who buys?'" And then he blew a trumpet, and the city came running together to find out what it meant.

Numbers of people immediately thrust themselves forward from the crowd, and began to describe their aches and pains. It was a dismal catalogue of suffering, and the din of the applicants was nearly deafening. The angel showed great patience and skill, but as it turned out on examination that their ailments resulted entirely from their own indiscretion, and that they hesitated to follow the course of diet and exercise which alone would make the medicines of avail, the angel was obliged to tell them that much as they needed a good physician's advice, he could do nothing to help them, as long as they continued of the same mind.

A quack doctor, hearing what had passed, and thinking that he might turn so great a concourse to his own advantage, elbowed his way to the front, and cried out, "You have seen that our friend here, in spite of all his talk and trumpet-blowing, can do nothing. He belongs to a set who can well afford to be liberal in promises, seeing that they are seldom at any trouble to make good their words. But they are all 'forgers of lies, and phy-

sicians of no value' (Job xiii. 4). If you want to be cured, come to me. Look at my testimonials, and see how I have raised people almost from the dead!" And then the crowd began to tell him their ailments, and to buy his pills and potions; and all the while the angel wept to see that he was "healing the hurt of the people slightly, saying Peace, peace, when there was no peace" (Jer. vi. 14). Yet nobody saw through this cruel deception, and scarcely a single customer applied for the heavenly medicine. "Ah!" sighed the angel, as he gathered his goods together, "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

The fourth Angel then entered the city, and cried out "Long life! long life! Who is for long life?" And when an immense crowd began to collect he still continued to shout, "Buy my goods, buy my goods, for length of days and long life, and peace, shall they add to you" (Prov. iii. 2).

This time it was not only the sick and infirm who hurried into the streets at the sound of the mysterious cry, but people of all ages and conditions. Young and old, rich and poor, strong and feeble, all seemed equally bent upon possessing themselves of the treasure. Such a tumult had never been seen; and so the magistrates, who themselves also desired to bid for the precious wares, sent officers to drive the people back, and to make way for the elders of the city to approach. First of all came a venerable man, with a long flowing beard, which fell upon a massive chain of gold, that spoke of high dignity and civic honours.

"I pray you, good merchant," he began, in the tone of one who was little accustomed to be refused, "let me try a sample of your wares. I have riches in plenty, but I am, as you see, an old man, and feel very miserable at the thought of parting from my hard-earned wealth, and leaving it to be squandered by others." And then turning a contemptuous look upon the crowd, who were kicking and pushing for precedence, he went on, "You need not mind these poor wretches, for few of them have anything to live for. Attend to me, and I will make it worth your while."

"What do you want?" inquired the angel.

"Eighty more years of life," said the old man. "I do not think that I should be contented with a day less. So name your price, and hand out the goods."

"My price is ten thousand shekels of silver," answered the angel.

"Ten thousand fiends!" exclaimed the old man, who was very covetous, in an agony of rage and disappointment. "Did any one ever hear of such extortion," he cried, appealing for sympathy to the crowd. "The rascally pedlar ought to be sent to jail for attempted robbery."

"Soft, my friend," said the angel, "if you take my offer of long life, you must have it on my own terms. Blame me not if I rate my goods at a round figure, for 'they are life to the soul' (Prov. iv. 22), and why grudge your money, for 'the ransom of a man's life are his riches'" (Prov. xiii. 8).

While he was speaking, another cried out from the middle of the crowd, "Here, you merchant, I will give you the money. Just step home with me, and I will count it down at once."

"Willingly would I do so," replied the angel; "but I am bound to tell you that my goods will be of no use to you till you have bought from my brothers Understanding, Wisdom, and Health; for without these, my wares would only bring you disappointment and misery."

"And where, then, are your brothers to be found?" asked the would-be purchaser, half in eagerness and half in anger.

"Ah! I know not," replied the angel. "All I can tell you is that they were in this very town a short time ago—perhaps only a few hours since. Now I fear that you will seek them and not find them" (Isa. xli. 12). Sulkily enough the man hobbled off to look, and while the crowd were debating with some curiosity as to what the result would be, the angel gathered up his wares, and so passed by.

The next angel then arrived with a pack full of all kinds of earthly pleasures, and cried out, "Pleasure ho! Who wants pleasure? Come to me, all you who wish not to withhold your heart from any joy (Eccles. ii. 10). Here is what will satisfy every taste." He would have said more, but almost before the words were out of his lips, the whole city came running upon him, and threw him down, and snatched the pack out of his hands. "Lie there, you simpleton," said a ferocious giant, as he dealt the pretended merchant a blow on the head with his hammer. "You are old enough to have known better than trust yourself in the streets with such wares upon your shoulders. You may, however, turn *out to be as great* an impostor as your

brothers who were here before you. Anyhow, you shall not slip through our fingers as easily as they did."

And then they tore the pack to pieces in their frantic impatience to get at the contents. No speed seemed quick enough for their delirious eagerness. But still, though each seized something, it turned out on examination not to be exactly the kind of pleasure he wanted; or else he had not got enough of it; or else it was very fragile, and was easily damaged or destroyed. Nobody, therefore, was satisfied with the result of the scramble. So they began to struggle and fight among themselves like wild beasts, or like "greedy dogs that can never have enough" (Isa. lvi. 11); and in the confusion that followed they dropped the fragments which they had seized, and the angel quietly picked them up, and made his escape down a side street, and was seen no more.

As soon as the sixth angel entered the city, he shouted out, "Honour! who wants honour! Come to me, and I will promote you unto very great honour, and I will do whatsoever you say to me (Numb. xxii. 17). Do you not see that 'riches and honour are with me?'" (Prov. viii. 18). And then the crowd came sweeping down with cries and shrieks, and to his horror he saw that they were trampling one another under foot, and that some were already crushed to death. While blows and curses were resounding on all sides, the angel found opportunity to slip the true honour out of his pack, and to put false honour in its place. Hardly had the exchange been made than the pack was seized by two or three stout ruffians, who ran off with it to a corner, and then began to divide the contents among themselves. What they found did not seem to satisfy them, for all they had fought so savagely about it. Presently the angel saw that they were flinging fragments about at random among the crowd, and that several bystanders, who had hitherto preserved a calm and decorous exterior (it seemed from their dress that they were students or ministers of religion), became excited past all control and picked up the tattered pieces, and laid them in their breasts, as if they were of priceless value. And then the angel mournfully exclaimed, "Oh, ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?" (Psa. iv. 2). But his voice was not heard, and the infuriated crowd only struggled more fiercely. So he drew himself off from the tumult, saying, as he went, "Honour belongeth unto God. To Him will I carry it back, and He will give it to whom He pleases."

Hardly, however, had he passed through the city gates, when he caught sight of his youngest brother—the angel with riches in his pack—lying upon the ground in an apparently lifeless condition. Running up to him he found him in a sad plight; for his clothes were torn from his back, and his body was covered with wounds and bruises. Kneeling down by his side, he gently raised his head, and after administering some sovereign restoratives, which he carried in his pouch, he had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes.

"Quick, quick, brother," he said, after one or two ineffectual efforts to speak; "this place is a nest of robbers. Its very 'princes are companions of thieves' (Isa. i. 23), and they 'make haste to shed innocent blood' (Isa. lix. 7). Let us away quickly."

"What is it, my brother?" asked the elder angel, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment at the sad and unexpected sight. "How is it that I see you thus?"

"I had barely set foot within the gates of the city, and had begun to cry, "Gold and silver for the poor," when the whole town fell upon me, and I remember no more, except that having rifled my pack, and torn open my pouch, they flung me here. "One was as bad as another," he went on to say, as he gradually recovered, "and they all treated me alike."

"Alas! alas!" cried the elder angel, as he picked up some coins which had been trampled into the mud, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! The stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street" (Lament. iv. 1). Truly we will begone, my brother, for I myself, too, have narrowly escaped a fate like yours."

A short distance off they espied the five angels who had left the city before them, and who beckoned them forward, saying, "Come, brothers, let us return to heaven."

The poor wise man, who was watching from his house-top, saw them suddenly vanish into air, and on hastening down he found nothing but seven empty packs. On one of them was laid a piece of parchment, inscribed with these words,—"There is wrath gone out from the Lord against this place (Numb. xvi. 46). Therefore make confession unto the Lord God of your fathers, and do His pleasure, and separate yourselves from the people of the land" (Ezra x. 11).

VIA DOLOROSA.[1]

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

ENCLOSED by ruined walls, a narrow street,
Spanned here and there by arches grey and worn,
Haunted by shadows, squalid and forlorn;—
Was this the path that bare His blessed feet?

Oh, Son of God! whose human strength gave way
Beneath the Cross upon this cruel road,
Thy sacred heart sustained a heavier load
And bore it bravely through that bitter day!

Our sins once made that path so rough for Thee,
The weight of our transgressions pressed Thee down,
Our guilty fingers wove Thy thorny crown,
And nailed Thee, faint and bleeding, to the tree.

Ah, Lord! we too our rugged path must tread
In Lenten bitterness and anguish sore,
But thou hast passed the dolorous way before,
And we must follow where Thy steps have led.

Teach us to suffer meekly,—Thou dost know
The hidden wrong our contrite hearts confess,
Thine eyes can read our deep unworthiness,
Thine ears are open to our cries of woe.

Help us to crush beneath our bleeding feet
All base affections and all hopes unblest;
The path of anguish leadeth on to rest,
We taste the bitter ere we touch the sweet.

Stray sunbeams wander through these darkened hours,
And even in the solemn gloom of Lent
Our chastened souls may feel a dim content,
Like the faint breath of spring-tide's pallid flowers.

Then guide us till the mournful road is past,
Though wet with tears, our faces learn to smile;
Sorrow endureth for a little while,
But Easter light and joy shall at last.

[1] "This is a narrow street in Jerusalem, roughly paved, and hemmed in with ruined walls, sadly wanting in mortar. In some places there are arches overhead." —"*Eastward,*" *by Norman Macleod, D.D.*

COVENTRY, PAST AND PRESENT.[1]

THE DREAM OF A BENEDICTINE MONK.

PART I.

"Lord, to me Thy minsters are
Courts of honour, passing fair;
And my spirit deems it well
There to be and there to dwell:
Heart and flesh would fain be there,
Lord, Thy life, thy love to share."
Aldhelm's Version of the 84th Psalm.—CHURTON.

"A change came o'er
The spirit of my dream."—BYRON.

as late in the summer season, the day had been exceeding
ı, and the air heated with the fierce beams of the sun had
n even like unto the mouth of a furnace. I was sorely
essed with the unwonted heat, for from prime even until
s, with no pause but for refection, had we been gathering
es in our west orchard. And, in truth, the task had been no
one, for the year had been fruitful beyond measure, and the
, from the which hung long wreaths of rosy-cheeked apples,
been a passing beautiful picture, and right pleasant to the
We had been excused by our good Prior both from tierce
next, for the fruit was fully ripe, and it was needful that the
should be gathered in betimes. So *Laborare est Orare* was
notto on that day, and a very sensible one it is to my mind,
wise what would become of all the poor folk, who do the
of this world? for certes we cannot all be priests and
es and nuns. But, as I was saying, I was well-nigh wearied
summer's afternoon with my work among the apples; and
came upon me a craving for a stroll without the walls,
e there should meet me more of air than finds its way
n our priory, or the narrow streets of the city. Anon, there-
I betook me to the larger park of Cheylesmore, and sat me
ı in one of the great quarries from which the good Richard
Second, of blessed memory, had graciously allowed the
ns to take stone wherewith to build the goodly walls which

[1] The writer is indebted to Taunton's valuable "History of Coventry" for many authorities cited in this paper.

do surround the city.[1] Right strong and stately are the walls, with towers and gates at intervals, to guard against surprise, which, in these troublous days of civil war and grievous strife between Yorkists and Lancastrians, may be very needful.

Very grateful were the shade and coolness of the quarry after the burden and heat of the day; and I chose me a spot where the ground shelved down towards the city, and rose at my back as 'twere a wall of rock, yielding me pleasant shelter from the evening sun, which was declining, yet not so near the setting but that it threw a ruddy glow upon the convent town, even as in our cathedral the light is tinctured by the warm tints of the stained glass windows, and streams in tempered radiance on the sacred floor. There was a hush and a stillness in the air, such as is favourable for meditation; the deer were calmly grazing near, undisturbed by passers by. Indeed, there were few sounds to break the stillness but the far-off hum of the city, and the sound of the bells as they told out the flight of time. As I gazed at the beautiful city I love so dearly, I fell a-thinking of all the many and great things that had happened there in long past ages; of the early, early time, when St. Osburg[2] founded a nunnery within its walls, and men had therefore come to call the city the Convent Town,[3] how that had been destroyed by Canute,[4] and how after that, the great Earl and the saintly Godiva had first laid the foundations of that glorious Benedictine priory, of which I fear me I am but an unworthy member. And then came upon me the thought how the purity and heaven-born charity of that most sweet saint must have won upon the cruel Leofric, to have wrought in him such a change since the time that she, to free the people from his tyranny, had ridden naked through the town;[5] which event, as all know, is commemorated in coloured glass in the church of Holy Trinity, and thereunder is written the legend,—

> "I Luriche for the love of thee
> Doe make Coventre Toll free."[6]

And then I thought how the great monastery had grown, till it was one of the wonders of this our England; and was at one time so marvellously enriched and adorned, that tradition saith

[1] Taunton. [2] Dugdale.

[3] The syllable "tre" is the old British word for town. Taunton says that "Covent" applies certainly to the great convent established there, but this is disputed. One or two centuries ago the original spelling Coventre was in common use.

[4] Dugdale. [5] Matthew of Westminster. [6] Dugdale.

a covetous bishop, one Robert de Limesi did scrape from a beam, which supported the shrines, five hundred marks of silver;[1] methinks it could not be said of him,—

"He was a shepherde and no mercenarie."

Sitting, as hath been before said, I viewed with a feeling akin to pride the stately spires of our cathedral rising before me, encompassed by the wide extent of buildings which appertain to the priory, a very town in itself. Scarce but a step removed, lay the fair palace of the bishops, and between it and me was the beauteous church of St. Michael,[2] which hath only been completed in the reign of our present gracious Sovereign, and is to my mind the most beautiful thing of man's work it hath fallen to my lot to witness; the spire whereof is so wondrous high, that these old eyes can scarce follow it for giddiness, but never do they tire of dwelling on the marvellous elegance of the eight-sided edifice from which it springs, nor upon the graceful airy buttresses which connect it with the pinnacles of the tower below.

I could not but think the other day, when I was making a fair copy of the books of Moses, and came upon the account of Bezaleel and Aholiab[3] being called of God to beautify the tabernacle, and being taught by His Spirit to devise curious works in gold and silver and brass, in cutting of stones and carving of wood, and to work all manner of work of the engraver and the embroiderer, that it was God also who had put it into the hearts of the pious Botoner family to raise a goodly portion of the stately fabric of St. Michael to His honour and glory. And so long as its tall red spire rises up into the blue sky, which I pray may be while this old world lasteth, so long will it be remembered that—

"William and Adam built the Tower,
Ann and Mary built the Spire;
William and Adam built the Church,
Ann and Mary built the Quire.[4]

And perhaps in years to come, in far-off lands, wherever our

[1] William of Malmsbury.

[2] Dugdale mentions this church as being first named in the reign of King Stephen.

[3] Exod. xxxv. 30—35.

[4] Tower begun 1373, completed 1394. Spire begun 1432. Aisle 1434. The entire height of tower and spire is 303 feet; the length of the church is 303 feet; and the greatest breadth 127.—Taunton.

old Saxon tongue is spoken, and the churches of England loved and remembered, the name of the four Botoners will be cherished as having done what they could; and St. Michael will be a memorial of them, even as the story of the breaking of the box of precious ointment is told everywhere as a memorial of the Mary in the Gospel. Ah me! I often wish that all the poor folk round us could have the privilege of reading the words of Christ's blessed gospel, which are like a light to the feet and a lantern to the ways; and much it pleaseth me to copy the good words in fair characters of gold or silver on purple vellum, or illuminate them in lovely hues on a pure white ground; illustrating the text with pictures of our Ladye and the blessed saints. The hours fly by the fastest that I spend in the scriptorium, multiplying and preserving the precious words of life; and dearly do I love to dwell upon St. John's account of the heavenly Hierusalem, of the which the good Bernard de Morlaix, a monk of Cluny, hath indited such a heavenly lay. Often sith we sing it in the quire, and mine old eyes fill with tears as I think of that dear, dear country, of the golden city, the tearless life, but most of all of the Prince who is the Sun and Centre of that blessed land.

The days are evil enough now in all truth,—so evil that methinks the world cannot last much longer; and then the Judge will come and take His true Israel to that heavenly Canaan, of the which Geoffrey Chaucer giveth so beauteous a description when he saith, "It is an endeles blisse of heven, ther joy hath no contariositee of wone grevance; ther all harmes ben passed of this present lif; ther as is sikernesse from the peines of helle; ther as is the blisful compagnie that rejoycen hem evermo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body that, whilom was sike and freele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hole, that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther as is neither hunger, ne thurste, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God."[1] But my mind hath wandered far away from that summer's evening in the park of Cheylesmore, when the church of St. Michael, as I have said, looked so fair in the setting sun that lit up its beauty, showing with such rare distinctness the white statues, sculptured canopies, and other cunning tracery, which adorn its lofty tower, as it were in some sort eclipsing the older, yet, as some think, scarce less beautiful church of Holy Trinity.

[1] "Persone's Tale."

I marvel if there be any other town in England which does contain within so small a compass a like assemblage of stately edifices as is formed by these sister churches, along with the cathedral, the priory, and the noble hall which appertaineth to the united guilds of the Trinity, our Ladye, St. John, and St. Catherine.[1]

The town lay stretched as a map before me, and I could plainly discern those objects which, by reason of their grandeur, their solitariness, or their beauty, stood distinct from the commonality of buildings nigh unto them. Almost as it were at my feet lay the fair palace of Cheylesmore, where the Black Prince was wont to hold his court-leet, and hard by was the monastery of the Grey Friars, or Franciscans,[1] the spire of whose church maketh a goodly show even in this town of many spires. "A ful long space" removed was the noble house of the Carmelites;[1] and without the walls, nigh unto the London road, the Carthusians[1] have their monastery, the which I could not discern, because of the lofty trees of the park which came between. Turning my eyes northwards I beheld the massy tower and cruciform church of St. John Baptist, which appertaineth to the college of Bablake;[2] and westward of that methought I could descry the little suburb of Sponne, where some pious folks, following the example of Him who, in answer to the prayer of the poor leper, replied, "Be thou clean," have founded an hospital for the like afflicted creatures.[3] Between me and the lazar-house were the butts, where our citizen bands do make practice with the long-bow: right loyal is our old town, for a score or more of our city companies have provided soldiers for the help of our lord the king in these days of revolt and internal war.[4] Far in the distance, in the opposite quarter of the city, I noted the roof of St. John's Hospital,[4] wherein are lodged divers sick and infirm persons of indigent estate; but, by reason of my position in the quarry, I could not see the lovely east window of its chapel, which is, to my mind, the most beautiful in the whole town. The massy wall,[4] with its twelve gates and protecting towers, making a compass of a league, did form a seemly framework for such a goodly picture. But, amongst them all, mine eyes ever linger longest on my dearly loved home. Never had I thought, in years gone by, to have passed my days in a Benedictine monastery, for my father was of the guild of the clothiers and broad weavers, of the which I also was a member, with every prospect of comfort and pros-

[1] Dugdale. [2] Stowe and Leland. [3] Dugdale. [4] Taunton.

perity. While quite young I loved the good and wise Mistress Margaret Fisher: she was of gentle birth, and very fair to look upon.

> "And if that excellent was hir beaute,
> A thousand fold more vertuous was sche.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Sche spak, and all her wordes more or less
> Souning in vertu and in gentilesse.
> Schamfast she was in maydene's schamfastness,
> Constant in hert, and ever in besynesse
> To drive her out of idel slogardye."

My love was returned, and the world became a paradise to me; the birds sang sweeter, the sun shone brighter, the flowers were more lovely, and my life seemed a very reflex of the cloudless one of heaven. No storms for a time disturbed the unruffled peacefulness of our life's stream. We were betrothed with the full consent of our parents. I became a partner with my father, and Mistress Margaret was to bring a goodly dowry to her husband's home. The time fixed for our marriage was drawing on, and we had chosen a commodious house near to Gosford Green, where the lists had been made ready[1] once upon a time for Thomas Mowbray and Henry of Hereford to meet in deadly combat, but whose murderous intent had been prevented by his gracious Majesty Richard the Second of blessed memory. Before the seal was to be set upon our union, my betrothed went for a while to the abode of her granddame at Lutterworth. It was a sad and weary time for me, for the visit was prolonged far beyond the space at first proposed. I grew impatient at the delay, and obtained the consent of Master Fisher and his dame to journey to Lutterworth and learn why tarried my Margaret there so long. The evening was far spent when I reached the abode of old Dame Neville; it was in the early springtide, when a fire is welcome at night, and a bright one was burning cheerfully in the hall of the house, illuminating the latticed window, and casting a ruddy glow along the garden path. I went up quietly to the casement, eager for a glance of her whom I came to seek. It was a pretty picture, the old dame with her snowy kerchief, and equally snowy hair, erect in an upright chair by the side of the glowing, blazing logs; at her feet on a low stool was my Margaret, her elbow resting on the arm of her grand-dame's chair, one hand pushing away the sunny locks from her

[1] Dugdale.

forehead, while the other turned over the pages of a closely written manuscript. There was a grave, earnest, intent look on her face, the which I had never beheld before; and beautiful as she had ever been her beauty had assumed a more spiritual type, and there was more of soul in it than heretofore. I could not at once break the spell and spoil the peaceful picture, but stood gazing as if entranced, much wondering what could be the words that had such power to charm both old and young. Was it some lay of romance, some gay troubadour's ditty, a tale of knightly deeds, or Canterbury pilgrims, or, more likely still, a legend of some saint or martyr? But no, the words that fell from Margaret's lips ran after a different fashion: "For the tyme is comun, and now it is: whanne trewe worschipers schulen worschipe the Fadir in spirit and treuthe: for also the Fadir sekith siche that worschipen him."[1] The sentence was unfamiliar to me in those days, for I was then no clerkly scholar, but I knew that the words must be from Holy Writ, and then of a sudden it burst upon me that they came from Wiclif's Bible. I remembered that Lutterworth had been his parish, and concluded within myself that Dame Neville had doubtless formed one of his flock, and my own Margaret, my hitherto Catholic orthodox Margaret, was, for aught I knew, herself a Lollard. With sore forebodings I turned from the window and sought the entrance. Another minute, and my betrothed was within my arms, and all my anxious fears were for a while forgotten in the bliss of reunion. But after a time I related my pausing at the window, and inquired what were the words over which she had been poring so earnestly. The grave look came back to her face, but there was no hesitation in her manner, as she answered, "They were precious, golden, life-giving words, dear Roger, and my heart's prayer to God is that they may be even so to you." And then the mystery of her lengthened stay was disclosed. Her grand dame had been a follower of Wiclif, she held his doctrines, and now had instilled them into Margaret. And she, my own treasured daisy, the darling of my heart, was in mine eyes a heretic and a Lollard. A heavy handful was it, and one I scarce knew how to thole. I tarried at Lutterworth some days, using all my poor persuasion, all my scant theological knowledge, to dissuade Margaret from these new doctrines, but to no purpose was it; rather, in sooth, did she draw me to favour her strange opinions than could I succeed in winning her back to the old

[1] *Wiclif's Bible.*

faith and the old paths. Wiclif's Bible was her authority, he support, and her weapon of warfare. And, in truth, it was pleasing sight to watch the little maiden with the closely writte pages before her, eagerly looking up when she had hit upon th passage, for the which she was seeking. Her grey eyes flashin under their dark lashes, her whole face illumined by the ligl within, while her clear ringing voice repeated in earnest, reverei tones some verse of Holy Writ. In sore perplexity did I retur to Coventre; stronger even than of yore was the love I boı to my betrothed, but how could I dare to marry one who spok slightingly of our holy father the Pope, declaring him to b fallible, and unsparingly condemning many of our most sacre doctrines? Alas! I was well-nigh rent atwain between dut and inclination, and knew not which way to turn. In my be wilderment I asked the counsel of Father Carey, the priest t our guild, who albeit a secular, was an honest good man, an learned and wise withal; moreover he was not over-bigote though a faithful son of Holy Church.

> "Rich he was of holy thought and werk,
> He was also a lerned man, a clerk
> That Criste's gospel truly wolde preche.
> His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
> Benigne he was, and wonder [ful] diligent,
> And in adversité full pacient."

I went to him in my extremity, and very pitiful and courteou was he, though with earnestness did he beseech me to do nothin rashly, but to be patient under the heavy affliction which it ha pleased God to lay upon me; for, said he, "thè maiden is ver young at present, and may be brought to a better mind, and w must not judge her too harshly, for in good sooth the Church i none so pure but that her enemies may pick out many a flav and many a stain in her garments; therefore, who can tell bu the good God may allow of these strange doctrines for a season to the end we may consider our ways, and discover if we of th holy Catholic Church lack not some needful reform, som returning to ancient purity and early truth."

It was a dreary summer that followed my short spring sojourn in Leicestershire. Margaret did not return; for though botl Master Fisher and his dame had journeyed to Lutterworth, anc used their best endeavours to persuade her to forsake these new fancies, they had been as unsuccessful as my own poor words had proven. Ah me! what a weary length the days were with-

out my winsome daisie; but I tried, as Father Carey told me, to be patient; and I prayed to God and our Ladye and the saints that she might be brought into the truth. And so the days wore on, and winter came and went, and the merry Yule-tide, albeit it was no merry tide to me, was past and gone; and the spring, with all its buds and blossoms, its songs of happy birds and glad promise of the future, dawned again upon our earth; but that sweet spring-time was fraught with woe for Coventre. The winter had been an unwontedly mild and rainy one; fever followed in its track, and our usually healthy city was visited by pestilence. The people died by scores; each hour a stricken, lifeless form was carried to his long home, and the mourners went about the streets. The call for active charity roused me from the dull torpor which had crept over my spirits, and I was among the busiest in trying to aid God's poor. It was one evening early in April, that I was in the home of one of our clothiers, whose wife was already dead, and he himself stricken with the fever lay helpless in his bed, whilst his little children were dwining from hunger, and weeping for their mother. It was a pitiful scene: I sat me down with the youngest on my knee, a six months old baby, trying in helpless fashion to feed it with some milk, when the door opened, and no other than my own precious Margaret entered. She had heard of the grievous trouble wherewith Coventre had been visited, and had set off to take her share in the ministration to the sick; and, on asking Father Carey for direction, had been sent by him to Gilbert the clothier, in Greyfriars' Lane. Never was aid more welcome; forthwith the house was swept and cleansed, herbs were burnt to fumigate the air, the sick man was soothed and tended, and the children seemed almost to have regained their mother, so deftly and gently were they cared for. I was well content to obey her orders, for it was happiness to feel that she and I were fellow-workers. As a shadow I followed her from house to house, and there was no threshold that she entered but she left a blessing behind. Her heart was so full of the love of the divine Master, that it must needs show itself in word and deed; and truly a shining light was she in many a dark home, where priests and monks and nuns had been all unheeded. To cast their sins on Him Who "Hymsilff baar oure synnes in His bodi on a tree," and "bi whos wan wounde we ben healid,"[1] was the lesson she carried to many a sin-burdened soul. But her minis-

[1] Wiclif's Bible.

try of love was only for a season; she was soon sick of the fever and not all the craft of leeches or physicians could stay the hand of death. I was with her to the last, marvelling ever more and more at her rare patience and cheerfulness in suffering, and at her steadfast faith and trust in her Redeemer. She was laid in God's acre, near to the east end of St. Michael, on Easter Even, in full hope of a joyful resurrection, and I was left to sorrow, but not as one without hope.

There was still so much of sickness in the city, and labourers were so scant in the mighty work around, that at first I had scarce time to mourn; but at length the fever wore itself out, and I had leisure to think of the future. I could not bring myself to return to a secular life, a worldly business seeming utterly distasteful to me; for I wanted to work among the poor, and I yearned to study the Scriptures and the Fathers. Moreover, though I had learned to respect the doctrines of Wiclif, yet still I clung, as Wiclif himself had done, to the Church of my fathers, the grand old Church which possessed an apostolical succession, life-giving and sustaining sacraments, and was still in very deed—though choked with rubbish, encrusted with mould and damp and mildew, which were eating away its very heart, encumbered with redounding ornament, which hid and disfigured its own simple forms, till the original building could scarce be distinguished through the corruptions of ages,—yea, it was still the Church after all; the Church of the apostles, martyrs, confessors; the body of Christ: and I could not leave its tottering pile for any building of man's erection, not laid upon the same foundation. I talked much with good Father Carey on the subject, and he said the Church must reform herself; be it ours to hasten on that day, not by leaving her fold, but by reforming our own lives, and ever praying the great Head of the Church, that she, His body, being purged from these manifold corruptions, may return to ancient order and simplicity, and, with all her bishops, priests, and deacons, may become once again a pure and faithful Church. Amen. So be it. All honour be to Wiclif for giving us a Bible in our own vulgar tongue. Would that it could be multiplied till every man in England should possess and know how to read its stores of heavenly learning; all honour to Wiclif for the gospel that he taught; but would that his followers had stopped where Wiclif did, and not have tried to cut away their own foundation, and sever themselves from catholic unity! There was danger with Wiclif,

it is said, that in tearing up the tares he was rooting up true wheat with them;[1] but it passeth me to judge. I have learnt this much from Wiclif's Bible, not to look for motes in my brother's eye, not to judge others; and it seemeth to me, even as I have been taught by good Father Thomas, that, like as the spokes of a wheel, or the radiant beams of the sun, do draw nigh to each other as they approach their centre, even so the nearer we are to Christ, the nearer in proportion shall we be to our brothers in Christ. May God hasten the time when Jew and Gentile shall be one; when the breach between East and West shall be healed; when heresies shall be no more, but there shall be one glorious universal Church, one great, united, Catholic Christendom.

After some little difficulty I obtained the consent of my parents to enter the great Benedictine monastery of my native city, where I have been for well-nigh fifty years, during which time the outer world hath undergone many and great changes, while the world within our priory walls hath rolled on with but little variety—a round of praise and prayer and toil, for work hath ever been the Benedictine rule, and to labour six hours daily was the command of our great founder.[2] Saint Bernard also beareth testimony that "usage of labour is a gret thing; for it maketh the labourer to have strong armes and hard sinewes, and slouthe maketh hen feble and tendre." Alas! that luxury, pride, and idleness should have marred the goodly order and discipline established by St. Benedict!

It was before I became a brother, that Henry IV. of that name held a parliament in the great chapter of the priory, nor was I yet a monk, when Prince Henry and his rollicking companions were so much at Cheylesmore, causing great jealousy to the old king, because of the numbers that resorted thither to his son.[3] Truly they were a wild company, but the Prince of Wales with all his pranks was ever honourable and generous, though his mad spirits led him into many a scrape, even causing him to be arrested by good Master Hornsby, our Mayor, for raising a riot in the city. Albeit his kind heart made him a favourite through the length and breadth of the land, and much it counteth to his honour, in that he endeavoured to save the

[1] "History of the Prayer Book."—*Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching.*
[2] Churton's "English Church," p. 326.
[3] Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. iii., p. 122.

bold Sawtre, when condemned to be burnt for his belief,[1] though, alas! his efforts were fruitless, and the brave priest was the first martyr who suffered for protesting against the corrupt doctrine and practice which have crept into our holy faith. Would that Henry V., who as Prince of Wales had shown himself both pitiful and tolerant in the matter of Sawtre, had affected somewhat more of mercy to those whom the Church condemned! For was it not during his reign that the noble Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) was burnt in London, because he disbelieved in transubstantiation? a doctrine which, as all clerks do know, had never been put forth until the eighth century, and not authoritatively received till the fourth Lateran Council in the year of grace 1215.[2] Moreover, he had dared to protest against the worship of images, and denied the necessity of pilgrimages.[3] I cannot thank our Father in heaven enough, in that it pleased Him to take away my Margaret before the fiery hand of persecution descended on her gentle head. It is a marvel that as yet I also have escaped, for though I hold the Lollards in just abhorrence as dangerous men, ripe for havoc and pillage, ready to despoil churches and monasteries and very far from being honest and good subjects of our lord the king, yet more and more as I study the words of life my mind leans to Wiclif's doctrine. More than once hath our prior taken occasion both to warn and admonish me, but owing I partly think to the disturbance of men's minds, along with the civil wars, I am to this day left in liberty. And I pray God, when my time of trial comes, I may have grace, like good Sir John Oldcastle, to speak my mind boldly as a true Bible man, but withal a loyal servant of my Church and King. In the meantime I must remember the words of the Master, "Wake ye and preie ye, that ye entre not into temptation."[4]

Amongst the great sights these eyes have witnessed I must not be unmindful of the visits of our present gracious King. Well do I remember how, on one occasion, I saw the Mayor set off to meet him, "arrayed in skarlet and all the commonalties cladde in greene gownes and redde hodes," when much it pleased us men of Coventre to hear the good king say we were "the best ruled pepull thenne within his realme;" and how thereafter he did go to church, "barehedded, cladde in a gowne of gold tissue

[1] "*History of the Prayer Book.*"—*Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching.*
[2] *Dr. Hook's* "Church Dictionary." [3] Southey's "Book of the Church."
[4] *Wiclif's Bible.*

furred with a furre of marten sable, which he gaf freely to God and Saint Michell."[1] But a goodlier sight by far was it when he came again with the infant prince and his queenly wife, who is in sooth a true helpmeet to our afflicted king. Methinks 'twill be long ere I forget her noble presence: I have seen her wearing her royal crown, and her beautiful pale golden hair falling down upon her back and shoulders, her purple mantle fastened on with gold and gems,[2] and with her majestic mien looking a very queen of queens. Poor soul! may God help her, for much she needeth comfort. 'Twas while she did make stay at Kelyngworth that she visited our old city at night "on Corpus Christi yeven," "at which tyme she wold not be met but p'vely, to see the play," here "on the morowe, and she sygh then alle the pagentes pleyde save domesday, which might not be pleyde for lack of day, and she was loged at Richard Wodes the groc' where Richard Sharp sometyme dwelled, and there all the pleys were first pleyde." It is not many months agone that she held her court in Coventre,[3] which it pleaseth her to call her "safe harbour," and where she hath won the hearts of all her loving subjects.

'Twas while thus calling back the days that are past, and wearied with my toil in the orchard, a sleepiness fell upon me, and I dreamed so marvellous a dream, that I am fain to put it down in writing. It was like a vision, save that such a thought doth savour of presumption, which one of the old prophets might have had, for, in my dream, I seemed to be carried adown the vale of time, and to behold the things which should be hereafter. And that I might understand the meaning of divers scenes that passed before my wondering eyes, an instructor was vouchsafed unto me, but whether terrestrial or angelic, or some freed spirit restored for the nonce to its earthly tenement, I know not; howsoever, even at the opening of my dream, he took upon himself the office of a guide and friend, ofttimes pouring oil upon the troubled waters of my soul, and making clear to me what otherwise I had not apprehended.

It was still summer, hot, bright, and sultry,[4] that I seemed to find myself in the busy streets of Coventre. There was a stir among the townsfolk, as if in expectation of a pageant, and from mouth to mouth the word was passed, "Her Grace is coming."

[1] "Corporation Leet Book."

[2] Picture in Talbot manuscript.—*Miss Strickland.*

[3] "Leet Book."

[4] On the 17th *of August, 1565, Queen Elizabeth* paid Coventry a visit.—*Tassin.*

Right glad was I at the prospect of again welcoming the noble Margaret. I followed my guide to the entrance of the city; but strangely bewildered was I when, just without the walls, I beheld a queen indeed, but not my own loved mistress. This royal personage was also tall, with fair hair and skin, and of a brave countenance, high-nosed, and of most majestic presence and carriage.[1] She was attended by a goodly company, amongst the which methought I recognised, by their scarlet robes, the mayor and aldermen, and others, who my guide did say were sheriffs, had set forth to meet her, accompanied by young men in purple livery on horseback. And, in my hearing, one delivered an oration, presenting her, with much modesty, a purse, wherein were a hundred pounds in angels. "It is a good gift is a hundred pounds in gold," said the queen; "I have but few such gifts." To which the mayor did make reply, "If it please your Grace, there is a good deal more in it." "What is that?" asked the Queen. "The hearts of all your loving subjects," returned the mayor. "We thank you, Mr. Mayor," vouchsafed her Grace; "it is a great deal more, indeed!"[2] After which testimony to the loyalty of Coventre, this grand creature did, of her condescension, and with much graciousness of manner, converse with the mayor, who rode before her to the city, into which she then made entrance at Bishopgate, tarrying on her way at the hospital of St. John, whither my guide and I did follow with the throng; I much wondering what had befallen the poor, the indigent, and infirm, who were wont to dwell there. All were vanished;[3] boys, with their desks and forms, had taken the place of the former inhabitants, and the ancient hospital was seemingly a school. Thence the Queen proceeded to the cross, which, howbeit, was not the cross I knew, but a fabric that surpassed it exceedingly in excellence of craft, of mistere, and of beauty.[4] Truly it was a costly structure, and well digne a place in this old town, where art is loved so dearly. The height thereof must have been nigh upon threescore feet, 'twas in three stories, and adorned with fair canopied niches, wherein were richly carven images of many of the apostles, divers saints, and sundry kings. Hard by the cross was set forth the

[1] Sir Robert Naunton.—*Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England."*

[2] Miss Strickland.

[3] This hospital was dissolved 1546, and a Free School founded thereon.—*Taunton.*

[4] Dugdale describes it as "one of the chief things wherein the city most glories, which for workmanship and beauty is inferior to none in England."

ageant of the Drapers' Company, beside which was there many nother such like goodly spectacle, appertaining to the several uilds, in the streets through which the Queen made progress. he betook herself to the monastery of the White Friars, where I eard folk say she was to lie that night. I followed, much narvelling that her Grace should make choice of the house of he Carmelites, in lieu of our Benedictine Priory, which hath een ever wont to entertain royalty; and right curious was I to ehold what cheer these meddling white-frocked friars, these egging, wandering preachers, would make in honour of so great guest. But beyond measure was I astonished when no Carmelites came forth to welcome her Highness, though she vas received with no lack of courtesy by an honourable gentleman, for whose dwelling-house, as my guide informed me, the ome of the White Friars had even been assigned.[1] Sick at eart at the change—for, though I much misliked the assumption of the mendicant orders; yet loath had I been to chase them rom their fair cloisters and noble house—I took my course, ccompanied by my guide, along the London road, turning off rom it to the monastery of the Carthusians, a branch of mine own order, albeit one that hath adopted far more of austereness[2] and strictness than our grand rules enjoined on us. 'Twas the same sad story repeated; the monks had fled, the reign of severe and godly discipline, though somewhat overstrained, was at an end, and the fair church dedicated to Saint Ann, of which good Richard the Second had laid the first stone, was in part demolished, and the monastery unfit for habitation.[3] Quitting these sad ruins, we turned again to the old town, and crossing the park of Cheylesmore, entered the city at Grey Friars' gate, where it cheered me not a little to behold hard by,[4] a new and goodly bede-house, beauteously adorned with richly carven oak, whose overhanging stories must have caused broad shadows oftentide to tarry beneath their deep projections on many a summer's day. 'Twas in vain I looked for the house of the Grey Friars, devastation had done its work within the Franciscan friary,[5] and scant indeed were the remains of the abode of the so-called followers of the holy Saint Francis d'Assisi. Sore discomfited, and with great quaking and trembling of spirit, I

[1] Dugdale. [2] Fox's "English Monasteries." [3] Taunton.

[4] In the year 1385 King Richard the Second laid the first stone of the church.—*Taunton.*

[5] Taunton.

sought the dearly loved home of so many years, the great Benedictine priory. But alackaday! the spoiler had not withheld his hand even from that sacred pile, and the structure, which for many a hundred year had been one of the glories of the land, had been profaned, pillaged, and destroyed. The spires of the cathedral had suffered from the same cruel sacrilege, but the central tower still stood a glorious witness to the love and the piety of former generations.[1] I thought within myself, in sooth some godless tyrant and oppressor must have surely driven forth religion, and reft from the men of Coventre their housen of retreat, of shelter, and of prayer.

While thus mourning over what had befallen the convent town, mine heart was somewhat lifted up by hearing the bells of St. Michael, joyous as of yore, summoning the faithful to vespers. Right gladly obeyed I their call and entered God's house. That too had undergone a change, the altars in the chapels and chantries were gone, and the high altar was despoiled of much of its gorgeous decoration, though still fair and seemly. As we wandered up the lofty nave, passing by one chapel after another, I espied a mighty book chained unto a desk; eager to see its contents, I unfolded the massive volume, but the writing resembled none whereto I had been used. Methought it must have been indited by some foreign hand in characters unknown to me, and much was I astonied by the exactness of the caligraphy, each repetition of a letter being a counterpart of the other, even as if the hand that traced them had been more than mortal, and free from human infirmity and weakness. I demanded of my guide, "What mean these unknown characters, and were they traced by the hand of man?" who straightway answered, "The words are the words of life, and the book is none other than the Scriptures; the fair characters thou dost admire are indited by tools of man's device, the machination whereof is the wonder of the age, and by means of which skilful invention, copies may be multiplied without limit, till every parish in the land hath its English Bible, free and open to all who would drink from the wells of salvation." Fain would

[1] Dugdale says this "famous monastery was subverted, torn away, and cattered, after having stood near 500 years the glory of all these parts; at which time the very Church itself, though a most beautiful Cathedral, and the Mother Church of the City, scap't not the rude hands of the destroyers, but was pull'd to pieces and reduc't to rubbish." "The central tower of the Cathedral was in existence in the year 1576, though its spire had either fallen or been taken down." —*Taunton.*

I have put to him many questions, but the worshippers were entering, and he led me to the cappers chapel over the southern porch, a window whereof did look into the church, and whence we could see and hear what passed, albeit unobserved. 'Twas the time for vespers, and I prepared myself to join as was my wont in the usual evening office; but when the priest did enter, wholly perplexed was I at first, what could be the service at the which I was present. Certes 'twas not that usually sung at vespers. And yet methought as I listened the words were familiar, albeit rendered into English, for many of the prayers were taken from our old liturgies; indeed, the service seemed mostly framed of divers of our accustomed offices blent into one, save that all invocations of the saints, all salutations to our Ladye were omitted. The Paternoster and Credo were repeated aloud by the faithful, the song of praise was still raised in the Psalms of David; after the which offering of homage, the people sat them down, and were attent to a portion of the old Scriptures; which done, we sang the Magnificat, as was ever our wont at vespers, but now in English; and truly I loved to join in our Ladye's hymn in our own homely mother tongue. Another lesson was read from one of the epistles, and the Nunc Dimittis, the lovely "swan song of the aged Simeon," followed; while the service closed with the familiar old collects, the one for the day, another for peace, and the last for aid against all perils, the which have been handed down through successive generations from the days of the great Leo, Gelasius, and Gregory, of thrice blessed memory.[1] As we quitted Saint Michael, my guide made known to me what great changes had come upon England, the Church whereof had been reformed.

"Howbeit," said he, "that reformation hath been accompanied with many and great evils, to wit, the entire suppression and enforced surrender of monasteries, nunneries, and the like, the which, though corrupt and decayed," as in good sooth I knew only too well, "have ever been schools of religion and learning, refuges for the distressed, and retreats for the godly; yet, nevertheless, it hath been a glorious purification. For," continued he, "the Church in England hath never severed herself from the Church visible, but with all her bishops, priests, and deacons, is still a branch of the true vine, and still possesseth an apostolical succession, with full powers to administer her holy rites and blessed sacraments. She is still the selfsame Church

[1] "*The History of the Prayer Book.*"

founded among the Celts in these isles in the days of the Romans, by the immediate successors of the apostles, if not as some say by the great apostle to the Gentiles himself; the same Church, which after many jealousies and heart-burnings was consolidated with that founded at Canterbury by Augustine whom the pious, loving care of the great Gregory despatched to our land, and which hath lasted through so many years of foreign tyranny and corruption, both from without and within but which hath even now burst the yoke, freed herself from the usurpation of Rome, purified the liturgy, given back to the people of England the Christian's heritage, the words of the mighty God; and last, but in no wise least, hath she restored to the laity the privilege of partaking of the cup in the Holy Eucharist, from which for so long a season have they been cruelly debarred."

And thus in my dream the prayers of many years of waiting had been answered. But I could not throw off at once the heaviness that had fallen upon my spirit at the destruction of my old home, along with the other religious houses. Mine eyes grew heavy with grief, and the scene I had been contemplating passed from before me.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. KINGSLEY'S WATER-BABIES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM R. CLARK, M.A.,

RECTOR OF TAUNTON.

"A FAIRY tale for a land-baby," Mr. Kingsley calls this story of the *Water-Babies*, and I can answer for a good many land-babies, old and young, that they have found it a very pleasant book to read, and what will perhaps astonish some of those who know it but slightly, a very profitable book to think about and meditate upon. I am quite prepared for the astonishment with which many judicious persons will receive this statement, and I can only ask them to give me the favour of their attention for a little while, and I will try to show them how it is that a great many of us, who are not much addicted to light literature in general, or to fairy tales in particular, do take a very great delight in the *Water-Babies*.

I am not sanguine of bringing all of my readers to my own way of thinking on the subject, because I have remarked, from the very time of its publication, now just seven years ago, that this story takes hold of one large class of people, but lets another go. A very clever friend of mine, I remember, read the first chapters with great pleasure. The vivid descriptions of scenery, and the constant allusions to natural history, for my friend was a great naturalist, pleased him for a time; but at last, as he said, he "could make neither head nor tail of it," so he gave it up. I remember to have read a very sharp review in a leading journal which proved to a demonstration that it was too foolish a story to please grown up people, and too heavy to interest children; and this just after we had read it aloud for the second or third time, and parents and children were equally delighted with it. A few months ago I asked for the *Water-Babies* at a library in a cathedral town, and it was not to be had. "Why the *Water-Babies* is a standard work!" "I don't know about that, sir," was the reply; "but I shouldn't like to be compelled to read it."

Let me say at once that I have the greatest delight in the *Water-Babies*, and that my children have the same; and that some of them, when very young indeed, entered into it with almost the same ardour as their seniors. Just seven years ago I remember reading aloud the account of poor Tom's descent of the Lewthwaite crag, and finding my little boy, who was sitting on the rug at my feet, and who was then only five years old weeping silently as he listened; and I remember, when we came to the last chapter, and all were listening attentively to the account of Mr. Grimes's fate in the chimney, and just as we came to the passage, "'No,' answered a solemn voice behind, 'no more did Tom, when you behaved to him in the very same way.' It was"—before I could add the name, my little girl then between six and seven, eagerly interrupted, "Mrs. Bedon-byasyoudid." Perhaps this may be accepted in proof that the story is interesting and fairly intelligible to children.

But then it has been out seven years, and why write a magazine article upon it? I will answer that question too. Very soon after the story began to be published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, I satisfied myself that it was, in the main, not only a very pretty story, but a very beautiful allegory. Mr. Kingsley, by the way, has made it somewhat more complete in that respect by the addition of a new character, the Irishwoman, who did not appear at its first publication. Following out the course of the fairy tale, I saw the allegory grow more and more perfect, and many of my friends have asked me to print my explanation for the benefit of others. This I am now permitted to do—to do with some misgivings, lest Mr. Kingsley should disown my interpretation and rebuke my audacity, which, if he be merciful as he is strong, he will not do.

Moreover, I do not pretend to explain every allusion, or every point in the allegory. There are, as it seems to me, cross-allegories in the book. As the author says, in answer to the question, "And now, my dear little man, what should we learn from this parable? We should learn thirty-seven or thirty-nine things, I am not exactly sure which." Some of those things I do not understand; some which I think I do understand I will not confuse my readers by introducing. I will content myself with a few hints which will assist some of them to understand the life of Tom, after he became a water-baby.

I am very sorry indeed to pass over nearly the whole of the first two chapters, but I sincerely trust that none of my readers

will do so, for they are not only full of wit and wisdom, but they contain some of the most brilliant descriptive writing that they are ever likely to meet with.

Well, Tom, the little chimney-sweep, jumped into the river, and became a water-baby. And his water-baby life may be divided roughly into three parts, the first extending to the time when he helped the lobster out of the pot, the second to the time when he undertook the journey to the other end of nowhere, and the third to the end of the book. The first period represents what we may call the life of the "natural man," a life it may be mostly innocent and harmless, or it may be sinful and hurtful, but a life without deep convictions, or earnest purposes, or strenuous efforts. We know the kind of life very well. There are hundreds and thousands of young ladies and gentlemen, ay, and of old ones too, living it most industriously from year to year, sometimes all their life long. One wishes very much that some of them could find an hour or two for quiet reflection, and devote that short space of time to a consideration of little Tom, the water-baby, worrying the caddises, tormenting the little trout, making faces at the otter, chatting with the dragon-fly, and admiring the salmon. Well, it might not do them much good, for, after all, people don't abandon their folly through having the foolishness of it demonstrated to them; nor was it in this way that Tom passed into the second stage of his history.

That began with his helping the lobster out of the pot. And here my readers are entreated to read the most delicious description of this incident, because it is impossible to quote it at length. However, Tom did assist the lobster to escape from the pot in which he had foolishly allowed himself to be caught, in spite of the wicked otter; and took a great deal of pains to bring about the deliverance of his clumsy friend; and this led to a great discovery; "for he had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a water-baby. A real live water-baby, sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, 'Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby! Oh, how delightful!' and then they ran together and kissed each other, and Tom looked at it again and again and wondered. 'Well,' he said, 'this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells, or sea-creatures. I never took you for water-babies like myself.'

"Now," says the author, "was not that very odd? So odd, indeed that you will no doubt want to know how it happened, and why Tom could never find a water-baby till after he had got the lobster out of the pot. And if you will read this story nine times over, and then think for yourself, you will find out why."

At the risk of incurring Mr. Kingsley's displeasure, who tells us that "it is not good for little boys to be told everything, and never to be forced to use their own wits," we must ask our readers to remark that here is the turning point of the story.

The opening of Tom's eyes was the work of *love*. The life of nature is a life of mere selfishness; the life of grace is a life of love. Before this time Tom had been only amusing himself and the other water-babies were merely "shells or sea-creatures" but the forgetfulness of self, the beginning of self-denying love was the revelation of new relations existing between them and him, and he now saw that they were water-babies, as he was. Selfishness blinds; love gives sight. The readers of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" will remember how selfishness killed and withered all that was around him, but when the mariner looked upon the beautiful things in the sea and "blessed them in his heart," all was changed. It is the true spiritual awakening of man's nature, however it may come to him. It is the passing away of old things, the becoming new of all things, when a man forgets himself and goes forth in thoughts and words and deeds of love to his fellow-men. Then other men are not merely creatures to buy and sell with, or to be amused with, or to quarrel with; but they are *brethren*. This is conversion, or whatever you please to call it, in the best—shall we say the only true sense of the word. So much, we think, is certainly to be set down as the ascertained meaning of this part of our parable.

To return to Tom. He is now a member of the society of water-babies and dwells at their home in St. Brandan's isle. But, although he was quite a different creature from what he used to be, he did not at once give up all his old tricks, as some people try to persuade themselves they have done on such occasions, when they are a long way from having done anything of the kind; and he had to go through some useful discipline at the hands of two ladies to whom he is speedily introduced. They are Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. We may as well say at once that they represent, unless we are much mistaken, the principles of Law and Grace—the two great

agencies in the direction and moulding of our moral and spiritual life on earth. The appearance of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid is a wonderful passage. All the children stood in a row, "just as if they were going to be examined by the inspector," and she gave them "all sorts of nice sea-things—sea-cakes, sea-apples, sea-oranges, sea-bull's-eyes, sea-toffee; and to the very best of all she gave sea-ices, made out of sea-cows' cream, which never melt under water." Tom waited in the hope "that his turn would come at last;" and so it did. For the lady called him up, and held out her fingers with something in them, and popped it into his mouth; and, lo and behold, it was a nasty cold hard pebble. "You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to whimper. "And you are a very cruel boy, who puts pebbles into the sea-anemones' mouths to take them in, and make them fancy that they had caught a good dinner! As you did to them, so I must do to you." "Who told you that?" said Tom. "You did yourself, this very minute." Tom had never opened his lips; so he was very much taken back indeed. "Yes, every one tells me exactly what they have done wrong." . . . And again; "I cannot help punishing people when they do wrong. . . . If I tried not to do it, I should do it all the same. For I work by machinery, just like an engine; and am full of wheels and springs inside, and am wound up very carefully, so that I cannot help going." Yes. So it is. All of us, natural men or spiritual men, are subject to that law which is inherent in our nature; "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" and it must execute itself, and does without fail. "Yes," continues the fairy, "you thought me very ugly just now, did you not?" Tom hung down his head, and got very red about the ears. "And I am very ugly. I am the very ugliest fairy in the world; and I shall be, till people behave themselves as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world, and her name is Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby." Law is ugly to law-breakers. To those who delight in the law and keep the law it is as beautiful as Grace itself.

But we must pass to Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. She was very different from her sister, in appearance at least; "for when any one looks at her, all they can think of is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, merriest face they ever saw, or want to see. . . . And all her delight was, whenever she had a spare moment, to play with babies, in which she

showed herself a woman of sense; for babies are the best company, and the pleasantest playfellows, in the world—at least, so all the wise people in the world think." Tom was introduced to this lady, as a new baby, and she took him in her arms and laid him in the softest place of all, and kissed him and patted him, and talked to him, tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard before in his life, and Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, and loved, till he fell fast asleep for pure love. And when he woke she was telling the children a story. And what story did she tell them? One story she told them, which begins every Christmas Eve, and yet never ends at all for ever and ever. I should be ashamed to tell my readers that this is the story of divine grace, but I must draw their attention to one distinctive difference between this lady and her sister. Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedonebyasyoudid always rewarded the water-babies according what they had done. The sweetmeats came after the good deeds; but Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby began with the good things. The law says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" but grace comes and gives life and strength and hope, and then bids men go and do.

Tom grew too fond of the sea-lollipops, and made himself sick with them, just as some good people, who ought to know better, are always feeding upon the pleasant things of the kingdom of heaven, indulging in pious sentiments, revelling in sacred hopes and joys, but yet doing very little of the stern work of life, whereby they become very poor, puny, sickly creatures, and instead of helping others to be good Christians, make their Christian profession a thing nauseous in the nostrils and contemptible in the eyes of their fellow-men. Our readers will be good enough to study this part of the story, and all other parts of it, we hope, with great attention and with some measure of self-application.

For we must hasten on to the third division of the parable, Tom's journey to the other end of nowhere, and what came of it. Little Ellie, whom we have not mentioned yet, but who is the greatest possible favourite with all readers of the *Water-Babies* who are not too clever to condescend to be amused and instructed, like some of the able editors and accomplished librarians that we have spoken of—little Ellie is Tom's good angel, and often his guide and teacher. But one thing Tom wanted to know, and that was, "where little Ellie went, when she went home on Sundays. To a very beautiful place, she said. But

what was the beautiful place like, and where was it? Ah! that is just what she could not say. And it is strange, but true, that no one can say; and that those who have been oftenest in it, or even nearest to it, can say least about it, and make people understand least what it is like." Perhaps our readers will forgive us if we remind them that we know something very much like this in the moral and spiritual life. What is the higher life of man like? What is the heart of a man like, when he is lifted out of his natural pride and sensuality and worldliness? Could he give an answer to this question which would convey any clear idea to another? We fancy not. And so Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby told Tom, "Those who go there (where Ellie went on Sundays) must go first where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like." It is the old, old story. "The Captain of our salvation" was made "perfect through sufferings;" and there is no other way of rising to perfection and of entering into its joy, but by treading the hard and thorny path of self-denial and self-sacrifice. "Through much tribulation," in one shape or another, the kingdom must be entered.

Tom was troublesome here, and the other fairy, always useful although not always so welcome, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, made her appearance. At last, however, he set out upon the weary journey to the other end of nowhere. Many are the beautiful touches and incidents and allusions of all kinds with which this part of the story abounds, and we would gladly dwell upon them. Some of them we pass over with extreme reluctance, as the gair-fowl and her lamentations over the changes for the worse which she and the world are forced to see. And we particularly commend to all judicious readers the story of the land of Oldwivesfabledum and the Powwowman, because we fancy they will recognize some old friends with new faces in these latitudes.

A word or two must, however, be given to *Mother Carey*. Without professing to understand the reason of her being found where she is, we may give all little people a hint, for their elders cannot possibly need it, that Mother Carey is no other than Dame Nature. If not, what does this mean?

When Tom came near the iceberg, we read, "it took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne *there swam away, out* and out into the sea, millions

of new-born creatures, of more shapes and colours than man ever dreamed. And they were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of the sea-water all day long. He expected, of course—like some grown people who ought to know better—to find her snipping, piecing, fitting, stitching, cobbling, basting, filing, planing, hammering, turning, polishing, moulding, measuring, chiselling, clipping, and so forth, as men do when they go to work to make anything. But, instead of that, she sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sea with two great grand blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself."

And then she gave Tom two directions; first, he was to follow the dog, and then he was to walk backwards; and without more words we may explain that Nature's two chief guides to men are instinct and experience.

At last Tom comes to his journey's end, and by the way of the backstairs, to which again we must direct particular attention, he returns to St. Brandan's isle, where he sees Ellie. But before quoting the account of their interview, it may be explained that the Irishwoman seems to mean Conscience.

"'Oh, Miss Ellie,' said he, 'how you are grown!' 'Oh Tom,' said she, 'how you are grown, too!' And no wonder they were both quite grown up—he into a tall man, and she into a beautiful woman. . . . At last they heard the fairy say, 'Attention, children! Are you never going to look at me again?' . . . They looked—and both of them cried out at once, 'Oh, who are you, after all?' 'You are our dear Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby.' 'No, you are good Mrs. Bedoneby asyoudid; but you are grown quite beautiful now!' 'To you,' said the fairy. 'But, look again.' 'You are Mother Carey,' said Tom, in a very low, solemn voice; for he had found out something which made him very happy, and yet frightened him more than all that he had ever seen. 'But you are grown quite young again.' 'To you,' said the fairy. 'Look again.' 'You are the Irishwoman who met me the day I went to Harthover.' And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once."

All this is now, we trust, very simple. When, through the discipline of self-denial and self-sacrifice, we are come to perfection, then we shall "be no more children tossed to and fro," but grown to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And then, grace, and law, and nature, and conscience, will no longer appear as things different, and sometimes even contradic-

tory, but as all harmonious, all equally beautiful; nay more, they will be all one in God.

And now, if any one should think I have explained too much, I must ask him to forgive me; and if another thinks I have explained too little, he may reflect that I have left the more for my readers to do. And if any one should think I have wasted his time and my own too, I must bear such a judgment as well as I can, and console myself with the reflection that I may have given pleasure to some of the land-babies who love the water-babies, and that there are many simple folk, like myself, who have no pretensions to the cleverness of reviewers, or to the discrimination of my friend the librarian, who never hear Mr. Kingsley's name without a feeling of gratitude to him for having given us his charming fairy tale of the *Water-Babies*.

THE TREASURES OF OUR HILLS.

BY MARGARET PLUES.

CHAPTER VII.

COAL.

We take our start from Risca, once more bent on exploring the region of continual night, whither men and boys are continually descending, clean and fair as English or Irish on the surface, but returning black as negroes or chimney sweeps, their white teeth shining dazzlingly in contrast to the sooty complexion.

Ascending from the bed of the broad valley, we soon find ourselves upon the railway communicating with the Risca and other works, and, seeing no trains coming or going, we avail ourselves of its level footing in preference to the rough path outside the railings: our guide hesitates a little as we betake ourselves to the line, but represses his objections, recognising like ourselves the great advantage of the good road.

Suddenly, however, he begins to glance up and down uneasily. The rough path has come to a conclusion at a miner's cottage, and now the railing divides the line from forges and sheds belonging to the mine; there is no way of escaping from the line, and some stern-looking people of official aspect are approaching. The foremost accosts us roughly, "I suppose you are aware that you are trespassing?" We are of course much concerned, but our excuse is ready, "We are strangers, travelling in search of information. We are fascinated by the beauty of the valley and its surrounding hills, by the industry of the people and the intelligence of their masters;" the latter sentiment is of an emollient character, and turns aside the impending wrath. "That man knows he is trespassing; if you are strangers, he is not. I shall certainly fine him."

The man mutters an excuse; we deprecate anew his just indignation by promising to leave the line as soon as ever we find means to do so, and are allowed to pass on. Presently the desired means are found, for the rocks on the left retreat from

their close abutment on the railroad, and leave a space which is quickly utilised by pit-men and furnace men, and a row of blackened cottages border the line, leaving but a footpath between their doors and the railing in front and between themselves and the rock behind. Here, as bound by our promise, we climb over the railing, and are trespassers no longer, but pass close by the range of doors and windows, into one of which our guide looks and nods, and then explains, "That is an Irish family; he burns coke; his little girl made garlands for flowering Sunday."

After following this black path for some little distance, and again crossing the land of terror, to wit, the railway line, we come to some buildings of massive strength, and find a yawning gap, which we are told is "the mine's mouth," a black mouth truly, and a deep mouth, worse far than that of Little Red Riding Hood's wolf.

One of our party knows the mine masters, and has free *entrée* into these dread regions; so we receive such attention as the case requires. The ladies are counselled to stay above ground, and the gentlemen don such garments as are offered them; one wears a white linen jacket, whose whiteness is traditional, and a miner's hat with peak behind, and another a fustian coat of unsavoury flavour and a greasy wide-awake, etc.

The lift appears at the surface; we step upon it, and down it goes with fearful velocity, trembling and swaying in a way to test our nerve and ensure the reality of our gratitude on reaching *terra firma.*

But what a *terra firma?* We have reached the shades, only without passing the Styx. Not that as yet we can call it a land of darkness, for gas is burning in the rough-hewn hall where we now stand, dizzy, and breathless with that horrible descent. Gas is burning, and the hall would seem light to any that had not come from the sunshine, but to us the flaring gas only gives light enough to show the dark openings to unlighted corridors that branch off from the junction-hall on every side. They lead us to a sheltered place by the rocky walls, and leave us there to regain our nerve and get habituated to the darkness.

Here we have the opportunity to observe at leisure. We are in sight of the vast steam engine which works the kind of railroad, called the "duky." Great wheels of immense proportions are attached to *massive chains,* which communicate with a yet deeper descent.

The shaft we have already come down is 176 yards in depth, but that traversed by the chains is 200. A train of low waggons is attached to these chains; in front of the foremost waggon a man sits, or rather crouches, for the roof of the incline is low, and if once he straighten himself, he runs the closest chance of having his brains dashed out. He sits in that dangerous *avant-guard* that, as the train approaches the wheel, he may unloose the hook which attaches it to the chain; immediately on doing this, he must jump off and roll himself into a place of safety, when the train quietly shunts by its own velocity. Were he to fail in loosing the train, it would be drawn over the wheel; were he not to jump off, he would be thrown among the machinery; his office is called "riding the duky," and he deservedly receives high wages for so dangerous a service. We see the train arrive, and shunt itself, and the conductor perform his feat; we note the rocky walls and the rough roof and pavement, and the diverging corridors, and then we are called to further exploration.

We each receive a Davy lamp, and, with this in hand, we obediently enter some waggons, in which we have partially to lie down. Two are accommodated in each waggon, face to face, and, by the light of the lamp, we can peruse each the countenance of the other. The corridor is nearly level, only its floor and walls and roof are rough in the extreme, formed of the rock or of rough woodwork. A horse draws us, and we resign ourselves to the fortune of war. Now a plentiful *douche* descends from the porous rock, wetting us all over like a thunder-shower; now the wheels plash in black liquid, and bespatter us as with ink; coal is on every side, above, about, below, diluted into liquid mud or solid as rock, but everywhere black and blackening coal. We progress slowly, because the driver must often descend to open rude doors or draw aside ruder curtains, placed here and there to check the strength of the air-current, which would otherwise blow out the gas so serviceable in many parts of the mine. We ventured once to stretch our heads a little to see the structure of the roof—only once, though, for we received such a blow from a piece of coal jutting from above that we needed no further warning to keep within the protection of the narrow waggon. As we proceed we pass many a corridor, now closed with rubbish, from whence the coal has been taken; these corridors are first propped with pillars of wood, young larch or other trees cut into lengths of from four to ten feet or more, according

to the depth of the coal which has been withdrawn; but even with such props the underlying rock, relieved from the superincumbent weight, swells and pushes upwards with such force as to bend the vigorous young saplings almost double; the miners, therefore, fill up the vacuum in order to keep all in its place.

After traversing a mile or so of this rough road, we come to a corridor, where the actual work of the mine is progressing. Two men, or one man and a boy, work together, and are paid according to the weight of the coal they send up. There are bad gases here, so each man carries a Davy lamp. We proceed on foot, passing more pairs of miners; the water descends from the rock; the road is often nearly knee deep in black mud; the men work with great energy, naturally perspiring profusely, and raising themselves such clouds of black dust as endure their negro complexions before an hour's work is over. These pairs of men are called "*butties*," *butty* being an essentially Monmouthshire term for companion. Fond mothers come to the schoolmistress or Lady Bountiful to bemoan the misdeeds of their children, and declare, "It is all along of their *butties*;" and an Irish collector of rags and "marine stores," finding us desirous of bestowing shoes on an unlucky barefoot lad, assured us that he had "the very shoe for the young fellow, a shoe that would last for months, second-hand though it was, and our honours should have it as cheap as he had got it—a capital shoe, with only one fault, that it had ne'er a butty," which, in sober English, meant that it was an odd shoe he offered as a bargain, doubtless a golden opportunity for a one-legged boy, only our *protegé* had the misfortune to have two legs, and the faultless shoe was unavailing for want of a *butty*.

But to-day our *protegé has* shoes, never mind how he came by them. He is at work here in the mine, coupling trams or waggons as the miners fill them. When we see him on a Sunday he seems to have dark eyes and hair and a pale complexion, and to move with a grace extraordinary in one of such humble birth, but to-day the blackness of his complexion makes his eyes and hair look light, and he moves awkwardly in his heavy shoes. Jem works hard, and every one looks with compassion on him, the reason whereof we may learn later.

All the coal in the various seams that we are now amongst belongs to the mine called the black vein. This present stratum, where the butties are working so heartily, is house coal, and burns with a cheerful flame; the next seam is steam coal, and

makes less flame, but more intense heat. Fortunately for us, we are not tall people, but yet we have generally to walk in a stooping fashion, if we would avoid hitting our heads.

We descend lower, and find the steam coal. Here the stratum is thinner than in the seam above, under five feet, whereas the upper was nearly six. The seam called the sun vein is still thinner. How appropriate is the term *sun* vein, according to the theory of the great George Stephenson, although to the casual observer black vein and rock vein are much more characteristic names. It is recorded, either in the Life of Stephenson or in some contemporary record, that he challenged Professor Buckland to say what power was driving the railway train, whose smoke in the distance attracted their attention. Buckland, suspecting a snare, replied, "Either one of your big engines or a cannie Newcastle driver." Stephenson shook his head, and then gave forth a most poetic theory. "It is nothing less than the light of the sun," he said, "a light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years, light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried for long ages in the earth in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, and made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes."

Down in these depths, 500 feet below the level of the sea, we find stabling for 40 horses, who work like the butties, turn about, in the dreary passages. Other seams lie lower still, but are worked in the same manner, a huge ventilating machine supplying the whole with air, and so keeping at bay the choke-damp.

Less than a mile further on, we find the opening to the rock vein. All about the upper ground the coke burners are busy with their continuous fires. The shaft is narrower and less terrible. The corridors are the same, only there are no douches, though plenty of black mud. The first hall is smaller and unpaved, and grey rock prevails as walls and roofing. The coal veins are narrower and more shallow, and there is no choke-damp. When we entered the waggons we were furnished with that luxury of civilisation—a sack to lie upon!

Here, again, there are inclines, both long and steep—one of 450 yards and one of 1,000 yards. The rock vein has three large engines, one to draw the trams up each of the inclines,

and one for water. In descending the 1,000 yards' incline, they allowed us three and a half minutes in compliment to our inexperience, the usual time employed in the transit being two and a half. As the depth increased, the heat became insupportable, and the workmen in the various corridors not only wore the complexion of negroes but had to adopt their airy style of dress. Arrived at the bottom, we were drawn along a level by a horse, and soon reached a place where many men were at work. They worked here in a line, not in pairs, hewing out rock from a seam five feet deep, with grey limestone above and below. Their plan of working is to cut out a foot or two at the bottom of the seam, and then the rest falls in; it requires much agility to get out of the way before the fall, failing that, many hurts more or less serious are got. The men were amused at the sight of us, and left their work and came round us. The place was so low that none could stand upright, and the whole assembly had to take the position known as "sitting on one's heels." They were very good natured, and presented us with a few fossils, poor fern-markings, half-obliterated shells, and the most worthless of iron pyrites, which, however, they valued most highly, because "it glittered like real gold." We, in our turn, gave small money, convertible into beer above ground, and learned to think with confidence and good-will of Welsh miners.

We mount the hills, and look around us. To the right the high table-land is all honeycombed with old lead workings, the traces of ancient British industry, some of the excavations being grassed over, and forming to-day a very paradise for a game of hide and seek, and others reported to be bottomless, with water ever trickling from their rocky sides. We turn to the left, and look into the broad valley stretching from Newport to Pontypool. In one part the oldest of sedimentary rocks, the Silurian, comes to the surface, and even climbs the mountain side, with its shell and coral remains telling of the primeval sea and no land whatever. In one or two places the succeeding stratum, the old red sandstone, crops out, with its continuation of marine story; then comes the massive line of millstone grit, the "fare-well rock" of miners, so called, because, when that is reached, there is no more hope of finding coal. Next to that comes the grand stretch of carboniferous rock, characterised as the South Wales coal basin, formerly, in those times of incalculable antiquity, the first formation of vegetable life, a vast forest of gigantic fern and moss and pond weed. From the noble elevation of

Twym Barlywm, we see on every side, interspersed along the valleys and slopes, chimneys and blackened buildings, the signs of undergound activity; in fact, through all this district, we walk over the heads of thousands of our fellow-creatures, who are, by the Divine appointment of labour, fulfilling the will of God, and earning subsistence for themselves and their families.

Once more we meet the young miners from the black and the rock vein, and it is on All Hallows Eve. The Irish love the old games their forefathers practised, and we seek to cheer the honest lads for their loss of daylight by a merry game. So we provide abundance of nuts and apples, a little soap, a few dip candles, some towels, and a good fire.

Irish lads suffer far less from *mauvaise honte* than English lads. These assembled by degrees, and while waiting for the rest, fell into easy conversation, addressing it partly to their entertainers.

"Can you dive, Johnny?"

"Not so well, Jem. I'm best at tumbling. I did take one and sixpence at Blaise's, as had the 'Cheap John,' last pay Saturday for tumbling only, Miss!"

"And can't Jem tumble?"

"Yes, Miss, and stand a long while on my head!"

"Please, Miss, Jem did get a little dulcimer off Blaise's for standing on his head, and his father did break it to pieces because he moutched from chopping wood!"

The schoolmistress being present, was good enough to translate the verb to moutch, which is Monmouthshire language for playing truant or shirking.

The games go merrily. There is a wheel suspended from the ceiling, and on the spoke are placed alternately apples, soap, and lighted candles. The boys have their hands tied behind them, and try to bite the apples as the wheel goes round. The soap is an ingenious addition, and the most knowing of the boys mistake it for cheese, and only find their error when their teeth are wedged in the tenacious substance. There is a large tub of water with a little fleet of apples and nuts floating on the surface. These also must be caught by the teeth, and the youthful aspirants withdraw the head dripping wet. Still Johnny carries home apples enough to rejoice the "little uns," and Jem has such a pocketful as might console him for the lost dulcimer.

MARGARET:

THE STORY OF MY LIFE FROM FIVE TO TWENTY-FIVE.

BY E. M. ALFORD.

CHAPTER V.

SIR LIONEL.

My inclination after reading my letters was to write off at once and say I would come home the next day. But my uncle had bidden me sleep over it, so I must perforce wait till the morrow.

At all events, I thought, I may as well begin to pack at once. So my trunk was pulled out, and my poor despised new dresses, which I had thought so nice when put on for Susan's criticism at home, were neatly folded one by one and laid in the trunk. At last I came to the pink barége; I looked at its pretty lace trimming, and felt quite a tender compunction that this *chef d'œuvre* of my wardrobe should be returned to the gloom of my box, without having once had a chance of making a stir in the world. With this feeling came too a little self-pity. I commiserated myself for the instantaneous downfall of all my recent castles. If I could only see any chance of getting over my shyness, and holding up my head a little, I would stay on awhile longer even now, I thought, instead of returning at once to the seclusion of home. At any rate I would wear my barége that evening at dinner and take extra pains with my hair, dressing it in my own simple becoming fashion, instead of allowing the maid to disfigure my head with her fashionable coifures, for my hair being glossy and abundant, Ellis was pleased to exercise her ingenuity upon it, to my extreme discomfort.

Just as I had nearly finished packing my trunk, and was kneeling on the floor with a few stray things scattered around me, I heard a low tap at the door, and before I had time to answer, my aunt walked in.

"I came to see if you were ill, Margaret, as you have ab-

sented yourself so long. You had some letters by the afternoon post, had you not?"

"Yes, I heard from my uncle and Sedley."

"And is that the reason you have shut yourself up here packing your things? I suppose you have ordered the carriage to take you to the station too? Really" (with a dignified toss of the head) "I think your uncle might have had the civility to communicate with me on the subject of your departure. I presume you wished to avoid a leave-taking, but it is generally considered mere politeness to bid farewell to your hostess."

All this was said with the most chilling dignity, and nearly annihilated poor little me. However, I summoned courage to vindicate my uncle.

"I did not intend to go away to-day, or to leave at all without saying good-bye, and my uncle would be displeased if I were to do so; but I have not been happy here, as I told him in my letter, and he says in answer that I can come home if I wish, but insists on my not making a hasty decision; he says I must sleep on it. Only I was sure I should not change my mind, so I thought I might as well begin to pack."

Having managed to say my say, I fairly broke down and began to cry, a most undignified proceeding, but perhaps the best under the circumstances. My aunt came up to me, and putting her hand kindly on my shoulder said in a gentle voice, "My poor foolish little girl, you must put away all this nonsense out of your head. I dare say you feel strange and shy amongst us as yet, after your quiet hum-drum life at home, but you will soon get to know us very well, and to be quite happy with us I hope. Why! you are my own sister's child, and I loved your mother in spite of her foolish marriage; it would hurt me very much to have her only child leaving me in this way. Selina too would miss you sadly; she has taken quite a fancy to you, Margaret, so think it well over, and tell me to-morrow you mean to stay. Remember, you are to share all Selina's advantages; there will be lessons in music, drawing, and languages; there will be the season in London, and perhaps a trip to the continent. A girl of any spirit would never lose all these opportunities for the sake of an attack of home sickness. But we will talk no more about it till to-morrow."

So saying she stooped and kissed my forehead most graciously, and though there were points in her speech which raised my ire, such as calling the home-life "hum-drum," depreciating my

mother's marriage, &c., yet on the whole she had been very kind, and I was touched and piqued by what she had said. My ambition too was aroused. I was very fond of languages, French and Italian were the studies I had taken to best at school, partly perhaps because we learnt them of a good master, instead of from our very indifferent mistresses. Of music, too, I was very fond, in a crude fashion, and longed to learn to play my favourites, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. So unconsciously I found myself rebuilding my demolished castles again, and was quite startled to hear the clock strike five. We dined at seven, but to avoid my abigail this evening I resolved to dress an hour earlier.

When the last touch was put to my toilet by the fastening on of Sedley's daisy brooch, I went down-stairs to the large drawing room prepared to enjoy my hour of freedom before dinner. With no eyes to overawe me I could look around and admire the costly luxury of the room, and above all, I could sit at the French window and feast my eyes on the close-shaven turf and brilliant flower beds of the garden on which it opened, or let them wander off to the beautiful undulating park, with its oak avenues, and its deer quietly taking their evening meal. The sun was setting, and there was a lovely glow in the sky, rose-tinted clouds passing across the blue space above.

Seeing an open portfolio on the table by me, I drew out some of the pictures that lay in it, and was spell-bound at once. They were a series of water-colour sketches of the sunny south, most artistically executed. So engrossed was I that I did not hear a step on the gravel outside, and was therefore startled to hear a voice close to me, a pleasant musical voice, say, "Those poor sketches are having their full meed of praise now, I think, to judge by the attention bestowed on them." I raised my eyes quickly, and saw, leaning against the open French window, and looking down upon me with an amused, curious expression, a very handsome young man, handsome with those clear cut features, and that air and bearing, which bespeak at once high birth. I believe I blushed even in my cheeks, but I had none of the shy awkward feeling from which I suffered when with my cousins, indeed that is an infirmity to which one is little liable with really well-bred people, I think. So though startled, I answered collectedly enough, "They have been such a treat to me, I cannot take my eyes off them, how glorious Italy must be!"

"There is a great charm," he replied, "in all that richness of colour, and clearness of atmosphere, but to me there is a want, can you guess what it is?"

"I think I can: is it that the atmosphere is almost too clear, that you want our softening haze to veil some of the reality and leave more to the imagination?"

"Just so; I see that you, like myself, are a lover of nature. I have studied her under many aspects, in many parts of the world, and yet I am not sure that your true English scenery does not come the nearest my heart. Can you guess again why?"

I pondered a moment and then suggested, "Early associations, perhaps?"

"Well that may have something to do with it, but I think, apart from that, there is more home feeling about English scenery than any other; it is not too grand or too luxuriant for every-day life, and there is a delightful homeliness about our meadows, our woods and streams, our nestling cottages, our well-stocked farmyards, and our comfortable mansions. We can easily make the transit from the beauty without to the cosy fireside within, whereas when the scenery is overwhelmingly grand, it seems inharmonious to think of firesides or any creature comforts."

I glanced up brightly into his face. It was so pleasant to me to talk again with some one whom I could understand, and who could understand me. And a very genial smile I got in return, which encouraged me to ask for more.

"I understand what you mean, though I have never left this homelike England of ours; but notwithstanding the preference you give it, I have a great longing to see other lands, and love to hear about them, so do tell me where you have been. My uncle says I am a very Desdemona for travellers' tales."

He looked down kindly upon my eager face, and talked on about foreign lands in so easy and charming a manner, that I thought I could have listened all night, and felt quite disturbed when the dinner gong sounded, and my aunt entered the room.

I fancy she was not a little surprised to find her shy niece conversing so freely with a stranger, but on seeing who her visitor was she came forward in the most cordial manner, exclaiming, "Sir Lionel Humphrey! I had no idea you had returned; how kind of you to come and see us so promptly."

"I only returned from Paris on Wednesday, and as I met Rupert this morning and he asked me to come and partake of

your family dinner, I was glad to avail myself of an early opportunity of paying my respects."

"Very good of you, I am sure; you know, Sir Lionel, you are always welcome at Denis Court. But how long have you been here, I did not hear you arrive?"

"No, I left my horse in the yard, and strolled about the grounds looking for Rupert, but coming upon this young lady at the open window I cut short my search, and have had a most charming ten minutes' conversation. But no, is it possible? (consulting his watch,) my imaginary ten minutes are a full hour I declare, so true it is that the length of an hour depends upon the way in which it is spent. May I ask for an introduction to my beguiler?"

"My niece, Margaret Chilton, Sir Lionel Humphrey," said my aunt in her stately way. I bowed frigidly, feeling all my freedom frozen up again.

Dick, who had entered during the conversation, was despatched to tell Selina of Sir Lionel's arrival, and that dinner could not be kept waiting more than five minutes longer. He came up to me with a mischievous smile on returning to the room, saying, "What humbugs women are to be sure! Of course I was supposed to be sent to hurry Selina, but you'll see the intended effect by the extra finery she'll be decked up in. Sir Lionel is the swell of the neighbourhood, family as old as the hills, but not over rich, whilst we are parvenus, but have lots of tin; so if Selina could catch him 'twouldn't be a bad match. For my part I don't see that families are any such great shakes for being so old, rotten with age, I should say."

"Sir Lionel's case must be an exception then I think; he is the pleasantest, best-mannered person I have met with since I left home," said I.

My aunt had carried off the young baronet to the conservatory immediately after our introduction, so Dick and I were left to a *tête-à-tête*. Rupert joined us just then, looking a more offensive dandy than ever, I thought, having attended to his dress and jewelry with extra care, out of respect to his friend the Baronet, no doubt.

"Highty tighty!" cried Dick; "what do you think our quiet coz has just been accusing us of? Nothing less, my elegant brother, than of being an ill-mannered set."

I could hardly help laughing at Dick's comical look. Despite his slang and his school-boy rudeness, there was a great deal

that was hearty and genuine about him; he had more of his father, and less of his mother in his character than either of them, and I felt that we should soon be friends.

"Indeed!" said the supercilious Rupert, leisurely fixing his eye-glass; "no doubt the fashionable Miss Chilton finds us rather homely; perhaps she would condescend to give us some lessons in ease of manner and conversation."

How angry I felt to be sure! I could have cried with vexation. Then all my shyness and awkwardness were apparent, notwithstanding my hopes to the contrary. And doubtless this stranger too, before dinner was over, would set me down like the rest as a stupid little "dowdy."

What an ordeal that dinner was to me! I sat unfortunately just opposite Sir Lionel, and could think of nothing but my blushing hands. I caught his eye once or twice, and felt sure he must be gazing at my poor little red fingers. But even then I was conscious of the difference between him and Rupert, for he would avert his gaze in a moment if caught, whilst Rupert thought nothing of a leisurely stare. I sat next the latter and enjoyed a little revenge, for not wishing to appear mum I suppose before his friend, he tried to enter into conversation with me more than once. But I would not respond; in fact, I was almost rude in the shortness of my replies, and I could see that he was annoyed.

Still very depressed, and sore of heart, I went into the drawing-room. Selina made me come out on the lawn with her, so that she might pour into my ear praises of Sir Lionel, his ancient name, and beautiful old place, Humphrey Park, which was, she said, about five miles off. Selina looked very pretty to-night. She had availed herself of her mother's timely warning, as she frankly told me, to change her ordinary evening dress for this most becoming one, and certainly I thought Sir Lionel could have no eyes if he did not admire her, with her fluffy gold hair, blooming complexion, and clouds of tulle and tarlatan. My pink barége fell ever so many degrees in my esteem, by the side of her flowing drapery.

It was a lovely moonlight evening, and after we had returned to the drawing-room, and Selina had flitted away from me, I went to one of the further windows, which was still standing open, so mild was the evening air, and sat on a low seat in the shadow of the curtain to gaze at the peaceful moon, and think over my decision. For the short hour of my talk with Sir Lionel

I had brightened up, and had felt half inclined to stay, but since then I had had so much to humiliate me, in Rupert's sarcastic words and my own shyness and misery at dinner, that I was again convinced it was useless to try and overcome my difficulties, and that I must give up. Yet the sleeping spirit of worldliness and ambition which was aroused within me, was loth to be so easily subdued, and I felt very bitter and unhappy as I sat there alone in the moonlight. Presently the pleasant scent of cigars was wafted to me, and voices drew near, and before I had time to slip away, Rupert and Sir Lionel seated themselves just outside the window, on a garden chair, so near to me, that I was afraid to move from the shadow of my curtain, lest I should be seen and commented on, so dreadfully shy and self-conscious was I. Thus unintentionally I overheard their conversation.

"That cousin of yours will be a beautiful woman some day," I heard Sir Lionel say, to my utter amazement.

"Margaret beautiful!" drawled Rupert sneeringly, "why I think she is the plainest little dowdy I ever came across. If time is to work such wonders as that, there will be none but beauties left in a few years' time, I'm sure!"

"Oh, Rupert, you are not a man of refined tastes, you want something tangible, something about which you feel there can be no mistake. It is the way with you millionaires in every thing. Your houses must have grand façades, your gardens must be ablaze with flowers, your picture galleries brilliant with colour, your beauty in fact must be all on the surface, must all be what is easy to be seen and appreciated. Now with us it is different, we keep our greatest treasures sacred, handed down from generation to generation. We love to see beauty where none else do, to have the honour of drawing it out, and the beauty we prize the most is that beauty of mind and culture which the first glance of your cousin's splendid eyes revealed to me. I assure you I promise myself a great treat in improving my acquaintance with your despised 'dowdy.'"

During this speech I had listened spell-bound. I thought even the languid Rupert would have taken fire at the evident contempt for him and his, conveyed by Sir Lionel's words; but if he winced at all he did not betray it, but rising and stretching himself lazily, said, "Well, suppose after that grand tirade of yours we go in search of Cinderella, your princess in disguise; enjoy your delusion whilst it lasts, it won't be for long, I promise you."

"And I warn you, my good fellow, that sooner or later you'll find to your cost, that your cousin is not the nonentity you imagine." So saying they threw away the ends of their cigars and entered at the open window, only a few feet from where I sat crouching within the curtain's shadow.

CHAPTER VI.

INTOXICATION OF SUCCESS.

As soon as the gentlemen were fairly gone I came out of my hiding-place, and stepping into the moonlit garden, paced eagerly up and down the close-shaven lawn, trying to calm the flutter of my spirits. I was in a maze of contending emotions. Strongest among them was the dangerous delight of flattered vanity. Sir Lionel's praise was especially sweet to me, just as I was going through the valley of bitter disappointment and humiliation. The evil spirit of worldliness and ambition could not have chosen a fitter moment to spread out its snares. Were it not that good is often graciously made to spring out of evil, and that the hard lessons in self-knowledge which experience teaches, are worth all the suffering through which they are learnt, I had better have remained in that lowly valley, where "he that is down need fear no fall," than have been raised to my present dizzy height.

For, with the sanguine imagination of youth, I already installed myself as Sir Lionel's bride in Humphrey Castle, and saw the supercilious Rupert, and my majestic aunt, doing homage to me. But no, I would not bear mean malice, I would let bygones be bygones, and entertain them all in a very different manner to that in which they had entertained me. And uncle, and Sedley, and Susan, should all share my grandeur; but when my castle came to that stage in its erection there was a sudden strike. All these thoughts were utterly at variance with the spirit of my old home.

My uncle seemed to be sadly shaking his head and sorrowing that he had let his Daisy leave him; Sedley's voice had a ring of scorn in it as he fiercely denounced worldliness and tuft-hunting; and Susan, as she was rolling out her paste, said gravely, "Remember, Miss Maggie—Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

I fancied I heard their voices chiding thus as I paced up and

down in the moonlight. And I could not but confess that I had felt more anger, bitterness, and vanity within the last few days, than I had ever known it was in me to feel before. And even this very evening, I had been doing the thing I should have scorned most utterly in any one else. I had been playing eavesdropper to my own praises, and till this moment had felt no compunction for it.

But when once I realized what I had been doing, my face flushed scarlet with shame at my own meanness. Sedley had imbued me with the strictest views of honour, and I felt sure he would not admit of my shyness about moving, as a sufficient excuse for what I had done. The only way I could think of, to quiet my conscience and punish myself, was to go to Sir Lionel and Rupert, and confess to having overheard their conversation. It was an ordeal but I set myself the task and hastened to get it over. So I hurriedly re-entered the drawing-room, and walked straight to the other end of the grand apartment, where, amidst a blaze of light that dazzled me, I saw the whole party gathered about the tea-table.

"Oh, here she is!" cried Dick, as I approached; "why, coz, we thought you were lost; I assure you there has been quite a commotion, the house has been ransacked, and we were proposing as the next step dragging the lake, only on Rupert's suggestion we resolved it was as well to take our tea first, to fortify ourselves against the heavy dew!"

"What nonsense you talk, Richard!" said my aunt. "But where have you been, Margaret? it is true we have all finished tea."

"I have been walking on the lawn, aunt, and forgot the time. I came in now," turning to Sir Lionel, "to tell you, sir, and my cousin Rupert, that I overheard your conversation by the window yonder; you seated yourselves so near me that I was too shy to move, which is my only excuse." Having got through my confession, I turned away with burning cheeks, and mechanically drank my cup of tea.

"Highty tighty! What's up now?" exclaimed Dick.

"Merely this," sneered Rupert, "that our cousin has kindly put us on our guard, by letting us know that for the future, if we wish to converse freely with our friends, we must choose our seats remote from curtains, or other lurking places."

"On the contrary," said Sir Lionel, "she has shown me a standard of honesty I never saw attained before, and I am happy

to reflect that I could have said nothing contrary to the high opinion I entertained of Miss Chilton, from the first moment of our short acquaintance."

And then, with well-bred tact, he changed the subject by leading Selina to the piano, entreating her for some music. My aunt's ruffled brow grew smooth as she watched him devoting himself to Selina for the remainder of the evening, only once coming to me to ask if I did not sing, which question my aunt promptly answered for me in the negative, before I had time to speak.

I went to bed that night in high spirits, and resolved to write to my uncle on the morrow, telling him I had decided to remain, for Sir Lionel's polite consideration had been very pleasant to me, and his good opinion gave me a degree of self-confidence, and made me more pleased with myself and those about me. So I fell asleep, not, alas! to dream of Susan and her warnings, but of baronets, parks, and carriages, all in a confused maze, as "the shadows of the world" must have appeared to the Lady of Shalot, when "her mirror cracked from side to side," and "a curse is come upon me cried the Lady of Shalot."

"But very different were my waking thoughts. For the first time in my life I awoke with that feeling of something hanging over me, of a weight upon my mind, which most of us, I suppose, have experienced. My home life had been such a quietly happy one, so free from all excitement, that my nights had been generally dreamless, and my morning thoughts bright in anticipation of the cheerful duties of the day. But now, ere well awake, I was conscious of a weight of self-reproach. Gradually the thoughts and scenes of the previous evening came back upon me; I remembered having been unusually excited; surely I had done or said something wrong or foolish under the influence of my excitement. The bright morning sun, the twittering of the sparrows in the ivy outside my window, the distant bleating of sheep and lowing of cows, all seemed in harmony with each other and my old life, but strangely out of harmony with the pink barège dress lying on my half-packed trunk, and all the worldly thoughts and dreams the sight of it recalled. It is a weary feeling, that same discontent with self at waking, something akin to being surprised by the pure morning light amid the glitter and tinsel of the ball-room.

After breakfast that day my aunt called me in to her boudoir and asked me as to my decision. She was evidently anxious to

keep me, and did not try to conceal that it was on Selina's account that she did so. She even became quite confidential on the subject.

"Selina has many advantages," she said; "she is pretty, ladylike, and accomplished, but there is a want, she does not converse well with gentlemen; she appears to be thinking too much of her dress when in their presence, and neither feels, nor pretends to feel, that lively interest in their talk which I observe you do, Margaret. I might warn *you* of a danger on the other side, (poor me! my chat with Sir Lionel about his travels must have earned me this rebuke, he was the only person I had spoken to out of the house,) so Selina and you may be mutually beneficial to each other, if you make up your mind to stay. But I cannot put up with the annoyance of unsettled arrangements. If you choose to be one of our family and agree to remain with us, either until Selina is married or until she comes of age, going home to see your uncle for a month in each year, I will educate and introduce you as my own daughter; but if you shrink from this agreement I think you had better return to your old life at once, as a mere short visit here would but unfit you for the quiet of your uncle's house, and do you no permanent good. I must say that I think you have capabilities for shining in society if properly drawn out, so if you take my advice you will conquer your home-sickness and remain. Of course I shall write to Dr. Chilton on the subject, and you can enclose a note. I may mention further, that during your stay with us we shall relieve your uncle of all expenses concerning you, and as he is not a rich man, I think that should weigh with you."

Thus spoke my aunt. Her offer was a fair one, and after much indecision, and several letters to and from my uncle on the subject, it was finally settled that I should remain, and with regrets for the dear, quiet old home, I set myself to try and settle down into this grand, gay, new one.

For we were very gay all that summer. Sir Lionel's prolonged stay at Humphrey Castle was the signal for a succession of al-fresco entertainments; picnics, croquet parties, garden dances, were of almost continual occurrence. It was a very good neighbourhood, and the Marchants, who were able and willing to give the best entertainments, were, of course, invited everywhere. It was a time of intoxication almost to me. My aunt had taken me thoroughly in hand as to dress, so that I was

able to ruffle it with the best of them on that score. And my shyness soon gave way before the attentions that were paid me. Sir Lionel set the fashion by always honouring me with special civilities, and to my surprise I soon found myself no longer the despised little dowdy, but a very popular young lady, always sure of partners at a dance, and attendant squires at picnic-parties. And it seemed as though prosperity agreed with me, for I certainly improved rapidly in person and manner; the excitement of success flushed my cheek, and brightened my eye; and the kind attention I met with everywhere set me quite at my ease. I don't think I was such a favourite with the ladies as I was with the gentlemen, and I am not sure that my aunt did not half repent her compact, when she saw me engrossing so much of Sir Lionel's attention. But Mrs. Marchmant was a great deal wiser in the ways of the world than I was, and had, I fancy, no real apprehensions as to the young baronet's intentions.

And I really did fulfil my part of the compact fairly. I drew Selina out whenever I could, making her take a part in the lively conversations between Sir Lionel and myself. She improved rapidly, and grew to be much more natural and animated, and my aunt gave me credit for it. With the good-nature of success, I felt very amiably towards every one about me during that lovely summer, Rupert only excepted. I snubbed and ignored him whenever I could, without the least regard to his feelings, or remembrance of the golden rule. In fact, sympathy with others, and all the better qualities that had been fostered in my old home, seemed to be fast dying out of me under my new circumstances.

Love of admiration had always been my besetting sin; and now my vanity was being gratified beyond the most airy castles I had ever built. This selfish craving was taking such hold of me, that, like the drunkard's fatal curse, it bid fair to dull my senses to everything noble and good. The intoxication had crept on so gradually too, and in such a treacherous garb, that I had not armed myself against it. Who could help being happy in such lovely scenes, and on such long, bright summer days devoted to enjoyment? I told myself that the beauties of nature, the sparkle of wit, the intellectual conversation, were the spells which caused the enchantment that bound me; but I told myself a pleasing lie, for in truth I had set myself up as an idol, and was intoxicated with the homage that idol received.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY LETTICE.

It was a sultry day in August. All nature seemed hushed by the dreamy heat. The occasional burr of the bumble-bee was the only sound that reached our ears, as Selina and I sat on a grassy slope that bordered the drive, rejoicing in the shade of a wide-spreading oak. We sat there in our pretty muslin dresses, with a pretence at needlework in our hands, talking over a croquet party we had given at Denis Court the day before.

"What sort of person is this sister of Sir Lionel's, of whom he was speaking yesterday?" I asked.

"Lady Lettice? oh I can't describe her, you must judge for yourself. Some people call her handsome, and I suppose she is after a fashion. I don't like her, nor does mamma; we are always sorry when she comes to the Castle."

"Why, is she proud and disagreeable?"

"Not exactly proud. The poor people say she hasn't a bit of pride in her. But the fact is, she doesn't like us, I fancy, and so of course we don't like her. I never feel at ease in her presence, myself."

"She is only half-sister to Sir Lionel, is she?"

"No, his father died when he was only a year old, and two or three years after, his mother married the old Earl of ——, Sir Lionel's guardian, and Lady Lettice Davenant is their daughter."

"And has Lady Lettice no brothers or sisters of her own?"

"No; her mother died when she was but two years old, and she has been brought up chiefly by an old lady who lives in that pretty cottage close to the park gates, Miss Sedley, a great friend of her mother's. As for Sir Lionel, the old Earl took charge of him till he died, and they say it's a wonder he wasn't quite spoilt, the old man doted on him so. But he left the chief of his property to his daughter all the same, and Sir Lionel is, for his position, a poor man, so most people think," said Selina, with a little flush, and a toss of her pretty head, "that he will look out for a wife with money."

"I'm thankful I've no money to be married for," said I, feeling in my inexperience very secure of marrying whom I chose without it. "But I'm quite curious to see this formidable Lady

Lettice, I hope we shall soon have another invitation to the Castle."

"Not very likely," replied Selina; "I told you we were no favourites of Lady Lettice."

The words had scarcely passed her lips when we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the gravel, and in another minute Sir Lionel appeared on his beautiful chestnut, and on seeing us drew rein, and with graceful ease sprang from his horse, and made his salutation.

"I have come post-haste through this burning sun charged with a message from my sister," he said. "You positively must come to us this afternoon for croquet and high tea, every one of you, Dick included. I was to be particular as to Dick. It seems that Lettice has found a paragon at last, a nephew of Miss Sedley's whose acquaintance she made at Oxford last Commemoration, and as this paragon is only here for one day, she is anxious to show him some attention. Say you will come?"

We both expressed our perfect readiness if Mrs. Marchant were willing, and strolled up together to the house to gain her consent, chatting gaily as we went over yesterday's fight, Sir Lionel with his horse's bridle thrown over his arm, looking very handsome and animated, more animated than a mere game of croquet, the subject of discussion, could be supposed to make him. And as all his conversation was directed to me, I felt a flutter of gratified pride, at being so evidently the object of interest to Sir Lionel Humphrey, of Humphrey Castle.

Of course we went, my aunt was only too willing; and Dick for a wonder was of the party, for he did not share the family's dislike of Lady Lettice, but told me in confidence that she was "a regular stunner," and that the reason "the women" didn't like her, was because there was no "humbug" about her, and so she couldn't stand theirs; and besides, she was "awfully handsome," and threw them all into the shade.

As we approached the gates of Sir Lionel's park, Selina pointed out to me the picturesque cottage orné where Miss Sedley lived. I had often noticed it before, with its pretty verandah, French windows, bright flower-beds, and lovely rose trees; but now, as I looked more particularly, I saw a dainty little lady moving about among those same rose trees, picking off the dead ones and casting them into a basket on her arm. *I could not* take my eyes from her; I thought her face the *sweetest I had* ever seen. It was a face with a history in it,

—there were marks of conquered sorrow, and of calm resignation; but the dominant expression of the whole was a sweet light of love and peace which seemed to spread all around her, and of which I felt a portion sink into my own heart as I gazed. Her dress, too, was all in keeping. The lavender silk gown; the delicate lace cap resting on the soft, silvery hair; which same hair must have turned early, I thought, for she did not look above fifty, and her complexion had the pink and white freshness of a child's.

I fancied there was something familiar to me in the pretty brown eyes that were raised as we passed, but yet I certainly had never noticed their possessor before, though Selina said she had been present at some of our entertainments at the Castle; but I suppose amongst so many, and with my own silly head so turned by the attentions of those around me, I had not noticed one who would be sure always to try and keep in the background wherever she might be. Lady Lettice must be charming, I thought, brought up by such an adopted mother; and I felt more eager than ever to see her.

"I say Margaret," cried Dick, as we drove up through the lovely undulating park, where the deer were feeding peacefully; "this is an awfully jolly place; I shall come and see you sometimes when you are Lady Humphrey."

"You'll have to wait a long time for that, Dick," I said, trying to speak indifferently, though I felt the blood rush to my cheeks at the mischievous boy's remark.

"Yes, indeed," said my aunt, with an attempt at a smile; "I should have serious apprehensions as to Margaret's sanity, if I thought she had any such nonsensical notions as this of yours, Dick."

"I think," drawled Rupert, "my friend Sir Lionel is hardly the man to prove a second Lord of Burleigh."

"I was not aware he was a friend of yours," I said, as quietly as I could. "I certainly shall suspect him of nothing generous or noble if that be the case."

Rupert bit his lips, and Dick whispered to me, "Hit him again, he's got no friends."

Happily, at this moment we drove up to the front of the house, and I for one was very glad, for I felt too angry with all our party to make the forced proximity of the carriage pleasant.

I entered the house vexed and ill at ease; but Sir Lionel's

marked attentions to me from the first smoothed my ruffl feathers, and when we were led out on the lawn, and I was i troduced to Lady Lettice, I could think no more of wound pride, or petty spite, so entirely was I engrossed, for the tin in admiration.

As Lady Lettice was one of the good angels of my life, I mu describe her with some particularity.

The great impression made upon me by the first glance at h was of frank, fearless truthfulness; one saw it in the cle bright blue eyes, in the open brow, in the poise of the head, the easy, dignified bearing; and one heard it in the clear ton of the voice and the sweet ringing laugh. Not one scrap affectation could the most critical observer detect in look, wo manner, or movement. It seemed as if all humbug, or fal pretensions, must shrink away abashed in that honest, gen presence. Now I could understand why Selina with her pret airs (if airs can be pretty), and my aunt with her compliment speeches, felt ill at ease in Lady Lettice's presence, and dreac her stay at the Castle.

I scorned myself as I looked upon her, and had hone enough left, in spite of my frivolity and vanity, to feel mys quite despicable in comparison with her. I had not been c scious till now how false I had been, for there is so much truthfulness accepted in society as a matter of course, that one f into it almost unaware. But now I knew that I constantly dishonest; that I spoke of things with animation in which I not an atom of real interest; that I pretended to a friends with Selina which I did not feel, we not having a single p in common; that I appeared to like Sir Lionel for his own s when (after the first fascination of his manner had worn off) knew I liked him for the sake of his position, and becaus was pleasant to be singled out by the first man of the compa and especially because it was very pleasant to show my gr relations that I could hold my own, and to prove to Rupert t I was not the despised dowdy he thought me.

And all this painful self-knowledge had I gained by a gla into those honest blue eyes of Lady Lettice's, and a few minu delightful talk with her. She had gone away now to welco her best friend, she said, to whom she wished particularly introduce me, and it was whilst awaiting her return on a gard seat that I made the above reflections.

It was some time before my hostess returned to me,

being detained, as the constant roll of carriages informed me, by the arrival of a succession of visitors.

Meantime, I was beginning to feel rather solitary, all alone on my garden bench, tired perhaps of my condemnatory reflections, when I suddenly espied Sir Lionel hastening towards me.

"Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed, eagerly, on espying me. "I have been hunting for you in all directions, I assure you, Miss Chilton, and was vowing awful vengeance against Lettice for having taken possession of you; when lo! I find you here in the shade all alone with your thoughts. I would bid a high price for them," he concluded, throwing himself on the grass at my feet.

"Oh, you may have them," I replied; "they were more profitable than pleasant. I was reflecting on the false pretensions and insincerity of society in general, and of myself in particular."

Sir Lionel looked grave for a minute or two.

"Ah!" he exclaimed; "Lettice has been throwing her spells over you, I see. She generally bewitches me at first, but unfortunately the effect doesn't last. In truth, Miss Chilton," he added, with unwonted candour, "I am a creature of impulses; but owing to the *dolce far niente* being my ruling passion, the better ones don't act as they ought. *You* could do more with me than any one else. Lettice could hardly believe her senses when she saw me ride off in the burning sun this morning, to carry you her invitation."

He rose now, and began pacing up and down impatiently in front of me, continuing to talk more to himself than to me.

"I call mine a very hard case. Here am I, a poor beggar of a baronet, left no choice of my own, bound to marry for money, when, were I but decently provided for, I might take a wife after my own heart. For believe me, Miss Chilton, there is no one in the world I would place in comparison with you, were I but free to be guided by my wishes in the matter."

Well, here was candour and no mistake. I was thoroughly taken aback, and I suppose looked my astonishment, for Sir Lionel paused in his hasty walk opposite me, and said,—

"Pardon me; I fear this dismal declaration of my circumstances has taken you by surprise; let us forget this confidential chat and be as we were before."

But meantime, my first astonishment over, the ludicrous aspect of the case overcame me. Here was a man for whom I

knew I had not an atom of love, and whom I very much doubted whether I could ever have made up my mind to marry, even under the most pressing entreaties, coolly apologising to me for not being able to confer on me the honour of his hand. I felt much inclined to laugh, and at the same time a good deal inclined to cry also, for pride and vexation had a large share in my feelings. Surely I must have been behaving in a very strange, undignified manner, for Sir Lionel to think it necessary thus to explain his non-intentions. But he was waiting for an answer to his last remark, so postponing both inclinations, I rose, and merely saying, in a somewhat shaky voice, "I cannot imagine, Sir Lionel, how you could have become possessed of such false notions of the nature of my feelings towards you; but pray believe me, they are entirely groundless," I swept away with what dignity my train and indignation lent me.

Happily, Lady Lettice had at last emerged from the house with a party of visitors, and I went to meet her, my anger for the time being having overcome my shyness. I looked up as they drew near, and could scarcely believe I saw aright, for who should be the foremost figure of the approaching strangers, but my old playfellow, Sedley Vernon, supporting on one arm the dear old lady of the cottage, and on the other Lady Lettice, who was talking to him eagerly as to a friend. Sedley was very little altered. There was the pleasant, frank face, with its broad forehead, large firm mouth, and soft brown eyes; there was the tall ungainly figure and ill-fitting clothes, the whole appearance striking you as that of a big boy, rather than of a young Oxford man. I am afraid, despite the rebuke my vanity and worldliness had just received, I felt a little ashamed of my homely-looking playmate among this elegant assembly; and thus when Sedley rushed forward on seeing me, and caught hold of both my hands in his strong grasp, exclaiming, "Well, little Daisy, I am so glad to see you! you are grown, child, I declare, and altered besides! Why I believe uncle or Susan would hardly know you if they met you in the street, in all your finery, Maggie!" When, as I was saying, Sedley greeted me thus, in the warmth of his kind heart, I, feeling my new-found dignity insulted forsooth, drew back, colouring with vexation at being called and treated as a child, more especially as Sir Lionel and Rupert had come up in time to hear the greeting.

Slight as the movement was, Sedley detected it, and let my hands loose immediately. And although, ashamed of myself the

next moment, and with the rush of home-feelings returning, I spoke a warm welcome to my old playfellow, and asked eager questions about uncle Sam, Susan, and puss, yet the hearty tone had gone from Sedley's voice, and the radiant pleasure from his face, and I knew that in that moment he had detected my meanness, and had seen that his old pet had turned into a fine lady, who was ashamed of her best friends.

I think that Lady Lettice had observed and understood what had passed, for I noticed a difference in her manner towards me, as she introduced me to her adopted mother, Miss Sedley, and her smile was particularly sweet, I thought, as she said, "I want to show you the view, Mr. Vernon, about which your friend Mr. Leslie raves; will you come?"

And so they went away together, and I was left behind, longing to ask Sedley a hundred questions, and hating myself for my mean pride. Truly I was very sore at heart, and what followed did not make me feel more amiable.

Rupert was the first to speak, as the younger ones of the party descended the sloping lawn towards the croquet ground.

"Mr. Vernon and you seem to be on easy terms, Margaret," he said; "I have been puzzling myself to make out in what relation he stands to you, whether in that of father or brother, his manner was so patronising and familiar."

"Let it be in any relation rather than in that of a cousin," I snapped out.

"Lettice's new paragon is not an Apollo, at any rate," remarked Sir Lionel.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," said I; "but I've heard it's not always the most valuable gems that have the gayest setting."

"Keep your temper, Mag," cried Dick; "or better still, let it off in croquet. I choose you to be on my side, for I see by your eye that you mean to be spiteful."

And so we settled at last to a game. And I played better than usual, taking Dick's advice, and thus letting off some of my bitter feelings. But I was more angry with myself than with any one else, and unfortunately the rules of the game wouldn't permit me to punish my own ball.

At last, Lady Lettice and Sedley came on the ground, and I should have gone to them and tried to make friends with Sedley, but a remark of Selina's withheld me. She was speaking to Sir Lionel.

"I wonder at your sister's choice. Of course he would be conquered at once, but I can't think what she sees so captivating in Mr. Vernon."

"Nor I either," he replied, with a shrug; "but I can never account for Lettice's odd fancies."

CHAPTER VIII.

A CRISIS IN MY LIFE.

THIS was an eventful day to me, full of varied emotions. minute ago I was overwhelmed with compunction and regr for my cold reception of Sedley, but now the demon of jealous took possession of me. What right had the rich and beautifu Lady Lettice to rob poor me of my one friend? And as looked at them in earnest conversation, I rejoiced that my manner had been cold, and determined that Sedley should have no reason to guess how much I cared for his friendship. So I threw myself with renewed vigour into the game as they drew near, and entered into an animated conversation with Sir Lionel, to whom I had scarcely spoken since our disagreeable *tête-à-tête*. He, nothing loth to make friends again, was more than usually polite; and I, feeling Sedley's grave eyes fixed on me, grew more and more animated, and was rewarded by hearing him say to Lady Lettice,—

"Your brother and Miss Chilton appear great friends. Gaiety seems to suit her, for certainly I never saw her look better, though I must confess I regret the artless Daisy of former times."

It was odd, his speaking of a few months ago as "former times," and yet I felt he was right; for my launch into society had done for me the work of years, and I already looked back upon myself, of the old life, with somewhat of the tender regret with which in after years we recall the events of our childhood, or read over the diaries of our early youth.

I did not hear Lady Lettice's answer, but soon after, she brought Sedley up to me to bid farewell, as he had to leave by the evening train. Then a flood of tender home-feeling came over me, and it was all I could do to restrain my tears, as I said, "Oh, Sedley! you haven't told me half I want to know. Give my best love to uncle, and a hug to puss, and tell Susan I

have been getting more and more wicked every day since I have been away from her scoldings; and tell her I would give all my new dresses and finery to be back at the dear home again."

"Would you!" said Sedley, with his old frank smile; "then why don't you come?"

"I can't, you know; I've promised to stay till Selina is married, or till she's of age; so I must make the best of it."

And thus we parted. Dick, who had taken a wonderful liking for Sedley, walking off with him to the station, and we, after a high tea, driving home in the cool of the evening. Selina was in high spirits, and talked incessantly. I answered her queries so much beside the mark, that she got impatient at last. But I pleaded a bad headache, a true plea, and, on reaching Venis Court, rushed to my own room, to relieve my sad heart and throbbing head by allowing the pent-up tears free scope.

I had never felt so utterly miserable before; disappointment in myself and everybody, indignation against Sir Lionel, jealousy with regard to Sedley, and regret and remorse for my feeling and conduct towards him, surprise at my own hypocrisy, vanity, and littleness, and a great craving home-sickness; all these conflicting emotions had full sway now, and I leaned my head on my pillow and sobbed as if my heart would break. I suppose I sobbed myself asleep at last, for I have a dreamy recollection of some one coming to the door to offer me refreshment, which I refused, and after that I remember nothing, until, in the grey dawn, I awoke with a shiver, feeling cold and stiff. There was a sound of twittering birds out of doors, and the distant crowing of an early cock in a far-away farmyard. I dragged my stiff legs to the window, and, opening it, let the cool air fan my brow, and gazed into the gently-waking world outside. The moon was setting and throwing its silvery beams across the grey morning light. A soft hazy vapour seemed to be raising itself off the green earth, where, ere long, the sun would lighten into diamonds every dew-drop left upon the countless blades of grass. I gazed long and earnestly out across the sleepy park, and up into the kindling sky, and at last some of the deep calm and peace of the scene was borne in on my troubled spirit; and kneeling down at my open lattice, I prayed as I had never prayed before, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Long and earnestly I communed with myself there, in the stillness of my chamber. I went over, in retrospect, my life. The very early years I had spent with my dear granny, learning

nothing but goodness from her humble, loving, Christian example; the many comparatively unchequered years since then that I had passed so quietly and cosily with uncle Sam; and, lastly, the excitement, the pleasures and pains, and the evil thoughts, words, and feelings of the last few months, during which all the worst parts of my nature had been revealed to me.

Long I knelt there, and earnestly I prayed for forgiveness and strength; and when at last the sun began to rise, and quenched the pale beams of the morning star and the waning moon in its glowing rays, I undressed myself and lay down on my undisturbed bed, with a humble but light and thankful heart, and slept the calm sleep of a child.

It must have been well-nigh noon when I awoke, somewhat startled to see my aunt and her maid standing at the foot of my bed, and to feel strong fingers laid on my wrist. It was the doctor. My aunt, frightened by my late and heavy slumber, and by the whiteness of my cheeks, had called him in, and was now awaiting, in great anxiety, for his verdict, she being morbidly nervous about illness. On my opening my eyes, the doctor's kindly voice said,—

"Ah, now the little lady can speak for herself! Can you account for your sleeping so late!"

At first, my memory was confused, but then it all came back to me, and I told how, before I was undressed, I had fallen asleep and how, after waking, I had remained some time at the open window, and just at sunrise had crept into bed. My aunt's face brightened at once, and she and the maid went off to get me my breakfast. Then the kind doctor gave me some wise counsel having first questioned me as to my former and present mode of life.

"Dissipation does not suit you, I see, my child," said the kind old man; "yours is a delicate constitution—nerves highly strung. Some folks can't stand excitement; so much the better for them, say I. If you take my advice, you'll lead a quiet life —pays best in the end, believe me."

And so, with a parting shake of the hand, the good doctor went his way. In a few minutes Ellis returned with a tempting little breakfast, and was much disturbed on finding that I could not touch it. In truth, my head and limbs were aching severely, and in my own mind I feared I was going to be ill. I only longed to be home; for I knew instinctively that illness would be felt a great infliction at Denis Court. Presently my aunt

came in, and told me Lady Lettice and Miss Sedley had called and were asking for me. "Don't you think you could rouse yourself and come down, Margaret?" she said; "your nerves want strengthening; Dr. Gibbs said so. People can coddle themselves into an illness, I believe." "I will try, aunt," I replied, feeling desperately weak, and yet anxious to make the effort. "That's a good girl; and I will beg Lady Lettice to wait for afternoon tea." So saying, my aunt swept away. With Ellis's help, I got part way through my dressing with great difficulty. At last, just as she was brushing out my long hair, I gave way, and lay back almost fainting on the couch.

Ellis went to speak to her mistress, and presently returned, bringing me some cordial, and saying that I was not to trouble about any more dressing, for Lady Lettice was coming to see me in my room.

Very pleased and fluttered I was at this announcement; but, before I had time for thought, a gentle tap was given at my door, and in walked my visitor. I never can forget the sweet, soothing effect of her very presence, of her every word, look, and movement, in a sick room. She came to the side of my couch, laid her soft, cool hand on my burning temples, and murmured kind, cheering words around me. I felt encouraged to tell her of my secret anxiety about being laid up here, where I feared I should give trouble, and asked her whether she did not think I might go home.

"Not home, dear," she said; "that would be too much for you,—railway journey and all,—but I think Miss Sedley and I might carry you off with us to her pretty cottage, and nurse you between us. There is nothing we are so fond of as nursing, I assure you. We have the close carriage here; and I really think Ellis, if you wrap her up in my plaid, we might get her to Rose Cottage without any risk. I will go and obtain Mrs. Marchant's consent, and return immediately."

My aunt was only too thankful to hand me over to such good hands; and in a few minutes, supported on either side by Lady Lettice and Ellis, I made my way to the carriage, and, ere long, found myself lying on the most comfortable of couches, in the prettiest of drawing-rooms, enjoying the fragrance of Miss Sedley's roses.

MOHAMMED AND THE KORAN.

BY JOHN PIGGOT, JUNR., F.S.A.

MORE than 100,000,000 of the human race believe in the creed of Islam, and therefore an examination of the founder of this religion and his book cannot be uninteresting. Missionaries find great difficulty in converting Moslems to the faith of the Gospel; but many of the countries which have been strongholds of Mohammedanism are on the decline. Persia, Turkey, Alexandria (which once had 100 mosques ever open), and Mecca, are cases in point, and we may therefore hope that it will eventually disappear before the ever-forward march of Christianity.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, in 570 A.D., and was the only son of Abdallah and Amina. His family was the most illustrious in the noble tribe of Koreish, and curiously enough, the name he received means *The Glorified.* Abu Taleb brought him up, as his father died shortly before his birth. The future prophet was present at two battles fought between the tribe of the Hawâzin and the Koreish in 585 and 586, the latter being defeated. It is actually doubtful if he could read or write, so that his education must have been much neglected. In one of the chapters of the Koran he calls himself "the illiterate prophet." Kadijah, a wealthy lady, employed him when about twenty-five years of age, as her mercantile agent. They soon after married, and the union was blessed by two sons and four daughters. He found great charms in solitude, and in the gorges and valleys round Mecca elaborated his after policy.

In A.D. 611, when Mohammed was about forty years of age, he proclaimed his doctrine, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his apostle." About this time a Christian Church was founded in London, and Bóniface IV. was Pope of Rome. He told Kadijah that the angel Gabriel taught him the words which now stand in the 96th *Sura* (or chapter) of the Koran:—

"Read, in the name of thy Lord, who hath created all things who hath created man of congealed blood. Read, by thy most beneficient Lord; who hath taught the use of the pen; who teacheth man that which he knoweth not."

Mohammed called his faith *Islam*, meaning resignation to the

will of God. He wished to put down idolatry, but met with a storm of abuse and indignation. Then people demanded miracles as a proof of his high mission; but he got over it by stating that the Koran was itself a miracle. But afterwards he proclaimed his famous night journey to heaven, known as *Isra*, whither he was conducted by the angel Gabriel.

Plots among the Koreish alarmed him, for they wished to put him to death. He fled from Mecca to Medina, and from this time (July 16, 622) commences the era of the Hegira. At Medina he was received with great rejoicing, and assumed the offices of king and priest. He married the beautiful Ayesha, but had many other wives as well. Two years after this he defeated the Koreish in the famous battle of Bedr. Letters were sent to various sovereign princes sealed with his signet, having these words in three lines:—

"MOHAMMED,
APOSTLE
OF GOD."

In 630 he gained possession of Mecca, and destroyed 360 idols on the Kaaba. The whole of Arabia was soon after conquered, and he then began a war with the Roman empire; but though believed to be immortal, he caught a fever, and died, June 7, 632, at Medina, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Mohammed had great personal beauty, and lived very abstemiously, dates and water being often his only food. His ignorance of reading and writing must have been a great drawback to him. He, however, studied the book of nature, and by frankness and courtesy, added to his commanding presence, gained many converts.

From the pilgrims of Mecca he could obtain information of the political state and character of the then known world. Mr. Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," says (chap. 50), "The Prophet of Mecca rejected the worship of idols and men, of stars and planets, on the rational principle that whatever rises must set, that whatever is born must die, that whatever is corruptible must decay and perish. In the author of the universe, his rational enthusiasm confessed and adored an infinite and eternal being, without form or place, without issue or similitude, present to our most secret thoughts, existing by the necessity of his own nature, and deriving from himself all moral and intellectual perfection. These sublime truths thus announced in the lan-

guage of the prophet, are firmly held by his disciples, and defin with metaphysical precision by the interpreters of the Koran.

The Koran is composed of various traditions and revelatio a great many of which are founded on the Bible and Talmud. For some time they were preserved orally, or writ on palm-leaves; but Abubeker, Mohammed's friend and s cessor, collected and published them two years after his de The work is divided into 114 chapters of unequal length.

The Caliph Othman revised the Koran A.D. 652. A capi edition with notes was published by Sali, in the eightee century. A. Sprenger, four years ago, published at Berlin important work on the life and doctrine of the prophet.

The Koran recognised previous prophets, as Adam, No Abraham, and Moses. We have accounts of the ang Gabriel and Michael, the flood of Noah, Sodom and Gomorr the guilt of Pharaoh, and the plagues of Egypt, the acts Moses, and David and Goliath. Many of these are distort but still they are there. Of our Lord, Mohammed says,—

"Verily, Christ Jesus, the son of Mary, is the apostle of G and his word which he conveyed unto Mary, and a Spi proceeding from him: honourable in this world, and in t world to come; and one of those who approach near to t presence of God."

Gibbon thinks that the Latin Christians did not hesitate borrow from the Koran the dogma of the immaculate concepti of the Virgin. The Koran seems to hint that a criminal w substituted for our Lord on the cross, and that the innoc saint was translated to the seventh heaven. A copy of t Koran in a volume of silk and gems, we are informed, w brought down to the lowest heaven by the angel Gabriel. T prophet promises a Paraclete or Comforter, which is clearly t doctrine of the coming of the Holy Ghost. The Orien imagery may to us seem absurd, and certain it is that beauties are frequently lost in translation. Before consider further the doctrines of the Koran, we may observe that *Sonna*, or supplement to that book, was collected and published Al Bochari, 200 years after the Hegira. The editor must h had some difficulty in selecting 7,275 genuine traditions out a mass of 300,000 reports. Its general tendency is to mitig the sternness of the Mohammedan creed, and adapt it to a l state of things. According to some writers, Mohamm worked 3,000 miracles, and Maracci has taken the trouble

t great length. Nothing seems too wonderful for
to believe. His greatest miracle, which we have
ned, was his journey to heaven, when he approached
w-shots of the throne, and felt a cold that pierced
art: when his shoulder was touched by the hand
Diety commanded him to impose on his followers
per diem, but the number was reduced to five.
equired to be frequently washed; but the sand of
as allowed to be used instead. The devout
turns himself towards Mecca when he prays,—
es indifferently in his chamber or the street.
declared that he would allow no monks in his
gh he instituted a fast of thirty days yearly, in
out followers abstained from all pleasure, and, as
, from eating and drinking. No wine was allowed
t any time, though many of his followers found
over the prohibition. A tenth of the income of
o be bestowed in alms, as a strict duty.
t does not pretend to determine the day of the last
ugh he gives various signs which may be expected
considers body and soul will be re-united, and
very man who believes in God and accomplishes
ay expect in the last day a favourable sentence.
unished according to their errors, and the lowest
d for the faithless hypocrites who have assumed
eligion. All his disciples are to be saved from
tion; but many will have to undergo a term of
ore entering into paradise. The Arabian prophet
re of the sensual delights of paradise. Seventy-
black-eyed girls, will be created for each believer;
well in sumptuous palaces, clad in robes of silk,
ishes of gold, and quaffing rich wines. Passages
ted in behalf of toleration, which we should hardly
in the work of one who pushed his religion at
he sword. He began by moderation; but when
wer, a fierce and sanguinary tone appears in his
some instances, however, he spared a prostrate
always most just in the distribution of the spoil,
ch was always devoted to charitable uses. "The
the prophet, "is the key of heaven and of hell; a
shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms,
ail than two months of fasting or prayer. Who-

soever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven; at the day of jud ment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermillion, a odoriferous as musk: and the loss of his limbs shall be suppli by the wings of angels and cherubim."

Enthusiasm was kindled at the thoughts of the paradise whi awaited the warrior, and we cannot wonder at the courage th displayed. The Koran inculcates the tenets of fate and p destination. It must be admitted that in the conquest of Mec the prophet showed great mercy. He first concluded a tru for ten years, and only asked for three days to accomplish t rites of the pilgrimage. But when he had gained over t Arabian tribes, he said that the truce had been violated, a entered the city in such force, that resistance was useless, a Mecca was at his mercy. He pardoned the chiefs of the Koreis and only twenty-eight of the inhabitants were slain by the swo of Caled. Thus Mohammed, after some years' exile, w enthroned prince and prophet of his native country. A fe among the Arabian tribes, however, would not embrace his faitl and marching against them, he nearly suffered a defeat in th valley of Horrain, owing to the rashness of his followers. He however, the prophet succeeded in recalling his flying troops, an when a victory was the consequence, took a merciless revenge on hi enemies. He attempted, but without success, to take the fortres of Tayef, and retreated after twenty days' siege. A short tim after, the fortress submitted, dreading another siege. One hun dred and fourteen thousand persons accompanied the last pil grimage of Mohammed.

In his latter years the health of the prophet declined, and h thought he had been poisoned at Chaibar by the revenge of Jewish female. He showed great humility and patienc Ascending a pulpit, he said, "If there be any man whom I hav unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retali tion. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Mussulman? l him proclaim *my* faults in the face of the congregation. H any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I posse shall compensate the principal and interest of the debt."

A man called out from the crowd, "I am entitled to thr drams of silver."

Mohammed satisfied his demand, thanking him for accusi him in this world, rather than at the day of judgment. Befo his death he enfranchised his slaves, (seventeen men and elev women).

According to Gibbon, he uttered these words in a broken voice, just previous to his dissolution, "O God! . . . . pardon my sins . . . . Yes . . . . I come . . . . among my fellow-citizens on high."

Though many of his followers, thinking him immortal, would not believe in his death, Abubeker reminded them that the God of Mohammed liveth for ever, and not his prophet, who had himself predicted his own death. Medina was sanctified by the death and burial of the apostle.

Gibbon discusses at some length the question, "Was Mohammed an enthusiast or impostor?" He observes that the energy of a mind incessantly bent on the same object would convert a general obligation into a particular call; and from enthusiasm to imposture the step is perilous and easy. The character of Mohammed must have been stained by his acts of fraud and cruelty, and in his later years ambition was his ruling passion. He had seventeen wives, though his followers were only allowed four each. His five sons died in infancy, though his four daughters were married to the most faithful of his disciples.

Voltaire detested Mohammed, for he disliked religious enthusiasm of any kind, and in his tragedy his statements are very unfair. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. E. A. Freeman seem to have fallen into the opposite error of being too favourable. Möhler says very properly, "I maintain, that if one admits the possibility of any man's being able to give out his own individual religious impressions, ideas, and thoughts without suspicion, for divine inspirations, I cannot perceive the impossibility of his considering God also to be the author of all his other inward impulses." We cannot regard him as a mere impostor. He rejected wealth and chieftainship. Mr. Foster, author of "Mohammedanism Unveiled," thinks the prophet was descended from Ishmael.

Mohammed himself gave out that it was so; and this was greatly in his favour, as all the Arabs venerated Ishmael. The probable causes of his success appear to have been the state of Arabia at the time; the elegance and purity of the Arabic diction of the Koran; the vigour of the author's mind, and the sensual paradise he promised to his followers. Mohammed accused the Jews and Christians of corrupting the text of the sacred books, which, he maintained, contained passages which foretold him. Paradise is promised to women who believe and

do aright, (chapters 3 and 14). There are about 225 contradic tions in the Koran; but this is according to the spirit of th book, "Whatsoever verse we shall abrogate, or cause thee t forget, we will bring a better than it, or one like unto it."

We have mentioned the *Sonna* commentary of the Koran there is a body of teachers called the *Ulema*, corresponding t divines in Christendom. This body decides on questions o faith, and their decision is called a *fetua*. One was publishe in 1839 against the famous Méhémet Ali.

The Koran elevates women to a certain extent, though the bligh upon their lot presses heavily upon the weaker sex in Moslen countries. They are not allowed to attend religious services i the mosques, and a devotional life is almost unknown. Ther is no religious ceremony of marriage. Divorce does not so ofte take place among the wealthy, as the wife's dowry must b restored. Mohammedanism recognises the principle of slavery which is a great blot upon its character. But the prophet pu slaves under the protection of his creed. He taught that a master who chastises without cause ought to let that slave g free. Liberation of slaves is at all times a good work, and a female slave cannot be, against her will, separated from he child. Burton tells us that it is common for a Mohammedan slave to rise to the highest offices.

After the death of Mohammed, Ali, the son of Abu Taleb, wa the chief of the family of Hashem, and expected to take th place of the prophet. But as he was not acceptable to many Abubeker was obeyed in Medina, Mecca, and the provinces o Arabia; but the Hashemites declined the oath of fidelit though Ali afterwards submitted. Abubeker bequeathed th sceptre to Omar, who died by the hand of an assassin, an Othman, the secretary of Mohammed, succeeded him. But aft him, Ali had the proud position he so much coveted. T Persians are now called Shiites, or sectaries, and believe that Mohammed was the apostle of God, Ali was God's vice They execrate the three usurpers who deprived Ali for a time the dignity. The Turks are called *Sonnites*, or the orthodox, an hates the Shiites intensely. A great rebellion was organise against Ali; but he defeated the rebels under the walls Bassora. The widow of Mohammed (Ayesha) was prese among the rebels, and was removed after the battle to the tom *of her lord*. Ali then marched against Moawiyah, the son *Abu Sophian*; but was obliged to yield to a disgraceful truc

owing to the disobedience of his troops, and soon after he was stabbed by an assassin. The Persians still visit his tomb in great numbers. Yazid, son of Moawiyah, was proclaimed Commander of the Faithful. Hosein, the son of Ali, disputed his claim; but venturing across the desert with a small retinue, he was surrounded and killed. The Persians celebrate with sorrow, annually, a festival to his honour, and visit his sepulchre. The twelve *Imams*, or pontiffs of the Persian creed, are Ali, Hassan, Hosein, and the lineal descendants of Hosein to the ninth generation. The twelfth and last, called *Mihadi*, or the guide, concealed himself in a cavern near Bagdad, and the Moslems maintain that he still lives.

In two or three centuries, says Gibbon, the posterity of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed, had multiplied to the number of 33,000. In the Ottoman empire the descendants of the prophet and Ali are distinguished by a green turban. A branch of the family still retains the custody of the temple.

The famous victory over the Saracens gained by Charles Martel, between Tours and Poitiers in A.D. 732, alone saved Christendom from utter ruin. The monarchs of Turkey and Persia were among the most absolute on earth; their power over life and death was unlimited; for from 1370 to 1789, *i.e.*, for 419 years, Turkey saw 138 viziers, of whom a large portion fell by the hand of the executioner. Aba-Moslem, who established the Abbassides in the Caliphate (A.D. 750), killed 100,000 persons to consolidate the new dynasty; and the death of the famous Hossein was revenged by the execution of 48,000 men. In Persia, during nine centuries (from the ninth to the fourteenth) fourteen dynasties reigned; so that the Moslem dynasties have been the most unstable in the world.

Many of the Shiites visit Medina now, and endanger their lives by muttering curses at the tombs of the three usurping caliphs. The Sonnites are again divided into four sects, Hanefites, Malefites, Shafeites, and Houbalites. Other sects have arisen, from inclination in some Moslems, towards Buddism. In the tenth century a sect called the Wahabees arose, and may be called the Puritans of Mohammedanism. They objected to venerate Mohammed and others as intercessors; Mecca and Medina fell into their hands; but the Pasha of Egypt put them down.

With this evidence, we may well wonder how Spinoza could assert that the Mohammedan communion had no known schisms.

Mohammed, before his death, reinstated the vague old lunar calendar of Arabia. All have heard of the destruction of the Alexandrian library; but after a time literature was abundantly patronized. The Arabs have at all times excelled in poetry. The Arabic numerals were of course introduced by them; and *al*gebra and *al*chemy by their prefixes betray their origin.

In all branches of art except architecture they produced nothing. The Koran prohibited images, and so we have no sculpture. The prophet was at all times anxious to avoid idolatry, and we have seen how he destroyed the idols of the Kaaba at Mecca.

As regards their architecture, we have only to mention the Alhambra in Spain to show how they excelled. It is in Granada, which city was founded by Mohammed Ibuu-l-Ahmar in the year of the Hegira 634, *i.e.*, 1236 A.D. Granada derives its name from the resemblance which its position bears to a ripe pomegranate (*granatum*). Out of the city rises as it were another city, called the Alhambra, though correctly speaking it should be Alhamrā, a corruption perhaps of Alhamar, the Arabian tribe from which its founder was descended. By the modern Spaniards it is called La Sierra del Sol, or Mountain of the Sun. It is also called the Alcazar, (from the Arabic Al Cayçar, *of Cæsar*) because Julius Cæsar conferred upon one of their tribes the exclusive privilege of trading in silk.

This fortress and palace was founded by Mohammed Abu Abdillah Ben Naor, the second sovereign of Granada. Great additions were made by his son and grandson; the latter erected a beautiful mosque, decorated with mosaics, its roof being supported by large pillars beautifully wrought, the capitals and bases being of silver. But Yusuf Ben Ishmael Ben Pharagi put the finishing touches to it. He reigned from 1331 to 1354 A.D. The Rev. Hartwell Horne says that though the Arabs were unacquainted with perspective, yet their architectural scenery is truly picturesque, and was calculated to make a small building appear larger than it really is. The courts are so planned as to seem a continuation of the series of apartments, the whole being on the same level plane throughout. The halls were adorned with the simple productions of nature, instead of the costly works of classic art. In every part water was employed in every variety of form. The door was very large, and the windows generally looked on to the interior of the palace. One of the inscriptions says, "My windows admit the light, and

exclude the view of external objects, lest the beauties of nature should divert your attention from the beauties of my work." All are familiar with the exquisite-coloured arabesques which covered the walls by the admirable restorations of Mr. Owen Jones in the Crystal Palace. This is now being re-decorated after the destructive fire. Pedraza, the Granadian antiquary, observes that "no monarch, whether Christian or infidel, ever possessed a more magnificent apartment than that called the Hall of Ambassadors." The domes of the Hall of the Two Sisters are wonderful examples of construction. No part has been pushed out of its place.

The city and fortress was captured in 1492, by Ferdinand and sabella; but the Moors still every Friday offer up their prayers for the recovery of their terrestrial paradise.

It is curious that this creed has no traces of sacrifice properly so called. There is no union between man and his Maker; nothing to interpose between our fallen nature and the purity of an offended God. It is curious that Jews, Sabians, and Christians in the Koran are placed on a level, and assured of salvation if obedient to their respective creeds. But a contradiction to this soon follows in the passage: "Whoever followeth any other religion than Islam, it shall not be accepted of him, and in the next life he shall be of those who perish."

In the early part of his career, Mohammed seemed to consider Christianity as a religion of co-ordinate authority with that which he taught; but this he seems to have altered. We may perhaps admit with Dante, that the amount of truth contained in Mohammedanism renders it more like an heresy than an absolutely false religion; but the gulph between it and Christianity is greater than is generally admitted. It has no sympathy with progress, and the highest forms of civilization. (See White's Bampton Lectures, Oxford.) Mohammedanism checked the heresy of Paulicanism, which "violated the unity of God, the first article of nature and revealed religion;" and has also done other good service, so that we may hope that it has had its special task in the hands of Providence, and will ere long pale and wither, having prepared the way for the great triumph of Christianity.

MEDITATION FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION

BY THE REV. ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK, M.A.

O HOLY Jesu, Prince of Peace,
Thy peace be with us gathering round Thy Board,
Where the dread presence of an unseen Lord
Waits to be gracious, charged with full release
To every heavy-laden soul
Which here remembers Thee.

Once more, as in that Upper Room,
Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,
Thou Whose dear voice to every sorrowing friend
Spoke the great promise through the deepening gloom,
To-day, Thou, Master of the Feast,
Bidd'st us remember Thee!

And e'en as in our hands we take
This broken Bread, this precious Cup of love,
Thy dying Testament, which from above
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make
A fount of Grace and Life to all,—
We do remember Thee!

When, stung by thoughts of sin and shame,
We scarce can dare to meet our Father's look,
Through these Thy signs we know that not rebuke
But pardoning love is ours, as in Thy Name
We now present ourselves, and here
O Christ, remember Thee.

Ours is the bond of love divine
Which knits us each to all, and all to each,
That love whose ever-lengthening cords can reach
From the white choir around Thy heavenly shrine
To those who come in faith to-day
Here to remember Thee.

Thy Banquet over, as we go,
Strong in the strength of this celestial Meat,
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,
To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,
Abide with us, O Lord, that still
We may remember Thee.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poems. By the late WILLIAM LEIGHTON. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON, whose poems in this little book are full of abundant promise, closed his short career, at the early age of twenty-eight, only last spring. Had longer life been granted to him, we cannot doubt that he would have made a name for himself among the poets of our day. Sweetness, tenderness, and strength, together with a passionate love of nature, are the special characteristics of his verse. Some of the poems before us have already appeared in this Magazine, and are well known to our readers. The last poem Mr. Leighton wrote, entitled "At Death's Door," we give in full:—

"And so the fitful dream is almost over,
And no to-morrow will arise for me!
My spirit ebbs with the low lapsing sun,
And ere the last faint streak of lustrous grey
Is swallowed up of shadow, life must fail,
And darkness shall be my inheritance.
So be it: I can calmly welcome now
The slow up-creeping of the solemn waves
That come to wash me from the bank of time.

"Yet I have wept and murmured at my doom.
It is so sad to fall in the mid-race,
And watch my fellows all go sweeping by
To win the laurels that I dreamed might wreathe
In cooling circlet round my feverish brow:
A vain ambition, yet the sweetener
Of many a hard day's heavy-thoughted toil.

"Ah me! the hours have perished when my heart
Throbbed thick to the still music of its joy;
And my strong soul, rejoicing in its strength,
Stood on the golden threshold of the morn,
And heard the morning breezes whisper low
The promises of a long prosperous day.
I longed to flood the universe with song.
To song I gave myself, e'en as a maid
Yields all her being up to him she loves.
Nature stored all her riches in my heart,
To spring in flowers of song through aftertime.
The woods had secrets for my special ears,

The waves a melody none else could learn,
The dawn crept through me like a life renewed,
The painted clouds of sunset bore my soul
To spheres untrodden by the foot of man,
And in the lonely night the stars looked down
With wondrous revelations in their gaze.
Now all is over, and I pass away,
My cherished dreams of glory unfulfilled,
The splendours that I longed to weave unwoven,
And my great purposes gulped like a wreck
Whose scattered fragments, cast upon the shore,
But serve to hint of all the wealth that lies
Down in the silence of the ocean deeps.

"Yet might I, like the swan, whose death-hour finds
The mid-heart of all music, pour my soul
In one wild gush of intense melody,
So that throughout all time to come the world
Might hang in breathless worship on the echo
Of my last words, then it were sweet to die.

"O Poesy! my mother, lover, friend,
My hope, my joy, my treasure, and my god;
Could I but raise one little shrine to thee
On which might rest a shadow of the light
That dwells within thy deep and holy eyes,
Then gladly would I draw around my frame
The inky cloak of death, and take my way
To the cold region where corruption sits,
And darkness finds an everlasting home.

"In vain, in vain! Yet wherefore should I weep
To leave this shadowy region's dusky marge
When brighter prospects beckon me away?
For there are other, higher worlds than this,
In which our quenchless lives at length may reach
Perfection's tireless manhood, in a sphere
Where failure never waits on fearless work,
But all the song that strove for utterance here,
And all the thoughts whose travail brought no birth,
Linked to the sweetness of a purer air,
Wed to the language of a nobler tongue,
Rich with a beauty past all mortal dreams,
May, breaking from the heart, bathe every star,
And be the music of Eternity!

"Behold, the sun has bid the land good night,
And mortals hail him in another world.
Like him, my setting hour has come, and soon
Immortal dwellers on a far-off shore
Will give me greeting to their airy home.
I hear the murmur of ten thousand seas,
I see the glimmer of angelic wings,
I feel a slumb'rous peace,—can this be death?

he Witness of the Spirit. Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By JOHN JACKSON, D.D., Bishop of London. Third Edition. London: W. Skeffington, Piccadilly. 1870.

VHEN a volume of sermons—sermons generally are dolefully dull—eaches a third edition, there can be no need to speak in its praise. Bishop Jackson's style is earnest, forcible, and practical, and his ermons therefore are sure to be useful. How absolutely true are the ollowing striking words from the last sermon in the volume in regard o the danger of controversy!—

"Faith is clogged by the panoply in which it fights. And men may argue for he Trinity till their love for the triune God has grown cold, and defend the atonement till the cross of Christ has well-nigh ceased to be a motive, support the octrine of holy Baptism till their keen sense is lost of the privileges and duties of child of God, or dispute about the Real Presence till the penitent's faith is dulled, y which alone the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and eceived in the Lord's Supper."—P. 213.

We commend these weighty words to those persons in the Church specially who are so fond of writing to party and penny newspapers, n the hope of stirring up strife and keeping alive division and lisunion.

The Ritual of the Altar: containing the Office of Holy Communion, with Rubrical Directions, Private Prayer, and Ritual Music; according to the Use of the Church of England. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1870.

WE know not what could have induced Mr. O. Shipley to put on the title-page of his Roman manual "according to the use of the Church of England," for anything more absolutely misleading could not have been written. The whole book is a poor, pitiful imitation and adaptation of the Roman missal. It is very difficult to believe that any clergyman belonging to the Reformed Church of England could dare to write such profane nonsense as the following from the preface:—

"It may be well to draw attention to the rubrics which are to guide the celebrant on the positions he is to assume; on the times and manner in which he must genuflect; as to the reverences in the several degrees of bowing down he is to make; as to when and how he is to use the sign of the holy Cross, both on himself and otherwise; in the tones of voice he is to adopt, especially the way of pronouncing the sacred words of consecration; as to when, after the example of his Lord, he should raise his eyes to heaven, or in other ways use the organs of sight; and on the manual acts at the altar, both with reference to the juncture of the thumb and forefinger of either hand after contact with the sacred Host; and also on the position of those members in each successive stage of the awful sacrifice, which are so proverbially difficult to deal with—the hands."—Pp. xxix. xxx.

There is no need to go beyond the preface in order to characterize

Mr. Shipley's manual as an utter contradiction, both in spirit an letter, of the doctrine of the Church of England, within whose pal at present unfortunately Mr. Shipley claims to be reckoned. If tithe of the views propounded were to be admitted as even reasonabl then the Reformation was a grievous blunder, and the blood of tho noble confessors, Ridley, Cranmer, and Latimer, flowed forth in vain

Notes on Fasting. By A LAYMAN. London: Houlston & Son 1870.

WITHIN a very small compass our "Layman" has managed to brin together a good many facts and arguments in favour of the almo neglected duty of fasting. That this tractate is written with co siderable earnestness and common sense the following extract wi abundantly prove :—

"In the tables at the beginning of the Prayer Book we find 'A Table of th Vigils, Fasts, and Days of Abstinence *to be observed* during the year.' Why was i placed there if the days were to be passed over unnoticed? Turn to the service fo Ash Wednesday, and hear the words of the Jewish prophet echoed by the Churc as a summons to sanctify the Lenten fast: see, too, the Lord's directions as t fasting reiterated on the threshold of the forty days. She bids us appeal to th Lord, who for our sakes fasted, to give us grace to use due abstinence: how dar her children take her holy words into their mouths, and, as in mockery, return t their daily luxury? How dare they pray, 'Be favourable to Thy people, who tur to Thee with weeping, fasting, and praying,' while they refuse to obey the voic which calls them to true repentance, evidenced by dutiful obedience and works c love.

"'But yet,' objectors say, 'our religion is spiritual. We need but to fast fro sin.' Is England, then, a country so pre-eminent for her spirituality that sh should be free from the yoke to which every other Christian land bows the neck Does she fast spiritually from all evil, from pride, and from the covetousness whic is idolatry? Are we free from selfishness, and self-indulgence, and sloth, not t speak of deeper, grosser sins? Are even these unknown among us? Are not th others the crying evils of the age? Dare we, then, say that we need no outwa discipline, no aid to a higher life? Dare we say that we are more 'spiritual' th those who counted all things as loss for Christ, and who were pure and holy in th midst of a rottenness and decay like that of the Roman empire—more spiritu than the great apostle of the Gentiles, who used this very discipline lest even should be a castaway—more spiritual (God forgive it!) than the very Son of G himself, who deigned to suffer the chastisement of fasting, for the sake of nature which He wore? Who are we, that we should despise the discipline which martyrs nerved themselves for their last struggle, and confessors won th superhuman fortitude? by which the blessed army of saints were cleansed from pollution and weakness of sin, and won their heavenly crowns? But now we around, and where are the saints? Noble men and true there are, thank God, is not our standard low? is not personal holiness rare? Where is the love o John, the passionate devotion of the Magdalene? where the earnestness o Paul, the fiery zeal of St. Peter?"—Pp. 12—14.

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & Family Treasury.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

ST. CUTHBERT'S PORCH.

At Midsummer the Montresors removed into their new house. It was a very pretty little house when it was all furnished and finished, thanks to Molly's exertions. Jenny came and helped her to put it to rights, or rather endeavoured to help her, by getting herself into a frightful mess; and Tom came too, and took off his coat, and industriously hauled the furniture up-stairs and down, and hung the pictures, and sawed and hammered, and made himself useful to the best of his power. He saved little Molly many a headache and backache, and many a shilling and sixpence that she could ill have spared. And he brightened Mrs. Montresor with his cheerful activity, and roused even Nella to life and hope. Nella, seeing in him a way of escape from teaching and house-work and poverty in general, began to cultivate a pleasant and amiable demeanour, and treated him in particular with great gentleness and consideration,—insomuch that he found it difficult to abide by Jenny's prudent advice. He did abide by it, though, according to promise; and Jenny

was true to her part of the bargain, and served him well and honestly, though her dislike to his ladylove and her partiality for Molly increased every day.

The house was finished one warm afternoon, while Mrs. Montresor and Nella were refreshing themselves with a gossip with Dr. Meredith's maiden sister, a lady who had been very kind to them during Mr. Montresor's illness. Molly put the last tape into the last of the white blinds, and furnished the two little beds with fresh pillow-slips and sheets; and while she washed and brushed and changed her dress, Jenny set out the tea-table, and Tom arranged some pots of flowers, which he had begged leave to purchase, along the ledge of the window, and some bouquets from the Castlegate House gardens, wherever there was room for them. And then, when all was ready, Mrs. Montresor and Nella came in, and they all sat down to tea; chatting brightly and pleasantly together, under a sense of general rest and comfort, putting their trouble out of sight for the time. And Molly sighed with satisfaction to think that the first wrench was over, and had been borne by her mother and sister so much better than she could have expected.

But the bouquets faded, and the white blinds became dirty, and had to be washed and ironed at home. The weather grew very hot, and Mrs. Montresor fretted for her cool, spacious rooms, and her shady courtyard, and for a servant to wait upon her and relieve her dear children's labours. Nella, grown sick of life in a cottage, and the many inconveniences and privations that she had not been used to, had to turn her attention again to the school-keeping subject. Moreover, Tom had been sent away from Castlegate, on some business pretext, by his alarmed and indignant parents (who had been made aware of his attachment by the gossips of the town), and no longer came dangling after her, to be encouraged to propose. And she fell into a state of fractious discontent, varied with apathetic melancholy, which was enough to wear poor little Molly to skin and bone. It was some weeks before Molly could convince her of the necessity of losing no time in applying for pupils.

"To-morrow will do, won't it?" was her invariable answer, when, after the early dinner was cleared away, she was exhorted day after day to put on her bonnet and come out for that purpose; and it was not until Molly had remonstrated with most unusual plainness of speech that she was finally induced to exert herself in the matter. They set out at two o'clock on a lovely afternoon, and

made a round of calls on all their acquaintances who were likely to have, or to know of those who had, children of the right age, whose education was unprovided for. Molly plodded through the task bravely, though it was a hard task enough—far harder than even she had bargained for. The ignorance and ill-breeding of the leaders of the town society came out in the broadest light, to outrage all her sensitive instincts of pride and self-respect. Their purse-proud pomposity and superciliousness pierced like a venomous sting through her refined and dainty little soul, and made her quiver and writhe with the hidden pain. A few of them were kind and interested, but even these were affected by the dressmaker's cottage and Mary's discharge, and scarcely one of the whole number had any sort of appreciation of what a lady could think and feel. But she held her head up above it all, and never thought of being ashamed.

Nella, on the contrary, sat down and cried as soon as she found herself at home again, and railed at the hard fate which compelled them to "lower themselves," and to "disgrace their birth," and so on. She cried because Mrs. Smith (Isabella Masters that was) had pretended not to see her when they passed on the same pavement, and because Emily Carter had given her such a haughty and condescending nod. She cried over the projected day-school, because it was evidently destined to be composed of tradespeople's children, and would therefore be "low." She cried, in fact, over their poverty in general, as something shameful and ignominious, to be borne with blushes and a hanging head. Her pride and her sense of honour were of rather a vulgar stamp, and contrasted curiously with her sister's.

On the following afternoon Molly dressed and went out pupil hunting alone. Nella had had enough of it. She thought, she said, Molly could get on better without her, as she really didn't know how to talk to "that sort of people"—alluding to the mothers of humbler rank, on whom Molly had determined to call.

"You don't mind, do you?" she inquired, with a touch of compunction, as her sister opened the street door, and went out into the broiling midsummer sunshine with her grave and steadfast face. "Because if you do, I'll go."

"No," answered Molly, "I don't mind at all."

And she put up her parasol, and trotted off; and Nella sauntered back to the sitting-room sofa, and thought what a good thing it was to have so little feeling about those things.

Molly worked hard that afternoon, but found her work somewhat pleasanter than it had been on the preceding day. The people on whom she called were commonplace enough, and had queer ideas about learning and teaching and cultivation in general; moreover, they were painfully outspoken concerning her father's illness and death, and embarrassingly inquisitive about her family affairs. But they were cordial and sympathetic for the most part,—called her "my dear," and pressed her to take cake and wine, or to stay to tea, and, what was more to the purpose, promised her no less than five little pupils amongst them. Nella had countless admirers amongst the young clerks and shopmen of the community, but Molly was potent with the fathers and mothers. It was a good thing for her that she had come on her errand to them alone.

St. Cuthbert's clock was chiming half-past four when she put her card-case in her pocket, and brought her visitations to an end. She was tolerably satisfied with the result of her efforts, and indeed was most unfeignedly thankful for the help that had been given her; but she was tired and fagged and had a blinding headache, and was almost overwhelmed with the heat and dust. The chime came flowing like a cool wave down the street, and she instinctively turned to meet it. The old ivied tower was close at hand, and the green churchyard with its mossy stones, and the winding footpath under the trees, and the open porch-wicket, and the open doors—they seemed to call her to come in and rest.

At the gate she met the new organist, going home to his tea.

"Good evening, Miss Montresor," he said, lifting his hat. "Are you thinking of having a little practice?"

"I should like to, if I may," she replied, catching eagerly at the offer.

"Certainly you may," declared the organist, with great emphasis, as he produced the key of his instrument; "and any time you feel disposed, Miss Montresor. The key is always at your service."

She took it and thanked him, and he went his way; and then, with a devoted little bellows-blower at her heels, she climbed the familiar staircase, and sat down once more on her father's seat.

Somehow she could think of nothing to play but a certain funeral march of Mendelssohn's—full of the most pathetic minor notes that ever were written—"shadow-streaks of rain"

in a drear wintry landscape—notes that sobbed and cried, as from a living human heart, through the spacious stillness of the empty church. As she played, the tears stole into her eyes, and fell drop by drop upon her black dress. It was the first time she had touched the organ since her father's death, and the memory of him came back to her now, complete and beautiful—the inspired artist, the high-souled gentleman, the wise teacher and guide, the sympathetic companion, the father who had loved to make of himself a shield between her and all trouble and pain! She, too, began to sob aloud and cry, letting out the sorrow that had been pent up so long. She did not stop playing, she carried the melody through to the end, and then began it again, putting her own heart and soul into its passion and pathos, and blending her voice weirdly with its weeping notes. The sultry sun became overclouded, and a heavy darkness filled the church. The effigies of the old crusading Bedingfields, lying each on his altar-tomb in the side aisle of the chancel, seemed to melt away in the dense obscurity, and even the gilded pipes of the organ grew blurred and dim. And then a white streak of lightning flashed across her face, and a peal of thunder broke over her, drowning her music, and shaking her from head to foot as she sat.

She took her hands from the keyboard and stopped crying, and the little bellows-blower crept to her side.

"Are you afraid, Johnny?" she asked him, stroking his hair.

He said he was not at all afraid, but that he should like to run home to his mother, if he might. It was her washing day, and the lines in the back yard were full of linen, which she would want him to fetch into the house if it was going to rain.

She sent him off, and locked up the organ; and then, having reverently dusted the old music books, as she had been used to do in her father's time, stole down the stairs after him and into the porch.

Mr. Lepell was standing in the porch, looking out musingly upon the driving rain. He turned quickly as soon as he heard her step, took off his hat and bowed, and then shook hands, holding hers a second or two, while his keen eyes scanned her face.

"You can't go home yet," he said gently, as she would have hurried past him.

"I—I must, thank you. They will be waiting tea!"

"Not in this storm," he persisted. "You'd get wet through. Wait a little. It will soon pass over."

Then, as she paused and stood looking out upon the churchyard, with the colour mounting in her brown face, he asked her if she often came to St. Cuthbert's to practise.

"No," she replied. "This is the first time I have been since I used to come for my father." And the tears rushed into her eyes afresh.

"I have been wishing so much that I could have known your father," he went on, in a gentle, low tone—very different from the tone in which he was wont to address Miss Carter and her clique. "I had been hoping to get introduced to him when I came back this time. I—Mrs. Charteris and I—have thought of you a great deal in your trouble."

Molly thanked him confusedly, in gratified astonishment, and left off looking so anxiously at the rain.

"I lost my mother when I was about your age," he continued, "and she had been to me just such a friend and companion as I expect your father was to you. So I can understand what it is. I should have understood as soon as I came in and heard you playing, if I hadn't before."

"I didn't know you were there," she murmured, beginning to tremble very much. She caught the significance of the "your" and "you" in this speech, where the interest of the family was not even implied.

Then he talked of music, and the grand old masters, and of art and literature, and a variety of things,—talked like a well-bred, highly-educated gentleman, and as nobody had talked to her since her father's death. It was strangely comforting and refreshing, after the weary, prosaic, distasteful work of the afternoon.

St. Cuthbert's bells broke into their conversation at last, chiming half-past five. Molly started, grew suddenly hot and embarrassed, and gathered up her dress to go. The sun had come out again, and was shining clear on Mr. Lepell's haughty Greek brows and tawny moustache, and flooding the pavement on which he stood.

"It rains still," he said, looking up. And so it did, a little.

Oh, it's nothing!" she replied. "I must go now. I had no idea it was so late."

Without speaking he opened his umbrella, and held it over her, and she could find no words wherewith to explain to him

that she should take no harm without it. He walked with her all the way home, not offering his arm, but otherwise paying her the deference and attention that he paid to Mrs. Charteris under similar circumstances—exciting great astonishment and curiosity in the minds of those of the townspeople whom they chanced to meet. At the door of her humble dwelling he rapped and paused, evidently hoping he should be asked to walk in; but Molly was too proud and too humble to give him any such invitation. She turned round on the step and held out her hand, thanking him for his trouble and kindness; and he could only take it and say good-bye, and lift his hat, and pass on. Nella thought she must have enjoyed her intercourse with the tradespeople very much, she was so bright and busy all the rest of the day.

CHAPTER VII.

A MORNING CALL.

Molly fitted up her schoolroom, which had been the dressmaker's parlour, the smallest of the two small rooms on the ground-floor of the cottage; and opened her school, with seven little pupils, four girls and three boys, whose ages ranged from eight to fourteen years. Somehow, it was always supposed to be Molly's school, and Nella thought that grateful thanks were due to her for her kindness in taking a share of the teaching work, though the money was appropriated to the common needs of the family.

They worked together very well for a time. Molly did all the planning and organizing, and took all the drudgery; and Nella had only to superintend reading, and writing, and needlework, and the lighter and more ornamental studies, which required no great effort, either of mind or body. The pupils were nice little children, and the thing was a novelty; and Nella always flattered herself with the vague but comforting assurance that that sort of life, in her case, could not last long. When it had lasted a month, she was thoroughly sick of it; tired, and discontented, and cross. She grew captious with the children, and careless about their improvement; and they in their turn grew idle and disorderly, so much so, that a few complaints were made by their parents. Molly tried an exchange

of classes with her; and sometimes Mrs. Montresor came in and taught for an hour or two, while she prepared the dinner and attended to the housekeeping. But she had no interest in anything, and therefore did nothing well. She looked out anxiously for Tom Masters' return, but that important business which his father had entrusted to him had taken him abroad.

One afternoon, Molly was teaching alone in the schoolroom, feeling very hot and fagged, and thinking how much she should like a ramble in the lanes and woods of Bedingfield, thinking wearily of the dark-green tangled hedges, and the yellowing corn-fields, sprinkled with scarlet poppies, and the furzy heaths and cool plantations, full of ferns, and vetches, and Canterbury bells;—thinking how soft and scented the wind was, stealing in light puffs down the close little street; and how clear and blue the sky, of which she could only see a patch between the roofs and chimneys, through the small, low lattice by which she was sitting,—when a carriage drove up to the door. It drove up with a great thundering of hoofs and rattling of harness, and the children forgot entirely what they ought to have been doing, and jumped up in a body to look at it. Molly's first thought was that Mrs. Charteris had come to call; and she was distressed with the fear that Nella would receive her with her little airs and affectations, and, in her chronic anxiety not to lower herself, be conceited and presuming. But a glance at the splendour of the equipage, the gay livery of the servants, the showy but unsymmetrical proportions of the bright-coated chesnuts, convinced her that her visitor was not from Bedingfield. As she looked out, moreover, she saw Mrs. Charteris and Mr. Lepell ride by on the other side of the street. Mrs. Charteris was on a beautiful, delicate, satin-coated little mare, dark bay with black points, perfectly bred, perfectly appointed,—as like herself as any four-footed creature could be. She looked hard, and Mr. Lepell, from the back of his tall brown hunter, looked hard, at the grand display before the door of the little house; and then Molly saw them speak together, and saw the lady smile, and the sensitive colour rushed all over her face. Before she left the window she saw Mr. Lepell turn and look back, with his hand on the haunch of his horse, evidently interested in finding out to whom the carriage and chesnuts belonged. And then *she* smiled—a queer little smile of pleased contentment—which quickly gave way to a look of more than usual care and gravity.

A gay footman descended, hammered with the knocker as if he would hammer the house down, and then flung open the door of the carriage with a bang. To Molly's relief, she heard Nella's footstep in the little entry, and not her mother's. Looking out, she saw the stout figure of Mrs. Marshall stepping down to the pavement,—Mrs. Marshall, who had never been to see them before, that she remembered, own sister and own aunt though she was —no longer arrayed in her mourning of grey and scarlet, but in a mass of silk and millinery all the colours of the rainbow. What was the object of this visit? she wondered, and knitted her brows, and bit her lip, and grew very red and hot. Whatever it might be, she was quite sure that she should wish, when it was over, that it had not been paid.

She heard a great deal of talking and bustle in the hall—Mrs. Marshall in loud tones declaring the trouble her servants had had to find the house, and making enquiries after Mrs. Montresor's health; and Nella's softer voice, full of cheerful and gushing alacrity, begging her to walk in, and apologizing for the small space and general meanness of their abode. Molly had the sweetest and meekest temper in the world, but still she could have boxed Nella's ears freely at that moment for eating humble pie to her aunt.

She went back to her chair when the door of the sitting-room was closed, and the carriage had driven off at a slow pace down the street, and called the little girls up to show their needlework, and told the little boys to get their books to read. It wanted half an hour to the usual time of dismissal, and she did not mean to leave the schoolroom until the half hour was up. She did not mean to leave it at all, for that matter, while Mrs. Marshall was in the house—unless she was particularly requested to do so.

The little girls sewed on, looking up eagerly every time the gay carriage passed the window in its crawl up and down the street; and the little boys read, applying themselves to the history of King Richard the lion-hearted, as well as circumstances would allow them. Molly tried conscientiously to attend to their proceedings with her usual anxious vigilance, but all the time her ears were strained to catch every sound and movement from the sitting-room. For twenty minutes she heard only the buzz of rapid conversation, in which Mrs. Marshall's voice was distinct and conspicuous—interrupted once or twice by a plaintive sob from Mrs. Montresor. Then

the door was opened, and all three came out into the tiny entry.

"So I shall see you at Bedford Lodge next week at the latest," she heard her aunt say. "Don't keep me waiting longer,—I shall be quite lost until you come."

This little speech made her open mouth and eyes in astonish ment, and colour up again to the roots of her hair. Mr Marshall had invited either her mother or Nella, or all three of them, to go and see her! and had said she really should be lost until they came! Wonders would never cease, she declar to herself, ironically. And then her face grew gentle and so and she told herself her aunt was a kind-hearted woman, a that she was glad, for her mother's sake, she had sought the out.

The carriage clattered up, Mrs. Montresor and Elinor bo accompanied their visitor to the door, helped her to seat herse and arrange her gorgeous draperies, and saw her drive o Then they went back, and shut themselves into the sitting-roo again,—Nella talking volubly. The little girls in the scho room folded up their work, and the little boys put away th books. Molly set down their respective good and bad mar and dismissed them; and then went to find out what had be going on.

She discovered her mother on the sofa, crying in a dolef desultory way, and maundering about the happy days when s and Selina were at home together, and had everything common, and all they could want or wish for. Evidently t sudden demonstration of Selina's prosperity, as contrasted w her own humble and indigent circumstances, was too much her fortitude. Nella was standing by the table, trying to g her attention for another side of the subject, but apparen with small success. She had a bright colour in her fair fa and looked a little excited; but she abruptly stopped talking soon as the door opened.

"Well, so you've had aunt Marshall to see you," Mo began, glancing from one to the other. "What did she co for?"

"Just to insult me, I think," moaned Mrs. Montresor, w a fresh gush of tears. "As if I can help being poor, a keeping no servant! I wish she knew what it was! And d mother used to make her wait upon me, and I never knew w it was to soil my hands? Did you ever see such a carri

Molly?—and gold lace on the servants' hats!—and her dress must have cost a guinea a yard at the very least! And she said she wondered how I breathe in such a room as this; and that she supposed I had always been used to little rooms! You know what a lovely size our drawing-room was, Molly? And she asked if I had any soda-water and sherry in the house, because she was thirsty; and you know, Molly, we havn't a drop!"

When she came to a pause, Nella took up the cudgels in her aunt's defence, declared she was very kind and considerate indeed, and that it was only her manner that was brusque and blunt. She was sure her proposal was a most generous one.

"I heard her say something about our visiting her at Bedford Lodge," said Molly, with heightened colour. "Is that the generous proposal you are alluding to, Nella?"

"You did not hear right. She did not ask us to visit her exactly," replied Nella, looking down, and colouring in her turn. "There would be no generosity in that, of course. She asked me if I would go and live with her entirely."

"Entirely!" echoed Molly, aghast. "Do you mean she wants to adopt you?"

"No, she wants her to be her companion," Mrs. Montresor explained, with real bitterness in her plaintive voice. "That poor wretched Miss Hughes is worked up, and has been sent away, and she wants Nella to go and be a sort of upper servant, and slave day and night, in her place. Everybody knows Miss Hughes was a perfect slave!"

"Miss Hughes and I are two very different people," said Nella, tragically, drawing herself up. "Miss Hughes *was* a sort of upper servant. She was a petty tradesman's daughter, and she was hired to make herself generally useful. *I* am Mrs. Marshall's niece."

"And you said you would go?" inquired Molly, gravely, with her heart beating very fast.

"Well, dear, I felt it my duty to say so," said Nella. "At first, I thought I couldn't leave you and mamma; but then again I reflected how much it would ease and relieve you in many ways. Of course, one less will make a very great difference in the housekeeping expenses."

"You needn't go for that," said Molly. "We don't want to be relieved, mamma and I,—not in that way."

"And how will Molly manage the school all by herself?" Mrs. Montresor urged. "She'll be fagged to death."

"Why, really, mamma, there is not work for two, with those few little things. And Molly is not likely to have many more."

"Oh, the school is no matter," Molly declared, with a heavy, hurried sigh. "But I can't bear you to go to be snubbed, and pitied, and sat upon, and to be made a poor relation of, by a woman like aunt Marshall, and by people like her friends. I couldn't stand it myself," she added, vehemently. "It would break my heart."

"We mustn't be proud in these days," responded Nella, smiling complacently. "And besides, dear, my position in aunt's house will naturally be that of a daughter. People can hardly treat me like a poor relation when I am the nearest, except mamma, that she has; and when I may be—perhaps, no one can tell—chosen, in place of a child of her own, to succeed to her property."

Mrs. Montresor caught at this new view of the case, and veered round instantaneously. Of course she ought to accept her aunt's offer. In all probability her aunt intended to do something for her in the shape of future provision. After all their experience of poverty, it would be most foolish and imprudent to throw away such an opportunity, &c., &c.

Molly bit her lip, and a great lump rose in her throat; and tears stood thick in her soft brown eyes. She stole away, on pretence of putting the kettle on for tea, and, sitting down by herself, laid her face on the palms of her hands, laid her head on her knees, and wept bitter tears of disappointment over her little hopes and plans. Home was almost Molly's world, and she could not bear that a bit of it should be taken away. She loved her sister with the love that only such natures can understand, and it grieved her sorely that she should wish to go.

However, when she had had her cry out, finding the thing was inevitable, she set to work, after Jenny's fashion, to make the best of it. Every hour she could snatch from her household and schoolroom duties was devoted to Nella's wardrobe and general preparations. She stitched her little fingers sore, sewing early and late. She rifled her drawers and boxes of their hoarded treasures,—bits of jewellery, ribbons and embroideries, little toilet elegancies of various kinds,—giving some, lending others for an indefinite period, saying that Nella would want them more than she. She exchanged with her a new umbrella for an old one; her best black silk for a light, flimsy one that was not wearable for mourning. She spared nothing

value that was her own to dispose of, and that she could do ithout. Nella was touched by her love and thoughtfulness hen the moment of parting came.

"Good-bye, Molly, my darling!" she exclaimed, with her eyes ll of tears. "I shall miss you and want you dreadfully! I all run home as often as ever I can get away, and when can't come I'll write."

She was driven off, not in Mrs Marshall's grand carriage, but n a fly hired for the occasion; and Molly stood on the doorstep nd looked after her up the street, wondering how she should ind heart enough to work on alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEDINGFIELD.

Life came rather hard to Molly for a few days. She felt lonely in her little room at night, and cried herself to sleep, and consequently awoke with a headache; and she found the pupils dull and tiresome, and the labour of teaching them almost more than she could manage single-handed. Mrs. Montresor, missing Nella in the sitting-room, was low-spirited and restless. And there was an accumulation of housework to get through. And the weather was oppressively hot.

Soon, however, things took a turn, and the little cottage beame more cheerful than it had been before. Molly shook erself up, and resolutely left off crying. She put her shoulder o the wheel, and restored the domestic machine to order. howers and cool winds came to refresh the earth, and seemed t the same time to restore her vigour of heart and brain for the ork she had to do. Mrs. Montresor began to haunt the choolroom, for company; and she undertook the supervision f some of the children's lighter studies, which proved a benefit o them both. And Molly opened a subscription at a circulatng library, and read to her mother in the lonely evenings—good ovels and books of travel, which took her mind out of her ottering life, and gave her new thoughts and ideas to interest her.

Left without Nella to help her to fret and worry, and with nly Molly's cheerful face and voice at hand, Mrs. Montresor's amentations over her numerous social troubles and deprivaions subsided day by day. She no longer pined for morning

callers, and for a servant to wait upon her and answer the door. She grew to enjoy the comfort and coziness with which Molly contrived to invest their humble household life. She even discovered advantages in their uninterrupted privacy, in the peace and leisure, and freedom of intercourse which their simple way secured to them. She became more thoughtful and motherly too, as the bond of confidence and mutual dependence grew closer and closer, and the home interests rose into fuller importance above the social interests which had engaged her mind so much. She was careful over Molly's health, even to the forgetting of her own; and she developed a talent for housewifely management on her behalf which was quite astonishing. The whole atmosphere of the little cottage grew more healthy and bright, and Molly seemed to blossom in it.

She came out of the schoolroom one afternoon, feeling rather tired and fagged, and, instead of being called on to attend to fifty domestic trifles, she was immediately told to put on her hat and refresh herself with a long walk.

"It's cooler in the Bedingfield woods than it is in the house," said Mrs. Montresor. "You just go and ramble about there as long as you like. We needn't have tea before six or seven. I'll get it ready."

"But I want to read 'Tom Brown' to you, mamma."

"Never mind 'Tom Brown.' He'll wait till the evening. Go and rest yourself, and get your head clear first. And mind—don't hurry yourself, my dear. A good walk will do you good."

Molly, easily persuaded, ran upstairs and dressed, tucked Jean Ingelow's poems into her pocket, armed herself with an umbrella, and set out.

She was happy that afternoon, to the very depths of her sensitive and poetic little soul. After the housework and the schoolwork, glorified though they were at times (like dust grains in the sunshine)—after the confinement of the little house and the hot and sordid street—to live and be alone in lanes and woods was so profoundly beautiful that it almost overcame her, so that she could have sat down and cried. It was a heavenly afternoon,—not too hot, though the harvest sky was without a cloud, and it wanted three hours to the sunset. Everything was looking lovely, in the first wane of its midsummer perfection, full of autumn rest and ripeness, and the fulfilment of promises, with that touch of decay upon it that is so solemnly

fair. She wandered away from the town into the old wildernesses of Bedingfield, which she had haunted from childhood—through ragged hedges, and fields, and lanes, sighing with satisfaction. Nothing seemed to escape her eyes, or failed to sow a seed of thought and beauty in her wakeful mind. The way the pink and white convolvolus netted up the hedges, full of glossy little privet and elder berries, and scarlet hips and haws—the way the pigeons clapped their soft wings over the stubble in the still and drowsy sunlight—the way the gossamer shimmered on the meadows, and the flowering water-reeds rustled and whispered over the lilies in the lonely little mere,—from the delicate beauty of minute mosses and lichens to the glory of colour kindling in the woods—from the effect of the light and shade faintly flickering and blending in the tawny branches of an aged elm to the blue of the harebells and the crimson of the fungi peeping up through russet fern-fronds at its wrinkled roots,—all was taken in and stored up for loving remembrance and meditation. She sat down when she was tired, and began to read, opening her book upon one of the most beautiful lyrics of faith and truth that ever were written, with a heart ready to understand and respond to it.

> "And canst thou of the Maker think in sooth,
> That of the made He shall be found at fault?"

These were the first words her eyes lighted upon. And she read the poem through from beginning to end, with its lovely illustrations all around her; and then she sat and mused in a sort of ecstasy of peace; and the sin and sordidness of the world seemed to fade and fade away from her, leaving only its wonderful beauty, grand and pure, before her eyes, for the Eternal Beauty to shine through.

She wandered home again, towards six o'clock, refreshed and contented, and ready for work.

Her mother met her at the door, with a face full of importance.

"My dear,—such a pity you went out! Who do you think has been to see us?"

"Who?" echoed Molly, tripping into the entry, and untying her hat, "Nella?"

"No, not Nella,—I wish Nella would come, I'm sure! Guess again. But you'd never guess," added Mrs. Montresor, triumphantly, "*so I'll tell you. Mrs.* Charteris and Mr. Lepell."

Molly did not look particularly astonished, but she coloured to the roots of her hair.

"What did they come for?" she asked quietly.

"Well, they came to know whether you would take Mrs. Charteris's little girl for a music pupil. But they made quite a favour of it, and were so friendly and nice. I had no idea Mrs. Charteris could be so pleasant."

"Does she wish her little girl to come into our schoolroom?" Molly enquired, reflecting on the proposal with considerable surprise.

"No, she would like you to go there, if you wouldn't mind, she says. I told her you were engaged till four, and she said any time between that and seven would do. Mr. Lepell said of course they would send a carriage for you."

"I don't want a carriage," replied Molly, bluntly, a little ruffled by the suggestion.

"But it was very kind of him to offer it," said Mrs. Montresor, essaying to stroke her feathers and doing it the wrong way. "In fact, he was most generous and considerate all through. He asked if you would bring your music and practise on their organ whenever you liked. They have a beautiful organ at Bedingfield, he says, which has just been put in order."

"It was Mrs. Charteris's place to make arrangements," said Molly, sitting down to the tea-table with a hot and troubled face.

"My dear, there were no arrangements made at all. Those things were mentioned in the way of friendly conversation. And Mrs. Charteris quite agreed with all he said."

"But when am I to go? How was the matter left?" inquired Molly, after a few moments' thought.

"Why, I told Mrs. Charteris you would go up to Bedingfield to-morrow, when school was over. And she said you and she would then settle things between you."

"They took it for granted that I should agree," said Molly. "No, they were afraid you wouldn't,—they thought you had too much work already. But I answered for you, dear, and said you would. For I knew it would be a nice rest and change for you more than anything else. They are not the people to put upon you,—they are so pleasant and kind; and I'm sure they mean to be friends."

Here Mrs. Montresor sat down to pour out the tea, and to give Molly at leisure and in comfort the smaller details of this important call.

"Mr. Lepell is certainly a perfect gentleman. He spoke of your dear father so respectfully, and I'm sure he behaved to me as if I were the queen. I only wish your aunt Selina could have seen how deferential and courteous he was. And Mrs. Charteris is lovely, Molly. Such a clear-cut, high-bred face!—like those your poor father used to sketch, when he was younger, all over his music scores. She looks proud and haughty at a distance, but she isn't so a bit when you come to talk to her. She was dressed quite simply, but everything she wore was as fine as possible, and she had some diamonds on her finger, Molly, as big as peas. They walked here, like any ordinary people, and they stayed ever so long. Mrs. Charteris seemed quite inclined to rest and chat, and Mr. Lepell looked at your ferns, and your drawings, and asked all sorts of questions. I believe they waited, hoping you would come in. Mr. Lepell admired old Bruce so! He said he was the finest deerhound he had ever seen. And I told him how he loved you, and how fond you were of Scotland. He sympathizes with you there, I assure you. He is Scottish-born himself," &c. &c.

To all which Molly listened with both ears.

On the following afternoon she dressed herself very carefully, and went to Bedingfield with a fluttering heart.

She had never before been actually within the quaint, quiet gardens, with their clipped alleys, and terraces, and balustrades, where sundials and peacocks still lingered as in bygone days; nor had she ever had so clear a view of the grand old house, dark, and mellow, and beautiful with age, with its richly-wrought crown of chimneys. But the fear of meeting Mr. Lepell took away all her enjoyment of them. She dreaded lest he should waylay her in those sunny gardens before she could reach Mrs. Charteris.

She alarmed herself for nothing, however. Mr. Lepell was quietly writing letters in his library. She reached the house without molestation from him or any one, and was admitted by a staid, gentle-speaking manservant, who conducted her straight to Mrs. Charteris's private sitting-room.

That room, under any other circumstances, would have absorbed her little artist's soul with delight. It was very large and long, and had a beautiful carved timber roof, and a heavy oriel window, latticed, and stained with heraldic devices,—such as she had never seen, except in engravings, before. It had also a magnificent stone battlemented chimney-piece, the aperture

whereof formed an enormous elliptical arch, above which, in sculptured compartments, were rows upon rows of armorial shields. The floor was of dark oak, like the roof, only partially covered with fringed Persian carpets. The furniture was luxurious to a degree in form and arrangement, but the coverings and draperies were only of fine, delicate chintz and dimity, fresh and clean, but devoid entirely of the customary splendour of Castlegate upholstery. There was a grand piano, books in abundance, flowers on the tables, and all sorts of lady's work, both homely and artistic, scattered about; and, in the cool space and tempered light, the picture was almost perfect to a cultivated eye. But, except a general impression of taste and beauty, Molly, on her first entrance, took in nothing. Her attention was rivetted upon Mrs. Charteris.

The lady was sitting on one of the large couches not far from the window, with a book and some needlework in her lap. She was rather small, yet very stately, with a clear, pale, haughty little face, full of the most refined and classic beauty that Molly had ever seen. Her hair was black and bright, and rolled in a sort of two-stranded cable closely round her head; her eyes were dark grey, keen and luminous, yet soft too, like Mr. Lepell's; her figure was graceful and girlish, though she was past thirty. She had on a white semi-transparent dress, with little goffered frills about it edged with Valenciennes lace, and on a black velvet ribbon round her neck a large golden locket, in which was shrined a curl of her dead husband's hair.

She rose to meet Molly when she entered the room, with all her stateliness in her slow step, but with the hauteur melted out of her face.

"Come and take off your bonnet," she said, kindly, after her first greeting. "You must be very tired and hot after your long walk in the sun." And she divested Molly of her out-door raiment, and put her in a huge armchair to get cool and comfortable; and then began to chat with her as if she had known her for years.

The Castlegate ladies would not have believed it!

She settled her little matter of business out of hand, with a lady's delicacy and consideration for even the smallest details; and then Molly had a happy time, that was like a dream to remember afterwards. Mrs. Charteris made her stay and have tea with her, and Mr. Lepell came to gossip with them the while. He showed her photographs of foreign cities, and hoards of relics

"Mrs. Charteris was sitting on one of the large couches not far from the window, with a book and some needlework in her lap."—*See page* 238.

[*The Touchstone.*

and antiquities; and he talked to her of books and travels, of art and history—waking interests and sympathies that had lain dormant since her father's death. And then she tried the piano and after that the great organ in the hall; and her brightened fancy gushed out at her finger ends, and flooded the hearts of her listeners as well as their ears. They made her very happy between them—made her forget that she was a stranger, and lonely, and poor.

Towards seven o'clock, when it was getting time for Mrs. Charteris to dress, she was allowed to take her leave. Mr. Lepell sauntered down the stairs, down the terrace, down the garden, and into the quiet lanes, by her side, and only said good-bye when they were on the outskirts of the town; and then she saw him standing and watching her, when a turn in the road enabled her to look back,—oblivious of the Bedingfield dinner-bell, clanging faintly in the distance.

CALVARY.

BY AUGUSTA C. HAYWARD.

(*From the German of Karl Gerok.*)

I HAVE passed on many a journey,
  Through many a landscape wide,
And have looked on many a valley
  From many a steep hill-side;
Yet better than all the mountains
  That ever on earth I see,
Is the still and peaceful memory
  Of the hill of Calvary.

It lifts no ice-crowned summits
  Into the cloudy air,
And no bright Alpine glaciers
  Gleam in the sunlight there;
Yet never is earth so distant,
  Or heaven so near to see,
As when I can look upon them
  From the hill of Calvary.

No crown of forest beauty
  On the bleak mount has stood;
No oaks wave high above it,
  No lofty cedar wood;
Yet all the kingly cedars
  That on Hermon's height I see,
Bend their proud heads in homage
  To the Cross on Calvary.

It has no earthly beauty,
  No wealth of earth to show;
No "pastures green" stretch round it,
  No silver streamlets flow;
Yet all earth's glory passes
  Unnoticed, when I see
The holy Presence near me
  Of the Cross of Calvary.

No brook, from moss-grown fountain,
  Drops there in crystal rain,
No stately river wanders
  Down to the level plain;—
Yet the Stream of Life eternal
  That floods the world I see,
It springs from the Cross's footstep,
  The Blood of Calvary.

No golden sunlight sparkles
  Upon that mountain-head;
The storm-clouds, black above it,
  Year after year are spread:
Yet when the brightest heaven
  Of Greece or Rome I see,
I long for the holy shadow
  That hangs o'er Calvary.

There the proud heathen, penitent,
  May smite upon his breast,
And there the sinner's death-pang
  May cease in Heaven's rest:
There sounds a strain of glory,
  And angel-harps I see,
For eternity repeats there
  The song of Calvary.

Haste there! O earthly wanderer,
  There shall thy rest be sweet;
Haste there! lay all thy burdens
  At the Sin-bearer's Feet:
Then go to tell, exulting,
  The joy that came to thee,
There, where the road to Paradise
  Leads over Calvary.

"THROUGH THE WARDS."

BY REV. HENRY HAWKINS, M.A..

"THROUGH the wards,"—the wards of a large lunatic asylum. In a former paper * it was attempted to give a general sketch of asylum life. In the following lines a somewhat more detailed account will be given of that melancholy phase of existence which presents itself in the wards of a large asylum. Taking our keys (for, notwithstanding the triumphs of the system of non-restraint, locks and keys are not as yet disused,) we will enter one of the wards on the female side of the building. There is a number over the door which admits us into one of the convalescent wards, containing about seventy quiet, well-behaved patients. It is yet early in the year, and a huge open fire is blazing at each end of the long room. On comfortable benches round the hearth are seated a dozen or more women of various ages, evidently appreciating the glow and warmth. There is no stint of coals; the annual consumption of fuel is immense; but the patients must be made comfortable. Their feeble constitutions need warmth, and no consideration of expense is allowed to interfere with the well-being and comfort of the inmates. If our visit is made in the afternoon the chances are that we shall see some woman with a teapot in her hand, preparing a private brew for a select "kettledrum" of one or two particular friends. This indulgence of social tea-drinkings by little coteries of two or three acquaintances is much valued. Not often is the private tea-drinking solitary and selfish. Occasionally, in honour, perhaps, of some patient's birthday, or approaching discharge, or some other festal event, several guests, not always belonging to the same ward, are invited, and the little feast is of a more sumptuous kind.

In attendance, as we go through the room, is one of the nurses on duty, probably the "charge" nurse, as she is called, that is, the head nurse of the ward, to whom is entrusted the main responsibility of the patients. Under her are subordinate nurses, in number proportioned to the size of the apartment. In small

* See "Glimpses of Asylum Life" in the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* for March, 1868.

wards two nurses might be sufficient, while in the largest five or six might be required. The nurses are readily distinguished by their neat uniform dress of brown or blue, or whatever may be the colour adopted by the particular establishment.

Though here and there may be found a veteran in the service, the nurses are generally young women. They more easily conform to the habits and discipline of asylum life when they enter early upon their vocation. And perhaps youthful spirits are needed as a set-off against the monotonous and somewhat morbid nature of their daily employment; yet the moral atmosphere of an asylum ward is not one in which it can be good for a young woman to live until good principles have been formed and strengthened within her. As a class the nurses are very respectable, fairly intelligent, of about the condition of domestic servants. No one is admitted into the service without a satisfactory character. Many applicants are, after inquiry, not approved, and all who are engaged have to undergo probation, and to submit to strict discipline. This by the way.

As we pass down the ward a patient will every now and then accost us. One will come forward with an aggrieved expression of countenance, indignantly remonstrating against her alleged unjust detention. "Can we do nothing for her? Cannot she quit the establishment at once? She is perfectly well, and has no right to be kept under restraint!"

We soothe the ruffled applicant with a few kindly words and pass on. Another slips into our hand a note containing the long story of her troubles, or—written in incoherent words—words without sense or connection. It may here be observed that a patient's delusion, though it may sometimes be concealed in *conversation*, will often be manifested in a written communication. "Good news" is plainly written on the countenance of this woman who is approaching. She has that morning received a letter from some near relation, and she offers the letter for our perusal. The affectionate expressions contained in it, with the welcome accompaniment of a few postage stamps, have done much to brighten that face and to cheer the heart of the receiver. Or, better still, a patient shows us, with joy and pride, a photograph likeness just received of a dear child, the portrait, perhaps, of a young soldier son, in all the dignity of his newly-donned regimentals. We admire, of course, in an appreciating spirit, and pass on.

Half-way down, the ward opens on one side into a spacious

recess. It is carpeted, and has an appearance of comf refinement. Another blazing fire has attracted round it patients. Others are sitting in different parts of the roon pied with needlework, or with books or magazines. On o of this recess is a grand piano, which is no mere orname in frequent use, and discourses welcome if not excellent There are several pianists in the establishment, and oft heard sweet sounds of music exercising their charms to the unquiet restless minds of many around. As you cc your walk through the ward you may perhaps catch a g through a partly opened door, of a tastefully-decorate chamber. Its owner is probably within, and would be g by notice. The small single-bedded room is daintly set few prints or pictures, some books, ornaments, flowers season, impart an air of refinement. It is not a mere roo a miniature home. Some of these little apartments are fi partly as oratories by Romish patients; a tiny altar, a c pictures of saints, betoken the devotional mind of the in the little sanctuary, and suggest the meetness of settin by reverent arrangement some spot in the private c where prayer and meditation might be aided by sacred tions.

No small privilege is it to a patient of refined taste allowed to decorate her room according to her own fanc habits. Such indulgence, however, must be granted wit tations, as the extravagances and vagaries of some would a very quaint and bizarre appearance to their chambers. bably that system works most beneficially which dis relaxes discipline and rule in special individual cases, enforcing that uniformity of arrangement which is so ne to the good conduct of large establishments.

A kind word with this engaging-looking child, out o amidst such surroundings, and we will pass into a ward.

The one we now enter is a large infirmary. In some tions the infirmary beds are ranged along the walls an the centre, hospital fashion; in others the beds are ei associated dormitories or in single rooms, apart from th itself.

Each plan no doubt has its advantages. By the arrangement the sick patients are more readily seen; other hand, quietness and privacy are best secured in roo

ining a single or only a few beds. The accidents and diseases which are treated in general hospital wards are ministered to also in asylum infirmaries.

Mental malady affords no immunity from bodily suffering. Enter one of these single-bedded rooms: its poor occupant is slowly dying from cancer. Very patiently she bears her cross, heavy to carry even if her terrible bodily visitation were not aggravated by mental affliction. What lessons of contentment and of patience are taught, here and there, as one goes through the wards! And yet the merciful law of compensation is here, too, in operation. Sometimes, as physical sickness increases, the clouds which have dimned the mind are rolled away, and leave it clear and serene; and it is believed that bodily maladies of the insane are, in certain cases, productive of less physical suffering than would be felt under ordinary circumstances. In another chamber is a consumptive patient. Books and flowers are on her bedside table. Not long ago she received the Communion of the Sick, when she was thought to be dying, but she has rallied, and though her body is very weak, her intellect is unclouded.

Perhaps in another room is a patient whom no persuasion will induce to touch food. Troublesome cases these, when from delusion or strong aversion, necessary food is obstinately refused. As a last resource nourishment is artificially administered; but after all means have been tried, the patient sometimes sinks from sheer exhaustion. Several occupants of beds are "lost patients," as they are sometimes called, lying in a state of blank unconsciousness. Pass reverently by the adjoining chamber; all is over *there!* The spirit, long sorely wounded it may be, has fled, and the frail tenement, decently arranged, will soon be laid in the adjoining cemetery, or, perhaps, may be conveyed by friends to some other place of burial.

The next ward we will enter is one allotted to a noisy, troublesome class of patients. This is a "refractory ward," in asylum parlance, and there is a perceptible difference in the demeanour of the patients here and of those in a convalescent ward. Here the expression of countenance is often morose or vacant, not unfrequently bearing traces of anger and excitement. There is also a restlessness of manner (indicated by abrupt hurried movements,—by rapid, incoherent utterances), which is less observable in other wards. Some of the patients in these refractory wards are not habitual occupants of them. They are

ordinarily classed with quiet, well-conducted patients; b during a season of temporary excitement it has been deem desirable to remove them from association with convalescent and to place them among persons who are less likely to be i juriously affected by noisy and disorderly behaviour. Fe phases of asylum life are sadder than such relapses from a sta of convalescence to one of utter vacancy, or of violent ment disturbance.

One fails to recognise in the blank, lost countenance, or the anxious, agitated face of the poor creature who speaks distractedly, the same patient who, but the other day, looked well and cheerful, and conversed so calmly and rationall What expression and delicacy there is in the term by which o French neighbours call the insane, *Les aliénés*, so feeling suggestive of the melancholy fact that these afflicted ones i their seasons of derangement are, alas! "not themselves."

During the daytime, many of the female patients are not i the wards, but are employed in various household occupations- in the laundry, in the kitchen, the workroom, about the corridor or elsewhere. Suitable occupation is assigned to all able an willing to perform it.

Employment, judiciously allotted, is a very valuable a towards recovery; but in the distribution of labour, the ma object kept in view is the benefit of the individual patient, n the profit of the institution.

Let us now direct our steps to the male department of t building. Enter first one of the convalescent wards. Near t entrance some players are engaged at a bagatelle-board, a ve favourite game with many of the patients. These players evidently keenly interested in the match, and exhibit consid able skill. Other patients are resting on comfortable sette many with newspaper or magazine in hand.

The supply of light, popular literature is abundant a varied. With a few readers, works of a more solid charac find favour; and in going "through the wards" one might v possibly hear an intelligent critique on some work of the d But observe that grave quartette at the whist table! Old han it would seem, from the steadiness of their play. Many otherwise dreary hour is thus sociably passed. At anot table is a party engaged at dominoes. Draughts, chess, &c., frequently to be seen in the male wards, but rarely on the fem side. Observe that patient busily employed in painting,—

subject is perhaps a portrait of some one in the ward, or a copy from the *Illustrated London News*. The artist's self-complacency is amusing. He is so thoroughly satisfied with the production of his brush. Nevertheless, he will be gratified by a word of approbation from those who inspect his work. Another is studiously engaged with his pen.

In these convalescent wards what a variety of interesting cases come under notice! On your way, a gentleman (such he is unmistakeably) accosts you. His conversation is scholarly and polished, interspersed with apt quotations from ancient and modern authors. His bearing is dignified, and his demeanour courteous. You might wonder at this person, apparently so sensible, being in an asylum; but probably, before many minutes, some "rift in the lute" discovers itself; too plainly, alas! indicating the unbalanced mind. We may not unlikely meet with some patient interested in political questions. Perhaps some political topic of the day absorbs his attention. He is conversant with the state of public opinion, the results of the divisions, and watches with interest the progress of the measure.

What numerous and strange delusions, and phantasies too, exist in the brains of many in these wards. We will not, however, further allude to these disordered fancies, which assume countless shapes. Then again, in a large asylum, how many different localities at home and abroad are represented. This patient comes from the far west of England: his home is in Cornwall. Another is an East-Anglian. Many are from Ireland. Some feel their patriotism kindled by the mention of "Auld Reekie." Again, what a variety of foreigners. Natives there are of France and Germany. A Spaniard will talk to you about the disturbed state of his native country; a contented Norwegian sailor, a well-informed Pole, a Finlander, a Russian, an Italian, represent their respective nations. Here a dusky native of Hindostan; there a Yankee from the States is to be seen; and though some of these may long to be again among their own people, they could not there be more carefully or skilfully treated than they are at the hands of strangers in a strange land.

We must pay a brief visit to the boys' ward. Poor children, they are almost all imbecile, and they present a melancholy spectacle; most of them are quite incapable of amusing themselves; and the minds of some are unillumined by even the faintest ray of intelligence. But it is pleasing to witness the attachment

borne by some of the little fellows to their ki attendant, who is well adapted for his peculiar charge

Let us now go through a large ward set apart for th of paralytic patients,—poor wrecks of humanity, utter in many cases, and holding life by the briefest tem especial form of disease usually runs its course v years. In some phases of this complaint the pati when in extreme debility, and fast approaching thei under a delusion that they are well and strong.

The epileptic ward contains patients subject to fits; as twenty seizures will sometimes occur in the cc single day. These are a quarrelsome class, and requi vigilance and management.

A brief visit to the large wards for the poor adult imb suffice, and having just looked into those of the male patients, we will bring our ramble through the a conclusion.

The chapel bell is now ringing for evening prayer, a return along the corridors we come up with some of th Prayer and Hymn books in hand, accompanied attendants, proceeding to the chapel evening servi consists of a portion of the Church Service and a hym

Soothing and comforting to many wounded spirits the daily use of a portion of the Matins and Evenso Church—her children's nursing mother.

A visit through the wards will not have result gratification of mere curiosity, if it henceforth n commend more earnestly to the fatherly goodness o those who are any ways afflicted "in *mind*" especially; in "body and estate." For how often in asylum lif found those who, not only as regards mental affliction, in respect of diseased bodies and of ruined earthly e suffering tribulation. But work must go along wit Let those who have the opportunity keep up friendly c cation by occasional visits, or by correspondence wit more inmates of asylums. There are numbers quite c appreciating such attention. And the notice of friend prevents the feeling of utter isolation.

Something may be done by all towards resisting th of the dreadful malady of insanity. Every judicious e to promote temperance and sobriety is an attack, mor direct, upon that fell disease which reckons its vi

ousands. Excess of one kind or other is a chief cause of anity.

By aiding, then, any well-advised movement which battles th intemperance, we take part in diminishing the melancholy amity which is that vice's natural consequence and fearful ribution.

Let us encourage among our poorer neighbours whatever con- butes to form and to maintain the *mens sana in corpore sano.* proved dwelling-houses, cheerful homes, cottage-gardens; crowded towns, window-gardening, rational amusements of rious kinds, readings, musical recitations, regular habits, rsonal cleanliness,—these are important aids in the preservation a healthy condition of mind and body.

Then, remembering what a powerful cause in the production f mental disturbance is the cankerworm of anxiety, let us, as ar as may be, smooth our careworn and toiling neighbour's path, and try to cheer him on his way.

Perhaps we may thus preserve, in some instance, the mind's balance of some brother or sister, whom otherwise some visitor might meet forlorn and shipwrecked as he went through the wards.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.

"Then I said in my heart that this also is vanity."—Eccles. ii. 15.

WHAT is life, but sowing,
  Sowing on the sand?
What is death but going
  To a fog-bound land?
What is love, but burning
  Of a useless fire?
What is hope, but learning,
  Limit of desire?

Yet, if life were sowing
  Of a hopeful seed,
Then might death be growing
  Up to life indeed.
Then might love be burning
  Of a quenchless fire;
Then might hope be learning
  Fulness of desire.

Life is nought but dying—
  Love alone is life;
Love is endless sighing—
  Hope is aimless strife.
Yet, O doubting lisper,
  Hear a voice which saith,
In most hopeful whisper,
  "Love's true life is death."

ın changed, and I was in the fair guild hall of the Trinity, ;e, Saint John, and Saint Catherine, which men ofttimes Hall of our Ladye. Most pleasant was it to behold the h colours of the painted glass with which its windows ıt so profuse, resembling to nothing so much as to els and precious stones; and it gladdened me to see e carven chair of state where King Henry and my stress were wont to sit. But much was my curiosity at the sight of some tapestry, representing the pious ın ecstasy of devotion, surrounded by his nobles; kneel- ısite to him was Queen Margaret, and between them y in glory, while above and around were figures of and saints.

thus gazing much intent, a door opened, and, behold, a ;red, so sweet to look upon that I scarce knew whether of earth or heaven; but yet methought the face was all or the land where sorrow is not. I longed for my guide, ıight learn who was this sad visitant in Saint Mary's straight he was at my side, but before I could frame h to question him, he motioned me to an oriel window, stood unobserved to watch the beauteous figure. She

her walking up and down the hall in the dim light,[1] some murmuring to herself, and sometimes humming over a live in some foreign tongue, which was the saddest sound mir have ever caught, for ever and anon her song would ceas passionate tears well down the pale transparence of her cl

Again the scene was changed; the guild hall and its sac ant were left behind, and we were upon the ramparts city, looking out towards the remains of the Carthusian r tery, and nigh to New Gate. The walls were lined with c and soldiers, and mighty was the preparation for the defe Coventre. All eyes were bent upon the London road, an own followed in the same track, and lo! a troop of hor approached; they were soldiers, for the sun was shini their bright cuirasses, and my heart was strangely stir the sight of so brave a company. Each man in the maintained a grandeur of bearing, as though he came of blood; and their long flowing locks, their silky beards, d much from the close-cropped heads of my fellow-citizens. wards rode one who seemed the leader, of right noble pr was he; but a deep sadness was there on his face, marvelled to see in the captain of such a gallant company. drew nigh to the walls, and with that courtesy which co noble birth, demanded admission within the city. And for methought the gates would open wide to welcome him a doughty followers. But it was not so, they were fast sh barred, and a parley seemed to take place between him wl foremost, and the men of authority in the city. I unde but little of what passed between them, but this much I ga from their discourse, that the citizens would by no means c to admit the whole of the company within their walls, but r not entertainment to the leader and his solely personal a ants, at which ungracious proffer the gallant captain seem ill content, and to the which condition he rendered not c Much wondering who could be this sad and stately perso turned to my guide, who as was his wont kept ever by m "Findest thou no resemblance," he asked, "in that gra

[1] Mary Queen of Scots was taken to Coventry in 1569. "A small priv case gave her access to St. Mary's Hall."—*Miss Strickland's "Life of th of Scots."*

[2] Pennant says, "King Charles I. was residing at Whitley, when he su the city; his ill-success in which was a terrible wound to his feelings, an tired in sorrow the same evening to Stoneleigh, at that time the seat of Sir Leigh."

lofty mien, and those saddened features to one whom thou hast heretofore beheld?" I looked again, and strove to call up in my memory some resembling face; at last the visage of the captive queen dawned on my recollection, and I was fain to recognise in the kingly grandeur of the horseman before me, something akin to the lovely countenance of the imprisoned lady. There was somewhat of the same beauty, but spiritualised and ennobled, and withal cast in a masculine and more lofty mould, and I said to my companion, "Is he not kinsman to yon captive queen?" And my guide made answer, "The queen whom you wot of, was these many years agone, done to death by order of her cousin Elizabeth of England, and he whom thou now beholdest is her grandson, the king of this fair realm, and much I fear me, he inherits the ill fortunes of his grand-dame. He and his parliament are now at issue, and the land is ripe for revolt against its lawful sovereign and anointed king. Yet misguided, as even those who love him best must sadly own he has oftentide proved, he has a brave and noble soul, and is a right loyal subject of the King invisible, and a faithful member of this our Church of England.

> "He never yit no vilonye ne sayde
> In al his lif unto no maner wight,
> He is a verray perfight gentil knight."

'Twas with no little grief I beheld the luckless king and his gallant company repulsed, and I mourned that loyalty could no longer be inscribed upon the shield of Coventre.

Again my dream was changed, and I wist not what length of time glided away before the next scene in my vision; suffice it to say, the city had waxen bigger, new housen had arisen, but the cross was still standing, and the streets, though longer, maintained, with but rare exception, the same course as heretofore. I wended my way once more to my dearly loved church, but my heart sank within me as I entered the sacred pile, to mark how its glory and beauty had been despoiled, its costly ornaments and noble brass eagle removed,[1] and its magnificent windows broken and defaced. The people came in as if for prayers, and I stayed to join, if join I might, in the expected service. A black-robed preacher took his place within the pulpit, and after pouring forth what seemed a string of blasphemies, but which apparently was intended for a prayer, during the

[1] "Sold by order of vestry." 1645.—*Ancient Vestry Book.*

which his hearers sat, he addressed to them, in a lengthened whine, the most wearying sermon it hath fallen to my lot to listen to. Methought the oft-condemned extravagances of the preaching friars equalled not for irreverence the vehement enunciations of this sour-faced preacher. Scarce could I contain my indignation, and I marvel that the anger of my feelings awoke me not, but my guide drew me from the church, and caused me to understand that sad and evil times had fallen upon England, for, said he, "her king, even he whom thou beheldst without the gates, hath been dethroned and executed, for reason that he loved his Church far better than his life. The use of the reformed and purified liturgy hath been forbidden, every minister being allowed to pray and preach what is right in his own eyes, so that it savoureth not of that form of sound words contained in the Church's Book of Common Prayer." It was a dark and dismal age, and right glad was I when it too passed away from my sight. Again there was a wave as 'twere of the enchanter's rod, and I was once more in the streets of the city. Again the people stood in groups,

> "A thousand of men
> Thrungen together,"

as in expectation of a spectacle, and much I hoped once more to gaze upon a guild pageant or a sacred mystery play, such as had gladdened my youth on many a Corpus Christi Day.[1] A sound of instruments of music burst upon mine ears, playing a gay and lively march; then appeared sundry noble looking men, apparently the city guard, followed by a representation of Saint George, and men with bugles, others with flags, and lovely little children, clad in fair and costly garments, ever bowing and smiling as they rode along. Far as mine eyes could reach they beheld a brilliant assemblage of gay colours, waving flags, knights in armour, nodding plumes, and gorgeous banners of the city companies, 'mongst which I marked conspicuous one appertaining to mine own old guild of the Clothiers and Broad Weavers, bearing for device a leopard's head with a shuttle in his mouth, and on the shield was emblazoned a chevron between three leopards' heads, while thereunder ran the legend, "Weave truth with trust;" a motto which I have ever tried to follow, through a life that hath even attained unto the appointed

[1] "Before the suppression of the monasteries, this City was very famous for the Pageants that were played therein, upon Corpus Christi Day."—*Dugdale.*

threescore years and ten, but the which, as I look back thereat, seemeth, as holy Job experienced, to have sped "swifter than a weaver's shuttle." Nor was the achievement of mine own company the sole one familiar to my sight, divers others, well known in years gone by, made a gay show in the brave pageant that made progress through the streets. And I laughed with pleasure at the sight, and mine heart rejoiced that there was some merriment left in this work-a-day world, and that the race of cross-grained preachers had not chased away all mirth from God's fair earth. While I gave up myself to this merry mood, I heard the good folk round me say, "Here is the lady, here comes Godiva," and I looked up hastily at the sound of the name I so much venerate. But greatly was I angered at that which I beheld, and methought a later age had learnt a coarseness which we of the older time had spurned; for certes they must lack the grace of modesty who could so commemorate one of the noblest deeds of self-sacrificing woman, by sending forth so unworthy a representative of the saintly countess, to bear the mocking gaze of thousands, and rendering the very name of her great predecessor, a subject for ribald jest and unseemly mirth. Sorely angered, I cared no more for the gay spectacle, and sought me a quiet nook apart from the noisy crowd, whither I was followed by my guide, who thus addressed himself to soothe my disquieted spirits,—"Anger thyself not overmuch at what thou hast beheld," he said, "but learn for thy comfort that in course of time a poet will arise in England, great as your own great Geoffrey, who shall cause the name of Godiva to be honoured as of yore, and shall hand down to posterity in untarnished lustre the glorious deed of her who loved the people well." A trifle mollified by my companion's assurance, I cast about to discover what fresh changes had come upon the churches, but ere I reached them, a mistiness came across mine eyes, I was for a brief space unconscious, and then again I was aware I was 'neath the roof of St. Michael—the roof, which had erst shone so fair with gilded stars and beauteous colouring, but the which was now shorn of its ancient glory. Hideous and unsightly galleries, full of box-like seats, disfigured the noble aisles of the church; a huge organ-loft obscured the view of the glorious east windows, which were in part blocked up with mason work, and the altar-piece thereunder was so exceeding heavy and ugly, and withal so unmeet for a Christian temple, that methought it savoured somewhat of heathendom. But scant were the remains

of the stained glass with which the windows had heretofore been filled, all that survived of their old glory being disjointed pieces, telling no tale and affording but little pleasure to the eye.

Surely man in his folly had e'en done his uttermost to mar the great achievements of his forefathers. 'Twas apparently Sunday, and a scanty gathering of worshippers bestowed themselves in the unseemly seats, which did encumber and block up the church. Once more a white-robed priest said the prayers, but alack-a-day, in a tone so dull and sleepy, few could hear, and methought of those who gave attent to hear, there were but few to heed; with so great indifference did they loll and lounge in their easy cushioned seats. The prayers were followed by a sermon, the which, certes, differed much from the effusion uttered with so much affection of demureness by the preacher who had so grieved me with his irreverence. There was no unnatural assumption of piety in this present, but his discourse methought tended not to edification, for the preacher seemingly had no aim beyond enforcing certain moral rules and precepts, whose truth I could not gainsay; but the like of which, I ween, will never draw folk to God. Once more sore displeased, I quitted the church, and heavy at heart, wended my way to an open place, where had assembled a great company of people. One exalted on a table was speaking fast and loud, raising his hands and moving his body with great vehemence of gesture; he, too, appeared to be a preacher, though seemingly no priest or learned clerk, not even a gentyll man, but one of the commonaltye. But

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

Howsoever, none could doubt that the whole soul of the man was in his discourse; no dead and cold morality was set forth by him, but conversion, faith, repentance, and assurance formed the matter of his sermon. Like a second Peter the Hermit did he mightily stir the hearts of the listeners. And scarce could I marvel at the poor folk leaving the dull teaching of the Church for the excitacion of this man's exhortations. It was like unto a voice rousing men from the grave; and, truly, men ofttimes need a like awakening. But yet, methought, there was somewhat lacking in his teaching. He impressed on his hearers the love of the Divine Master, exhorting them to lay their sins at the foot of His dear Cross, but nought said he of the sacramental order of the Church nought of the great truth of the

membership of baptized Christians with Christ their Head; and while he cut at the root of a great evil, by ; forth to them the utter worthlessness of a sole moral life ɔd works withouten faith, yet failed he to instruct his ɪrs how should they build themselves up in their most eligion. But yet, imperfect as methought his teaching, I ; to be better than the cold dead sleep of formalism and ɪrentism.

ɪe more my dream was changed, and it was again the ɪg of a summer's day. I took my way through the Cross, eard men clepe the broad thoroughfare where at one time the cross, albeit 'twas but now a memory of the past; and ɪed me down a narrow lane over the which wellnigh met ɪojecting stories of the opposite housen, many of which ɪore the three balls of the Lombards, the well-known sign ɪ world's great money lenders. And when I quitted its bscurity, St. Michael in all its grandeur burst upon my Yea; there rising in proud majesty was the marvellous glowing with more glorious colour than of yore; but as it pleasured me to gaze upon its beauty, it grieved me little to behold the gradual crumbling away of the stone, I made observation thereof to my guide, who sadly red, "The soft nature of the sandstone is but too perishable; ɪling 'neath the heavy hand of time, even as a leaf doth nd fall and die before the autumnal blast; and the lovely , whereof the which doth give such pleasure to the eye, is ke unto the golden glory of the woods, a close forerunner sure decay." "Alas!" I cried, "must the old spire ? and is there none to lend a helping hand to stay the ɪing touch of the destroyer? Would that the good ers again trod these streets, for of a surety not long would ɪd church be left to perish from neglect!" To which my did make reply, "Wrong not a generation that thou

beauty so rare a monument of bygone piety." Never heretofore had I been impressed to a like extent with its witching fairness, albeit I have watched it in the early dawn, standing out sharp and clear against the cold blue sky, one side in deep shadow, the other all brightness with the morning sun, and I have seen it softened and less distinct in the noontide haze, or looming through fog and vapour;—always beautiful, but specially so that summer's evening in my dream. I entered at the western door, nigh unto the tower, and there I stood transfixed with great amazement; for lo, all the galleries and accumulated ugliness were gone. A clean sweep had been made of aught that was unsightly, and I once more seemed to be in Saint Michael as I first knew it, when fresh from the hands of its mighty builders. All my late visions of its despoliation were as if they had not been; for again the windows shone with their old glory, giving a dim religious twilight to the sanctuary, whence, however, a fair carven reredos gleamed white athwart the "painted air." Through the western windows poured in a flood of sunshine, rendering the nave a glow of golden light, and disclosing marvellous achievements of wood carving, some of which must of a surety have been the selfsame handiwork which had rejoiced the days of my youth; and yet were there divers fittings, apparently seats, unfamiliar to my sight; and wholly bewildered was I, between the past and the present, the well-known and the unknown. Howbeit, glorious and fair as was the old church, I could not choose at length but own that I saw it only in the future, and that this present visit to the holy fane was but another scene in my vision; and I applied myself with much of curiosity to investigate the numberless wonders, which did surround me. The farthermost eastern windows were now open to their full extent, setting forth in rich magnificence the life of our dear Lord, from His birth to His death, resurrection, and ascension. On every side, above me and around, shone the jewelled lustre of the storied pane, multiplying in endless variety the teachings of the Scriptures, till I was fain to call these many semblances of deeds and lessons from Holy Writ a pictured Bible. For here were marvellously set forth, in a book that he who runs may read, the building of the ark, the radiance of the rainbow, the story of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Here might the worshipper behold in the wondrous trials of the Israelites a true type of his own manifold temptations; and while he gazed upon the brazen serpent exalted for

the healing of the stricken and afflicted camp, might himself go to the great Healer, who was lifted up to take away our sins. David, and his encounter with the mighty giant, Solomon in his wisdom, his piety, and grievous fall, were all set forth in glowing hues. And in the ladye chapel, along with these stories from the old Scriptures, was a window on which mine eyes most dwelt. 'Twas a representation of our Lord's ascension; and was in truth wondrous fair. Words would fail to tell of the depth of that blue heaven through which He rose, the sameness whereof is broken by lovely trailing leaves and branches in a paler tint of blue—

> "Of that most sacred plant, whose flower doth show
> Our dear Lord's crown of thorns and cup of woe."

Methinks when next it falleth to my lot t'illuminate a holy gospel, I will e'en use my poor endeavours to set forth on vellum the tender gracefulness of that same sweet passion flower. Yet one window was there which, beyond its fellows, still lingers on the tablets of my mind. 'Twas a semblance of the Ten Virgins, the tints whereof were subdued to a celestial softness of the which I have never beheld the like; and as much doth it pass the attainment of my feeble powers to tell of the hopeless woe depicted upon the visages of the foolish virgins, as to set forth the unspeakable bliss of those whose lamps were burning, or the surpassing beauty and graciousness of the heavenly Bridegroom. Time would truly fail me were I to attempt to describe with particularity, a tithe of the beauties of restored Saint Michael; but somewhat must I say of the cunning metal-work, which in my vision did adorn it. I had been marvelling for what purpose was there so great a multitude of twisted, knotted stems of polished brass, the which grew up into fair branches, leaves, and tendrils all wrought in the same material. And much I wondered at the power of mind over matter that could unfold such lovely forms of nature from such seeming inflexible material. And I noted, too, that typical figures meet for God's house had not been forgotten; the mystic three and seven, the trefoil leaf, were repeated again and again in these achievements of art. And sure I felt that he, whosoever he might be, that had devised and wrought such forms of beauty, must certes be endowed beyond measure with God's priceless gift of genius. While thus gazing with a feeling akin to awe at the world of beauty with the which I was encom-

passed, mine eye was caught by tiny points of fire in what did seem the flowers of these same brazen trees; but not long did they continue mere tips of fire, for suddenly they opened out and burst into tongues of flame, and the church was a blaze of overwhelming light. Of a verity, should my dream hereafter come to pass, 'twill be an age of marvellous inventions; for it soon dawned upon me that these goodly metal trees must have even been devised to light the church withal, but by what wondrous cunning they were fashioned it passeth me to comprehend, albeit my guide did tell me they were fed with air. The people were now pouring into church in well-nigh a continuous stream, and Saint Michael throughout its wide extent was filled as it were to overflowing. With much of reverence did the worshippers dispose themselves in goodly open seats, which had displaced the unsightly boxes which had heretofore disfigured the sacred floor. And though I marvelled that in a Christian church there should be aught of distinction between gentle and simple, yet did I rejoice that the most commodious of seats both for seeing and hearing were freely devoted to Christ's poor, 'mongst whom I beheld conspicuous divers venerable bedesmen, who my guide declared, did even then inhabit a hospital at Bablake. Close in front of the lectern, a noble eagle of brass, were they placed, and nigh unto a pulpit wrought in the same material, the costly magnificence of which, enriched as 'twas with choice marbles and precious stones, did excel by far the manifold forms of metal-work which did encompass it; and both methought must have owed their exceeding beauty to the same master mind and hand, that had fashioned, with such cunning artifice, the brazen trees. At length, when the glorious bells had ceased their invitation, the organ poured forth strains of heavenly music, and the clerks and quire in goodly number entered, wearing, as was meet, the white robe of the Church. 'Twas again the same purified service in the which I had before joined in my dream. The psalms were chanted as I love to hear them, though I missed the old Gregorian tones in which I had been wont to take a part, the early foundations of which had been used, saith tradition, in that magnificent service of song which formed so large a portion of the Temple worship. 'Twas indeed a heart-thrilling spectacle to behold the glorious church filled, as 'twas my lot to witness, with such a multitude of worshippers. And much it edified me to watch the eager, upturned countenances of the

poor folk as they dwelt, in rapt attention on the earnest, soul-stirring words of the preacher;—words which, hearty as they were, were still notable for that calm soberness which methinks is ever the Church's mark. No word nor tone seemed to be lost; and careworn and anxious as were some of the faces, bearing evident traces of a bitter struggle with poverty, yet were there many tokens that the men of Coventre were learning to seek a peace which is not of earth, and to find consolation for worldly trials in the contemplation of the life which is to come. The service was intermingled with hymns,—hymns that brought back a flood of recollections, for I was fain to recognise in their English dress the grand old words to which I had been used in our Benedictine quire. Once again did the sweet words of Saint Bernard de Clairvaux,

"Jesu dulcis memoria,"[1]

resound through the vaulted roof; again did it ring with the

"Jam lucis orto sidere"[2]

of Saint Ambrose. But, best of all, the heavenly rhythm of St. Bernard de Morlaix—

"Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora,"[3]

was sung as if in one voice by all those thousand tongues, carrying me away as 'twas wont of yore to the blessed pastures, where they who have trodden in the footsteps of their Leader, they who are victors in the strife, raise the eternal song of triumph, clad evermore in white. The tears poured down my cheeks, so moved was I at the sound, as it were of many waters; almost it seemed that we were already before the Throne, and the joys of heaven begun. Alas, no; it was but a vision, a little refreshment on earth's weary path; yet ever am I used, when worn with this world's exceeding toil, to muse upon that golden city, where may I once more meet, along with many dear kinsfolk, mine own sweet Mistress Margaret, and behold even face to face those saints whom I have humbly tried to follow, as it were, in the far distance, but whom I have even learned to love as friends. What thrilling happiness to see St. Paul, to

[1] Jesu! the very thought is sweet. [2] Now that the daylight fills the sky.
[3] Jerusalem the golden, &c.

hear, peradventure, from his own lips the story of all he did, and dared, and suffered; to behold the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs; to know at length worthy men and women of this present time, saints of mine own day, whom I have yearned after seeing in the flesh, but who, having passed to their rest, I may only hope to meet in the heavenly Hierusalem. But far beyond and above these exalted aspirations, overpowering aught beside, with mighty awe, and yet with mightier love, is the one thought of gazing on the unveiled face of Him, who is not ashamed to call us brethren.

Methinks all things of beauty here are earnests of better things to come. For truly, as we know that music reacheth only to completeness in the courts Above, that no rhythm of man's measure can charm the ear as doth the poesy of the Bible; may we not believe that, though there may be nought Above so material, as what we here call art, yet that the fullest perfection of every artist's highest ideal, of each true poet's loftiest attempt, will only be attained in that land to which all the wondrous beauty of earth is but as the first faint streak of the coming dawn?

But I have wandered far away from my closing vision in the church of Saint Michael. After joining in the last peaceful Sunday vespers, I craved to know what other services were holden there. And my guide did then make known to me that the daily matins and evensong did never fail within the sacred pile; that on each first day of the week, at early prime, the Lord's death was shown forth, and the Body and Blood of Christ were verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper; and that four times on each Lord's day did the inviting bells ring out to bid thither worshippers. Well could I hear of such-like godly customs, and, with a lighter heart, I sought yet one more glimpse of the streets of Coventry, for it was borne into me, that my dream drew to its close, and that it was the last vision vouchsafed to me. The old guildhall adjoining to Saint Michael's still stood in venerable beauty, although, like the neighbouring spire, its soft red stone was yielding to decay. I cast a passing glance into the church of Holy Trinity, which did even vie with Saint Michael in its renovated beauty. Not far removed from the which did I behold, with much of pleasure, some fragments of our cathedral, guarded and enclosed from all profaning footsteps with a reverence meet for the like holy ground. But of the Priory I strove in vain to

discover any trace, save some scant remains of the walls and vaulted cellars which did underlie the erections of an after-time. A new church appertained to the old spire of the Grey Friars, and divers others had sprung up within, I would have said, the walls, but that the walls of Coventre had ceased to be, save where the gates of Swanswell and Cook Street and some few scattered fragments yet survived, as monuments of troublous days gone by. The Carmelite Friary was devoted to a free home for the destitute, and in its noble cloister was spread a frugal but by no means stinted board. The stately elms still formed, as heretofore, a fair approach to the home of the Carthusians, where yet lingered, albeit 'twas a private dwelling house, some relics of religious days of old. Orchards and gardens, doubtless both useful and profitable, but with little beauty, occupied the ground, where heretofore the deer had fed within the great and little parks of Cheylesmore; and much I grieved at the loss of the old trees, whose tender green in spring and glorious hues in autumn had gladdened mine eyes for threescore years and more. Hard by these gardens i'the park methought I could discern, in a venerable house, some faint likeness to the outlines of the ancient manor-house of Cheylesmore; but so shorn was it of its old magnificence, that 'twas hard to recognise the homely walls as the once goodly palace of the Black Prince. Fair and spacious schools met my wondering gaze at every turn; and greatly was I moved to admiration by a vast and noble fabric, which methought could be none other than a re-established monastery—perchance a new home for our own order. But no; the Benedictines had no representatives in my latest vision of the Convent town, and my guide did tell me that this grand and stately edifice was a hospital, built by numberless pious, loving hands for the reception of the sick of the city and the villages which did environ it. And greatly did my heart rejoice at the knowledge that the Coventre which is to be, will still vie with its buried predecessor in glorious works of piety and art, and mighty deeds of charity.

And thus the last scene of my vision passed from before me, and my guide did take his leave, bidding me God speed; and even while he spoke, a shrill shriek rang through mine ears, and I woke to discern, 'midst the gathering darkness, a large white owl winging its flight above the quarry. I felt stiff and cold from my long sleep, and so bewildered was I with the changing scenes of my dream, that I knew not where I was, nor,

in good sooth, whether I slept or woke. But the sound of t Priory bell ringing for compline recalled my scattered sens and I rose with much of difficulty, and hastened as best I mig to join in the day's last orisons.

> "Let who so list a fole me call
> For this trow I, and say for me
> That dremes significaunce be
> Of good and harme to many wights,
> That dremen in her slepe a nights
> Ful many things couertly
> That fallen after all openly."

The conclusion of the manuscript is written by a differen hand.

Most unworthy do I feel to put a finishing stroke to the stor of our dear Brother Gregory, whom the world knew as Maste Roger Askew. It was some weeks agone—the day methinks w had been gathering in our apple harvest—that he came in lat for compline, looking even as one that walketh in his sleep; an we thought that, by reason of his unwonted toil that day, hi great age, or, peradventure, from his untiring industry in th scriptorium, that he was sinking into dotage. But the word were no dotard's words, that he poured forth in a chapter th was holden within the Priory, not many days past. We were a present, and when the business for the which it had been eve summoned was disposed of, Brother Gregory stepped forwa and, with the humility which was part of his nature, and with boldness that took us all by surprise, did he raise his voice protest against what, in his madness, he did dare to call t corruptions of Holy Church. We were all dumb with astonis ment and indignation; but the indignation passed away, as recounted a marvellous dream, the which he declared had bee vouchsafed to him, and which, he said, had partly emboldene him to raise his testimony for what he called the truth. Non of us did doubt but that the old man's mind was distraught, fo which reason our good prior would not deal harshly with him c denounce him as a heretic, but was content to order him to hi cell, which command the old man seemed nothing loath to follow only begging for writing materials and his books, which he eve loved so dearly. But not long was he to want their solace: hi long sleep in the park of Cheylesmore had given him a chil which, along with the agitation of his profession in th

chapter, were too much for his aged frame; and when the infirmarer went his rounds two nights sithence, Brother Gregory lay a-dying, with scarce strength to ask for the last offices of Holy Church. Nor were they refused, for, heretic as we deemed him, it was thought his heresy was but the fruit of an overwrought and disordered brain. And so, shriven and houseled, even as he had desired, the tender, loving, gentle spirit left its earthly tenement; and a great gloom hath fallen upon the Priory. Never, methinks, can I forget the peaceful calm of our departed brother's face. He lay as one in happy, blissful sleep, the cross pressed to his lips, and a copy of the gospels on his breast. The bell is even now tolling for his burial, and we have laid him, as he desired, by the side of Mistress Margaret Fisher, the maiden to whom he had been betrothed, before he became a Benedictine. *Requiescat in pace.*

L. S. R.

NOTES ON COMMONPLACES.

BY A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

I.—DOWN THE RIVER TO GRAVESEND.

My voyage is essentially a commonplace one, hence the title of this paper. In these rapid times there are plenty of travellers who, on the strength of a *Cook's Excursion Ticket*, will give us the history of their *Three Weeks in Egypt*, or their *Month among the Moors*, or their *Ten Days in Turkey*: mine is an humbler ambition. I would write merely "a small-beer chronicle" of places at our very doors, some of which are so very near us that we have overlooked them altogether. It is notorious that few Londoners have ever entered the Tower, or the Mint, and no class of persons are more thoroughly ignorant of the history and antiquities of their metropolis. How many of my readers have ever been to Gravesend? The place is associated with shrimps, tea, cockneys, and donkeys, and not without reason, but there are oases in the desert of Gravesend where the shrimp is neither seen nor spoken of, and where the shrill cry of the donkey boy is unheard, there are spots of lovely country close at hand, redolent of fragrant hops, bright with wild flowers, and golden with corn; and there are nooks of antiquarian interest which carry us back to the old times of Eadward and Harold, and the famous banner of the White Horse, and the stout Men of Kent, and no less stout Kentish men, some of whom—I forget which they were—rallied round the Saxon banner so bravely at Senlac. Again, if one needed an excuse for travelling towards Gravesend, we know that "the proper study of mankind is man," and where can we better study our fellow-men and fellow-women and children too, for that matter, than on the well-loved slopes of Windmill Hill?

We were rather crowded on board of the *Triton* steamboat which "carried Cæsar and his fortunes,"—I mean myself and my

ıote-book. Our company was not "select," though portions of it vere undoubtedly "genteel;" the captain, a philosopher of the ynic school, rendered misanthropic by the constant contemplaion of the vanity of human excursions, said "there was some f all sorts," and he was right. We were more noisy than I ould have wished, we were fonder of bottled beer at the very utset of our voyage than I deemed necessary, and more adicted to nuts and oranges and food generally than the early our, 9.30, seemed to warrant.

Good humour, however, prevailed; and "chaff," in which your ue cockney has no rival, flowed pleasantly on all sides, unıarred by the total absence of an aspirate. I could not help bserving that we none of us seemed to notice the river and its usy scenes, or the points of interest on the banks; we devoted urselves to eating, drinking, and smoking from the first: we ere out for a holiday, but we were truly British, and did not ıow it. Perhaps we were keeping ourselves in reserve for ravesend.

There was music on board, and in spite of the poet's dictum bout music's charms upon the savage breast, I could find no harm in the melancholy band of three men and a boy; in fact, ıy breast, not naturally a savage one, bid fair to become so nder the infliction of popular airs bad in themselves, and endered worse by their manner of execution. There were thiopians on board also, sham niggers, who seemed to amuse us astly. Personally they were an abomination unto me. I tried ı see the fun of a man imperfectly blacked about the face, earing a coat manifestly too long for him, grinning in an insate manner, and occasionally exclaiming, "Yah! yah!" as ıough it were a remark of singular point and originality. We l liked this sort of thing, however, except myself, and I felt was wrong to be in a minority. The children, of whom there ere vast quantities, danced to the music and ate unceasingly, did their parents; as a physiologist I felt it could not be good r them. The captain had intimated that our passengers were iscellaneous; they certainly were what the grocers call "a ıoice mixture." There was the irrepressible *'Arry*, whom one ways meets on these occasions, and whose sole business in e seems to go on excursions. Very undersized, very gaudily ıd, especially as to his neck, very much given to tobacco and ink, very coarse in his language, and very objectionable nerally is 'Arry. I wish it were not so; I wish he could

enjoy himself in a wholesome, decent way, but he does not seem to know how; he is ever the same, whether we meet him depicted in *Punch*, or in the flesh at Margate or Gravesend, or even so far off as Boulogne, where he drinks too much "claret wine," and is insolent to the French officials, whom he insults for not being Britons like himself. Far more interesting is a tailor, weak-eyed and feeble-looking, who is taking his wife and family out for a day's pleasure. Poor souls! they look as though they needed it. The mother is the centre of a solar system of young planets, who are ever wandering and revolving around her. She is never quite easy in her mind during the voyage, fearing lest one of the twins should have fallen overboard, or lest Jemima Jane, the youngest girl but three, should have been caught by the engines and crushed. She regards the voyage too in a very serious light, and is in momentary alarm of shipwreck, against which contingency she has laid in a stock of provisions which would, with care, last the family till they reached New York. She has visions of sea-sickness before we are clear of the Pool, and remarks upon the terrors of the deep as the river widens on her view. She has a little daughter among the five, has this feeble tailor's wife, who is very white and thin, and very deformed, with large melancholy eyes and very bony hands; and it is refreshing to see how she enjoys the first glimpse of the green marshy fields along the river, and the first fresh sea breeze as we near Gravesend. There are members of a Friendly Society on board likewise, "*The Genial Bats*," so named, probably, from their nocturnal habits. I wonder what can qualify a man to be *a Genial Bat*, and what particular good he derives from becoming one. It is certainly something to wear a sky-blue scarf and a red rosette, but it scarcely explains the mystery to me. So far as I can tell, the chief duties of a *Genial Bat* on board of our boat are to sing uproarious and very foolish songs, and to drink frequently out of private black bottles, and to be very facetious on all possible occasions. I dare say the Genial Bats mean well, they certainly seemed to enjoy everything thoroughly, and that is something in these *nil admirari* days.

On reaching Gravesend we are greeted by "an ancient and fish-like smell," proceeding from vast quantities of shrimps, which appear to be the chief commodity of the place. Never before or since do I remember to have seen such vast numbers of these *crustaceæ*. We of the excursion appear to have a great liking for them; I notice that we always call them "srimps," without

ıe "h." The pier on which we land is the happy hunting-ound of many persons of the ancient mariner type, who, like ıeir prototype in the poem, insist upon stopping "one of three" every group and suggesting a row on the water. These men l have a decidedly watery flavour about them, not exactly the ue salt of the seaside triton, but a flavour which is decidedly ackish, as befits the character of the place. All are very much ike, and appear to be own brothers to Captain Cuttle or the pient Jack Bunsby. All wear hard, uncomfortable-looking ats and hats, stiff as boards, and are regarded by us as perfect acles on all matters nautical or atmospherical. One of this otherhood in a very shiny hat and canvas trousers so far unends as to give us some information in a deep, hoarse voice, itched in a key which would make him distinctly audible half ross the river. He begins by telling us that the wind is Sou'-sou'-west," and that it looks "very dirty to wind'ard;" e do not know what he means exactly, but are deeply inerested. A young lady of our party, who seems to stand in ender relationship to a pale and somewhat feeble youth, nquires if it will rain; to whom the ancient mariner answers warily after his kind, as one who never commits himself, "Well —it might."

Presently we wind in a broken line up the High Street, and see more shrimps, and many articles of a nautical character somewhat bewildering to our cockney understanding. The coats and boots and hats which dangle over our heads are all of a hard, uncompromising character, highly suggestive of Dibdin's songs, pitching vessels, gales of wind, and sea-sickness; everything about us has the watery flavour observable in the boatmen. Telescopes, compasses, pilots' gloves, sextants, quadrants, logbooks, ships' biscuit, ships' lanterns, the *Shipping Gazette*, are all round us. The advertisements too smack of foreign voyages; he butchers, and corn dealers, and bakers tell us that by them shipping is supplied;" attractive posters catch our eye, informg us that the clipper ship *Boreas*, A 1, for Melbourne, will sail is month, and has ample accommodation for passengers. isions of tropical forests, gum trees, snakes, and bananas float fore us as we read these announcements; some of us become ıite nautical, not to say piratical, in our sentiments, and now at we are on shore announce in stentorian tones that "we are oat on a wide rolling sea," and that "the rover's life" is the e for us. We are evidently expected by the good folks of

Gravesend, for they have made great preparations in our honour, and seem to consider that we must be famished after our voyage. Eating-houses and dining-rooms open their hospitable doors at every twenty paces, and we are entreated to enter and partake of the prime roast beef just in cut by a shrill boy on one side of the way, whilst we are cajoled with the praises of some boiled beef by another shrill boy in a white apron,—this one on the other side. Some of us do enter these steaming *restaurants*, and I believe never leave them till it is time to rejoin our steamer. There are plenty of good shops, bright, clean streets, and bustling people, but one circumstance above all others rivets my attention; it is this, that after we have passed through the hot dinner stratum, we emerge into a tea and hot water stratum, and never get out of it again. On every house, even on the almshouses, there is an announcement, always in precisely the same words, to the effect that we can be supplied with tea, including shrimps or watercresses, at 9d. a head; that we can have hot water for 2d., and that parties bringing their own provisions can be accommodated. I am perfectly bewildered at the frequency with which this legend is repeated. I feel inclined to echo the Laureate's lines, and say, "I shaped the city's ancient legend into this,"—"Hot water, 2d. Parties bringing their own provisions accommodated. Tea, including shrimps or——" But let me pause. I moralize on the subject. Why, I ask, should people travel twenty-six miles in an open boat for the pleasure of having tea or hot water in a stuffy little room, out of which the smell of last year's shrimps has not evaporated? Why, again, should the refreshment be limited to these two comestibles, watercress or crustacean? I learn that the greatest nursery of the former vegetable is at Springhead, a neighbouring port. The sight of the cresses in their native element must be an interesting one, I should imagine, from the numerous solicitations from fly-drivers to take a carriage to Springhead.

We are approaching the hill—*the* hill, as it is emphatically called, as though it were one of the lesser Alps at least. Still the city's ancient legend haunts me; old women sit like spiders in their doorways, looking out hungrily at us, and begging us to walk into their parlour, precisely as the spider addressed the fly in the well-known ballad. Anon we mount the hill, and find a glorious view of the river and surrounding country. Far away to the eastward we can catch a glimpse of white cliffs and a blue hazy line suggestive of tumbling surges and bathing machines.

The river, far below us, lies bright and rippled by a fresh breeze. We know it is sou'-sou'-west, and are comforted. Gay yachts, picturesque barges with tanned sails, steamers sending up a spiral column of smoke, are moving over the water, and there lies at anchor a huge emigrant ship bound for Brisbane, which one of the ancient mariners told us gruffly was a "black-baller." We look at it through a pocket telescope, and see the decks crowded, and a black figure, apparently reading, or preaching is he? Yes, we learn that he is the clergyman from St. Andrew's Waterside Mission holding a farewell service on board. "And a deal of good the mission does," says an old woman whom I subsequently questioned on the subject. On the hill the fun becomes "fast and furious,"—rather too furious in many cases. 'Arry the irrepressible is not what we could wish in the way of language; otherwise, though we are all noisy, and the ladies somewhat boisterous, all is innocent enough, and I am not here as a censor. There are sights on the hill, but none so good as the landscape around it.

The happy family is amusing, especially the monkey; the swings are popular with the children, and the band which plays all day in a covered pen—my heart bled for those melancholy musicians,—was popular with every one. I did *not* climb the 'original old windmill," admission only one penny; nor did I have my fortune told, nor ride on a donkey, nor have my photograph taken, nor venture upon "three throws a penny" for cocoa-nuts. I simply got away from my fellow-excursionists and sat down and enjoyed the pure air and the splendid view. The meadows, the hop-gardens, and the woods of pleasant Kent lay before me. Yonder are Cobham Woods and Park, where Mr. Tupman erst saw the deer, and where any one can see them now if they will; and in Cobham village still stands the "Old Leather Bottle" inn, where the blighted Pickwickian sought retirement from the world and its vanities. Nearer is the beautiful spire of Rosherville church, and I remember that here are the Gardens, 'the place," as a thousand advertisements have emphatically told me, "to spend a happy day," and I am minded to visit them at some future time.

Looking once more on the hill I spy the tailor's little sick daughter busy gathering daisies with as much delight as though they were hothouse azaleas at half a guinea each. Sterne could moralize over a dead donkey; I think most of us might over a city child picking field flowers. That little pale-faced girl has

been born and bred in a little court in the City, which seems to hang on to the back of a great thoroughfare like a parasite. Her only idea of blue sky has been gathered from a glimpse of smoky atmosphere between the neighbours' chimney-pots; her only notion of flowers has been derived from a passing breath of sweetness as a florist's cart or a street hawker's basket passed her; her acquaintance with fields or gardens is limited to the garden of Hatton or the fields of Lincoln's Inn. And now she can pick daisies by the score, and see in them more than the dullard saw in "the primrose on the river's brim," which was—

> "A yellow primrose unto him,
> And it was nothing more."

Her short life—she cannot live long, I fancy—will be gladdened by those poor flowers; they will teach her to believe more than ever that "God made the country, and man made the town;" and after she is gone hence, I can fancy the daisies, like kindly flowers, growing thick upon her grave.

There is a movement among us, a rush downwards towards the town and river. It is ten minutes to boat-time. We come straggling in from all directions, too many from the public-house, several from the mild dissipation of tea-gardens, where, amid leaky arbours swarming with earwigs and dropsical spiders (can it be the contemplation of so much tea and hot water that acts on the spiders?) they have expended several ninepences in the regulation refreshment of the place. In due course, though long after our time, we are all on board the steamer, the captain, hoarse with passion, gives the order, "Go on ahead," and we are "once more upon the waters," homeward bound.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

BY S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

In the "Holy Grail" we find King Arthur, true to his kingly nature, deprecating the selfish apathy which blights the heart capable of—

"Leaving human wrongs to right themselves."

Influenced by the same views, we offer a few supplementary suggestions to those already made, for the further reformation of our prison discipline; not so much in our Government prisons, as in county ones. The sacred duty of effecting such reforms has occupied the attention of various efficient minds within the last twenty years, who have laboured hard to stem the tide of prejudice and custom, the usual barriers in the course of every holy and noble enterprise.

Amongst the most distinguished names of persons so engaged is that of the late Captain Machonochie, to whom the wonderful reformation in the condition of Norfolk Island was due, and who published a pamphlet there in 1848, respecting his new system. The name of Mary Carpenter comes next, to whom we are indebted for two volumes, entitled "Our Convicts" (Longman, Green, & Co.), embracing the whole subject in a masterly manner. A noble-minded woman, amongst the first to moot the subject, who took part in the conferences at Birmingham in the years 1851, 2, and 3; and was called upon to give evidence to the committee of the House of Commons, which in 1852-3 inquired into the condition of criminal and destitute children; and who is now sailing for India, on the same mission of reformation in our prisons there. Sir Walter Crofton, another distinguished leader in the work, as chairman of the board of Directors of Prisons in Ireland, has met with singular success, as the reward of his philanthropic labours in that island. And lastly, the Rev. Orby Shipley has aided much in the cause, by means of his valuable work entitled "The Purgatory of Prisoners," in which he gives minute details of the system that now obtains in Ireland, its extensively reformatory results amongst the convict population, and urges the

necessity of remembering that the latter are our fellow-Christians, branches of the same Vine; and that therefore every punishment inflicted upon them should tend to their ultimate restoration to their respective positions in the Church, "clothed, and in their right mind."

To effect so blessed a result, the nature of the punishments we adopt must be carefully considered; and, according to our view, this is a point which has been much neglected. We are now referring to those practised in our county gaols. That we are fully supported in this opinion, suffice it to quote from Captain Machonochie's pamphlet, alluded to in Miss Carpenter's work: "I think that the immediate and direct object of punishment, in every case, should be the reform of the criminal. I maintain that we have not even a right to employ means of a different tendency; and until this Christian principle is fully recognized in penal as in all other administrations, I am persuaded that we shall never be, nor deserve to be, successful?" Here is the opinion of a man who had to deal with prisoners of the worst class, who (as one of their own number declared) had "lost the heart of a man, and got that of a beast instead," under the system which prevailed in Norfolk Island before this great philanthropist exercised his rule among them. Miss Carpenter expresses precisely the same view as to the necessity of devising punishments that should "not merely be deterrant, but reformatory."

And now let us consider what style of punishments are practised in our county gaols,—the tread-wheel, crank-wheel, shot-drill, and shower-bath. We have inspected an Irish county gaol, rejoicing under the supervision of a board of directors famed for the good they have already effected, and therefore to be regarded as a favoured and favourable specimen of such a prison. Here we saw three of the above-named devices for correcting a miserable wretch,—man or woman,—perfectly unproductive of good to the community at large, to the support of the establishment, or the future fresh-start-in-life of the culprit. The ponderous tread-wheel turned no mill,—the labour all wasted, instead of acquiring any benefit; the prisoner's worst feelings—of insubordination, revenge, ill-temper, and hatred of labour—excited in its place. The so-called "shot-drill," equally useless as to beneficial results. Shall we explain for the uninitiated of what this last-named labour consists? Imagine a large square yard in the enclosure of the prison walls

aid out chess-board style, and at the corner of each square a cannon-ball of eleven pounds weight. These are to be picked up successively, and, at intervals of a couple of paces, replaced, each respectively, in the place of its fellow. What must be the agony in the back of the poor wretch so exercised! and how probably his future career rendered comparatively unproductive of good, through physical incapacitation, made thus the victim of a lifelong lumbago. As to the abominable administration of the shower-bath,—a powerful medium by which the subject may be treated medically, either with advantage or with highly deleterious results,—surely in its use in connection with our criminals it should be remembered that persons who have pursued such a life as led to incarceration in a gaol are likely to be deteriorated in health, from lack of nourishment, bad air, exposure to weather, and morally evil practices. To such, how dare we administer this as a punishment; and under the aggravated circumstances of enclosing the unhappy woman within a wooden-sided bath, with a wooden door, strongly barred across, instead of the usual curtains; so that the nervous apprehensions naturally awakened in the poor ignorant erring creature must be terrible to experience; barred up in a sort of coffin, to be, perhaps, smothered with the fall of water from above! Have none of these prisoners diseased hearts, lungs affected, tendency to blood to the head, &c.? One woman was so injured by the use of this torture, that (we were informed in the prison before named) she instituted proceedings against the governor on her release, and gained her suit.

It may be that an act of cruelty led to the incarceration of a man; and so the rule by which we act appears to be homœopathic in its character, not indeed as to quantity, but as to quality; according to the system wisely permitted in darker ages, but which our Divine Lord expressly said was not to be the Christian rule. Hereafter we must be judged as "our brother's keeper," having forcibly taken him under our charge; and thus it becomes us to support and nourish the withering branch, with which, till the great separation of the judgment-day take place, we are inseparably connected. Thus the highest moral influence should be exerted over them, in accordance with the Spirit of Him who is "kind to the unthankful and the evil." The crank-wheel is another infernal invention, worthy of a darker age; and, among all the county gaols in which this useless expenditure of labour is maintained, we are told on good

authority that at Leicester gaol it is pre-eminently in vogue. Were we to abandon the Christian and Catholic view of the subject, having respect to the training of the prisoner, we could yet most reasonably appeal still further to the selfish consideration of social economy, and inquire why, in a country burdened with taxes and debt, we do not utilize the labour of our criminals on *all* occasions of employing their thews and sinews?

See what is done in Switzerland. With the permission of Government, convicts are hired by private individuals, to work in the fields, or otherwise, under the surveillance of a keeper; and half of their hire goes to defray the expense of their support in prison, the rest is given to themselves. Of course this must no less elevate the moral sense of the convict and teach the value of labour, than relieve the public purse of much burden.

We have lately visited the prison of Millbank, and it was a comfort to see that although the system adopted under the Act of Parliament of 1853 has not been carried out as fully and satisfactorily in England as in the sister country, still, the absence of the tread and crank wheels, the shot-drill, and the shower-bath, was no little relief to our mind.

Why is it, then, that our country gentlemen, who "sit at home at ease," permit the gaols under their rule to be training-places for the worst passions of their unhappy inmates, rather than partially self-supporting reformatories? Why fill the teeming unions with the additional families of their prisoners, deprived of the labour, in whole, not in part only, of their respective bread-earners? In the name of our common brotherhood as Christians, we adjure our fellow-countrymen to abolish all profitless and degrading labour as a means of correction, and to let the grand object of all punishment be evident, as well to the prisoner as to the public in general, that of *restoring* the fallen members of the Church of Christ to their respective positions within it.

That we are not unjust in our censure of the system adopted so extensively, if not universally, in our county prisons, we would draw attention to the fact that criminals prefer a sentence of three or four years' penal servitude, to eighteen months or two years' imprisonment in one of them; which circumstance was attributed (on the investigation of the subject by a Government committee) to the fact that the discipline is much milder in the one than the other.

A most ably written and valuable work appeared a few months ago, to which we think it expedient to direct the attention of all those who feel an interest in the question of reforming the vicious, and relieving the destitute, whose social position and misery naturally render them an easy prey to criminal temptations. We refer to a book entitled "The Seven Curses of London," and we would to God there were many such self-denying labourers in the cause of sinning and suffering humanity as the energetic and talented author of this work.

When it is considered that in London alone, as he informs us, 20,000 persons are eating the bread of dishonesty, as professed thieves—and that apart from all other crimes that render a man liable to become the inmate of a gaol,—for what a large number of our fallen fellow-countrymen and women we are now pleading, in advocating the exclusively reformatory character of the punishments inflicted, as well as in the other measures we adopt!

In conclusion, apart from the principles which we have advocated, as a supplementary effort in a cause well pleaded by able pens before; it is a matter of grave importance that the lower orders should *see* such an animus pervading the upper classes of society, and such a brotherly spirit in utterances of both Tory and Church papers.

It is the bane of the poor to imagine, as they do, that the aristocracy and gentry of the country are their natural enemies. We only maintain that reform should proceed from above, not from below; and the head should guide and look after the foot; yet all the time we may give evidence that, spiritually, we and they are "one in Christ," by the ever-apparent fact that "when one member" of His body "suffers, all the members suffer with it."

ULTIMA THULE;

OR, A CURACY NEAR DARTMOOR.

BY REV. STIRLING C. VOULES.

> "Be useful where thou livest, that they may
> Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still."
>
> GEORGE HERBERT.

IT is of course indisputable that a prophet has no honour in his own country; but that a man becomes a prophet directly he leaves it is, to say the least, a "*non sequitur*." I realized the truth of this before I had been long in my first curacy "somewhere near Dartmoor."

On alighting at the railway station, which was something under twenty-five miles from my future residence, I found that the "commodious" coach which an advertisement in a country paper had painted in such glowing colours had been metamorphosed by a process reversing the story of Cinderella into a very *uncommodious* two-horse fly (there is something uncomfortable and meagre in the very notion of a fly; "cab" is much better). As it was towards the commencement of the year 186–, I need hardly observe that it was snowing; and it was only by the greatest good luck in the world that I managed to secure an inside seat, greatly to the exasperation of other claimants. On dwelling on this scene I like to flatter myself with the thought that my white tie "did it"—for even if it didn't, there is no harm in my "laying the flattering unction to my soul," and success is always prized in proportion to its scarcity. At any rate, I secured my place; and it was not till I had gone a few miles that I began to ask myself whether I was in such great luck after all, and whether I should have fared better as a frozen outside passenger. The vehicle was very small. I was sitting with my back to the horses, and beside me, monopolizing an undue portion of the seat, was a farmer's wife, passing fair, very fat, quite forty, and on her knees the (apparently) last pledge of bucolic love—a very restless babe, who required unremitting attention on the part of the mother. The opposite seats were occupied by an elderly well-to-do looking man (whose sober suit of melancholy black and a certain instinctive feeling on my part

le me regard him suspiciously as a rival) and his better half, h of whom, as I shortly afterwards found, were on their way ttend a large "revival" meeting at the Dissenting chapel in parish. I had concealed the evidences of my calling, after ir recent victory, thinking that while preserving my incognito hould have a better opportunity of ascertaining the state of parish theologically speaking. In answer to my inquiries, I ard nothing very encouraging. "There were a brave[1] lot of ssenters about those parts, there were surely." "Of what class?" Vhy, of all classes mostly. There was the Bible Christians, which he belonged; and the Baptists, who were 'dipped like' the river; and the Wesleyans, but he believed they had katted'[2] lately," &c., &c.

The atmosphere was by this time quite stifling, and as there as a general objection to my plan of opening the windows, atters were getting to a crisis, when, to my great satisfaction, unusually violent gust of wind proved too much for a partially acked and time-honoured pane of glass, which came in with a ash, and thus secured ventilation. "*Sic me servavit Apollo*— , rather, *Boreas*." I remarked,—"it is indeed an ill wind that ows nobody any good;" but my friend opposite, who got the ll benefit of it, and an occasional volley of snow in his face, dn't quite seem to see the force of my quotation, and got a fle grumpy. I was consequently left to my own meditations, d shortly fell into a doze.

I was preaching in the Dissenters' chapel ("Remember this . . is nothing but a dream"), and in the midst of a flowing riod words suddenly failed: the eyes of all were on me, some ridicule, more in pity, when I fancied I heard the voice of my low-traveller, shouting to me impatiently, "Now, then, are you ing to keep us waiting here all night?" I woke with a start, l found that the words which I had connected with my dream ey probably had occasioned it) were addressed to the driver, vehicle having come to a stop. I looked out of window. was snowing hard still, and the terrible thought flashed across "We *are snowed up*." To disentangle myself from the umbrances which were the natural consequence of such close

Brave, not meant to imply heroic qualities to the Dissenters, but numerical igth. A "brave" lot of people are "a great many people."

Skatted. The word skat (scat?) is of wide application in Devonshire. A ier is broken, and it is said to have *skatted*. The affairs of a company, say ns. Overend and Gurney, are involved, and they have "*skatted*."

packing, to open the door and jump out, was the work of—five minutes at the very least. It was clear that progress was impossible. We had just reached a bend of the road, where the drifted snow was lying some five feet deep; and the only question was whether it was too late to retreat. *Sed revocare gradum.*

Hoc opus, hic labor est. Luckily our driver had acted like a prudent general, and not led us into the thick of a fight which it would have been impossible to maintain. With some difficulty the horses' heads are turned, and in about an hour and a half we arrive (for the second time that night) at the little town of X., time, nine p.m. Here every hospitality is shown us, and the whole house is busy with its endeavours to do honour to travellers who are regarded with awe as having been miraculously preserved from a night on Dartmoor; and a night on Dartmoor (such a night, too) is evidently a serious matter.

Next morning we set off betimes, and as the heavy rains, which had fallen late on the previous night, had cleared away a great deal of the snow, we got on a little faster. It was a bright cheerful morning, and things generally wore a pleasanter aspect. The sun was shining in full force to apologize for yesterday, and was making the snow quickly beat a retreat; especially as the streams which were pouring on all sides from the hills were making a simultaneous attack beneath, and forcing their way by subniveous passages. To the left as far as the eye could reach stretched the plain or forest (why forest?) of Dartmoor; gigantic "tors" here and there relieving the monotony of the view, as they stood out clear and bright against the morning sky in their garment of snow. There was something grand in the prospect, but as I was nearing what was for the future to be my home, it struck me that the grandeur of Dartmoor would better suit the rapturous fancies of tourists than the sober minds of residents. A few dwelling-places here and there, and a trifle of cultivation, just to keep up the credit of the nineteenth century, might, I could not help fancying, be an improvement. The scene naturally recalled Virgil's fine lines,—

> "Juvat arva videre
> Non rastris, hominum non ulli obnoxia curæ."

But I am inglorious enough to confess that I think Alexander Selkirk has the best of the argument.

There were not wanting traditions connected with some of the

rious objects which met or were supposed to meet our view. was pointed out the ruins of an old castle, the inhabitants of nich during a remarkable siege in the civil wars were apparently abled to subsist for an unprecedented length of time on thing. Few particulars were attached to this legend, and thing can be gathered from present appearances, as the castle" now consists of a somewhat large heap of stones and a ugh tumble-down wall. Besides this object of antiquity there as a wayside inn, which had been, "long, long ago," the prison some exorbitant Israelites, who were there held in durance le and fed on pork until such time as they were pleased to pay heavy ransom. And there was to be seen Brentor, on the mmit of which a classically minded mariner, when overtaken a storm, once vowed to erect a church should he escape the rils of the deep. Q.E.F.

"David Copperfield" tells us that he experienced his first fall life when, by an unmistakable hint on the part of the coachan, he was forced to relinquish the box-seat in favour of a mmunicative cattle dealer. Now my feelings were, I dare say, mewhat similar when, on arriving at the church to officiate for e first time, I found not a soul there, with the exception of the erk. But, having no inclination for Swift's hackneyed joke of Dearly beloved Roger," I trudged back again,—perhaps not in e best of tempers, having prepared my sermon with a good al of care, and rather calculated, truth to confess, on making favourable impression. Afterwards I found that my arrival as not acceptable to a majority of the parish, never very parl to new comers, and in this case with their affections set upon y predecessor. The case of Mr. Girdlestone will testify that e of the best ways of spiting the parson is to stay away from urch. Since that I have got on better, but the improvement very gradual.

My friend was quite right about the Dissenters. They abound. e Baptists I find the most difficult to deal with, not only cause they seem to have bestowed more thought on the point doctrine which, as they consider, justifies their separation m our Church, but because they have a certain amount of son on their side. Says one of them to me, "How can Bill ubbs make all them promises for my little boy, who don't know hat he is telling of more than Adam? T'other day he [Bill ubbs] was had up before the magistrates [crime not specified, ut the fact itself a sufficient proof of moral guilt], and he's a

brave person to stand up and promise for anybody else. He'd best do that for himself, I reckon."

The Bible Christians, or Bryanites, or Plymouth Brethren (the creed of all is much the same), though they number some tolerably educated and sincere adherents, puzzle me much, and often have led me, if not to exclaim, with Mr. Silas Wegg, of immortal fame, "I don't know why Bible, and I don't know why Christian," at least to question their right to a monopoly in either term. They, too, are difficult to deal with, as their great argument is what may be called an "*argumentum ad pectus*." "I feel, sir, I am right *here*," a disciple of this school will say, pointing to what he imagines to be the region of his heart. What can you say to a man who says "*he feels it here*"? I certainly did once hear of an irascible parson from the sister isle, who, in answer to a lecture which he was administering to a parishioner for some gross immorality, could get nothing like contrition, but a persistent "Ah, sir, I know I am not wrong—I feel I am right *here*." "Do you, bedad?" says the irate minister; and, with a forcible kick dexterously applied, "Now, perhaps, you feel it there." But this summary method is, I allow, unclerical, and not to be adopted as a precedent.

We have a great many "sometimes church sometimes chapel" people—theological Adullamites, as it were, who inform you, with a trifle of condescension, that "they haven't anything to say against the Church," as if it were naturally to be expected that they had. One looks out anxiously for these on Sundays. Whenever they do come, I would venture to remark, speaking under correction, and with little experience, that it is a bad plan to preach *at* them. I don't think a theological controversy ("*Res rixa est ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum*") suited for a country pulpit. "If you've anything to say agin us," says an old woman to me, "doey come here and say it; but I don't go to church when I do go, to be talked at and scolded like. If we had a pulpit at t'other end of the church, we might stand up for ourselves; but, as it is, you have it all your own way." There is something in this.

With regard to preaching generally. The better acquainted I become with religious feeling in these parts, the more convinced I am of the importance of preaching. The good Churchman will say, "Preaching is not the only important part of the service," and I, being, it is to be hoped, a good Churchman likewise, willingly allow that it should not be. But the indisputable fact stares us

in the face, that, in the estimation of the people, it *is*,—and it is not too much to say that the majority of every country congregation go to church to *hear the sermon*. They may be mistaken; but the fact must be accepted and traded on to their advantage. If great good, we may say the greatest good, can be done from the pulpit, can a conscientious clergyman, a good Churchman, presume to despise so powerful an engine, simply because a proper estimate is not set on the other parts of the service? Church people or Dissenters, all are pleased to be visited by the clergy. In sickness, especially, they regard the presence of the clergyman as a sort of charm—one of the numerous testimonies to the deep root superstition has taken among them,—and for this reason welcome his approach almost as much as for his ministrations by the bedside, for which they are always thankful. In health they are pleased to have a chat with the parson, and find he takes an interest in their temporal as well as spiritual welfare. If the visit be accompanied by a *douceur*, it is all the more acceptable and, I think, profitable. A good story old of a gentleman in India and his black servant, which I will venture to introduce, may serve by its converse to illustrate this. The servant had got drunk, and his master, finding by experience that threats were useless as a prevention, determined, if possible, to cure by chastisement; so, having provided himself with a horsewhip, he administered a sound thrashing, improving the occasion by intervals of wholesome admonition. The conjunction of the two evils mightily displeased poor Sambo: "If massa preach, preachey; and if massa flog, floggey; but no preachey and floggey too."

At some future time I hope to report further progress from—

"A CURATE NEAR DARTMOOR."

PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA.[1]

By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., Vicar of North Marston.

IV. THE CURATE AND PATRONAGE QUESTION.

It is impossible to separate the Patronage question from the Curate question, as some have vainly striven to do. And it is because the most kindly and liberally planned "Curates' Augmentation Fund" endeavoured to separate the one, call it Curate or Patronage question, into two, that it has not done all which might have been done. "The sop-for-Cerberus Fund" would be a more suitable designation than the "Curates' Augmentation Fund." I would not for one moment either dare to say, or wish to say, that the thoughtful and good men who established that fund meant it to be aught else than a fair and fitting recognition of curates and their needs. The reasoning probably was and is of this nature:—"There are many defects in our Church, which have accrued and accumulated in the course of the centuries, our Church having not only, as was right, refused to accommodate her doctrine to the eager demands of growing and rapacious worldliness; but having also, which is wrong, rather neglected than refused to adapt her organization to the necessities of succeeding ages. These defects of adaptation, over and above the accretions of moss, lichen, and ivy—accretions venerable, picturesque, and only dangerous when allowed to harbour decay and death—having already attracted the notice of the enemy, must be duly surveyed by owners and friends with a view to being speedily and effectually, at the very least, speedily repaired. And the Patronage system, which we will call the Curate question, cries loudest of all. Let us see what can be done to mitigate its urgency and avert its present tendency. Let us minister generously to the wants of curates. Let us take the grievance out of Nonconformist hands, and out of the still more hostile hands of irreligion and worldliness. Let us give curates of a certain standing an extra £100 per annum, and thus

[1] No. V. of these papers will be upon the "Utilization of the Press."

›se at one and the same moment the hungry mouths of curates' ves and children, the indignant mouths of a sympathizing blic, the scornful mouth of the artisan population, and various ıer mouths, whose united clamour is both distressing to kind arts and alarming to uneasy consciences."

Thus there was at work in the foundation of this fund a xture of real indignant, pitiful, brotherly goodness, with some conscious worldly wisdom, and a strong instinct of self-preser- tion. If the society had done no greater good and no other ɔd than bringing the question forward, and compelling attention it, it is a monument of utility and beneficence, and should be ɜr coupled with the name of the Rev. J. J. Halcombe, its ginal instigator.

But if we would take an adequate measure of the growing portance of the Curate question, it is well to look at it in three ɔects, having regard to (1) the remuneration of curates, (2) ɜ position of curates, and (3) the prospects of curates.

I. It is the first point of these three which the Augmentation d other such societies touch; and their touch of this, often, :e Ithuriel's spear, reveals the still uglier figures than poverty d want, which have so long lain hidden, and which in the last rt of my subject will be duly brought forth. This side of the bject is more especially the mercantile side than are the other 'o; and this side, however much it may seem to be so, is not e saddest side of the Curate question. Harrowing tales, ırrowing true tales, are told of curates' woes and privations, les not one hair's-breadth overdrawn, of insufficiency of food ıd clothing, tales of sometimes premature death by the slow ›ison of foul air, meagre sustenance, and scanty covering. Mr. rollope and "George Eliot" have told us a little by their true ɜscriptions, the eloquence of statistics has told us much, the ɜcords of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, and the speeches of ishops at the meetings of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, ave contributed their doles of distressing particulars. Many a ɜader will be able, sometimes of his own knowledge, and oftener y shrewd guesswork, to testify that the "sad fortunes of Amos arton," and the portraiture of "Mr. Crawley," are true to the fe. But still the money side of the question, though always bad side, has never been the worst side, and is gradually being meliorated and improved. A few more examples of clergymen ıinting at their work for want of bare bread would, indeed, have *disestablished the Church* far more effectually than any Act of

Parliament. Such examples were just numerous enough, and just enough bruited about, to patch things up till the QUESTION of which they are the fringe and surface can be permanently settled. Starvation, fortunately for curates as individuals, and far more fortunately for the Church than for the unbeneficed clergy as a body of men whose claims must soon be settled, has departed almost entirely from "the Curate's home." Beef and mutton, decency and comfort, summer recreation and unstinted winter fuel, are still the exception and not the rule in the families of the unbeneficed. But public opinion has for some years made it dangerous to give very mean stipends to curates with amilies. And so one sees that "he must be unmarried," or "he must have private means," or "he must be under thirty-five," or "he must have no young children," or "he may take a few pupils with the rector's son;" and by such expedients as these the reproach of an underpaid curate is rolled away from many a rectorial and vicarial door.

Let me say parenthetically, that if anything reproachful or sarcastic has escaped or should escape my pen with regard to the beneficed clergy, it must be applied only to those—and who does not know that there are such?—who are rich and penurious, not to those who are poor and frugal, least of all to those very many who are poor and generous in regard to their curates.

"I will find you a curate for £40 a year," said a rich man who passes for a gentleman, when the vicar was speaking kindly to this canny lay parishioner of the necessities of his married curate; "let Dickinson go, vicar, and leave it all to me. I tell you this is a desirable neighbourhood, and many a man of merit would come for £40 a year."

"But Mr. Dickinson is liked, and has worked well for some time here; and I question whether the more influential parishioners would be so willing to part with him."

"Nonsense! it is simply a question of supply and demand. Dickinson will go in a moment, at the least hint of his not being exactly wanted."

"Yes, and that is precisely why we must be careful not to give him the hint."

What does the reader suppose was the cause of this wish to get rid of poor Dickinson? The vicar had suggested that his curate's stipend should be added to by the people, as he was himself unable to increase it; and the people generally were more than willing to make the addition. But this Mr. Brown,

who spent much of his income upon house and horses, and gave threepenny pieces to the collections at church, was angered at being put upon the alternative of either giving money or losing caste.

Still the money side of the Curate question is the improving side. The Easter offertory, which used to be very tightly held in rectorial hands, is now often divided between rector and curate, and sometimes even, where the rector is rich, given wholly to the curate.[1] Testimonials to curates take the shape of hard cash more frequently than used to be the case. Hampers of good things find their way, more and more noticeably, to curates' tables. Sympathy clothes herself in a more and more substantial and homely garb, as the tales of curates' privation, years old though they be, find their way from mansion to cottage. The restriction of competition for Bishop Jeune's Memorial Prize, of the annual value of £20, to licensed curates is another timely recognition of the pecuniary needs of curates. Literature is also very frequently kind to curates, enrolling them ungrudgingly in its genial ranks. Stipends of £150 a year are offered "to a good man;" and, however little way £150 a year will go, it goes farther than £60 or £80, or even £100.

Some curates will have read this last paragraph with impatience, and a dash of scorn. Every clergyman must commence as a curate, and among the number of curates there are, of course, men whose way is made ready to their hands by a fortune or a family living. These are not of the race of curates. They are curates, but not of curates. They are a valuable element, in in their very specialty, of the Church's efficiency. They are as good, kind, conscientious, and often as hard-working as others (the history of one of them now being drawn in Messrs. Parker's "Penny Post" is not a bad portraiture); but they are curates only in the same way as the Prince of Wales is a subject. And they would scout the very idea of the "testimonial" which to poorer men is so welcome, or, if they deigned to accept it, would

[1] While correcting the proof of this paper, an example, worthy alike of record and imitation, comes, opportunely enough, to my knowledge. A rector, say of a Yorkshire parish, is at this moment near to death's door, and has written a cheque for what he judges will be his last payment to his long-standing curate. The sum due was £75. "Add a 0," said the kindly-hearted man, whose deeds of benevolence have adorned a long and generous life. Before this paper is printed this good rector, who increased his curate's last half-yearly payment from £75 to £750, will have, in all probability, reached that "land o' the leal" to which he is hastening. I can vouch for the truth of the story.

accept it only in the form of salver or memorial. Books, or robes, or purse, money or what would spare the outlay of money, would be to them an offence. Hampers would irritate, offertories would perplex, increase of stipend would exasperate. These curates are out of the running and out of the reckoning. The Curate question is not their question, and when it becomes the Patronage question, theirs only indirectly and by a side wind. The money side is to them a *terra incognita*, or a *terra inexplorata*. The Church finds them room in which to do what is pleasant, and what is right and useful, and what is gentlemanly; and that forms the curate stage of their life; growing by and bye into a more solemn sense of responsibility, and developing now and then into a career of nobility and devotion, simplicity and meekness, such as is rarely elsewhere seen. But I do not write for or write about such transition curates as this; nor about another exceptional variety of curate, the *vulgar* rich. A specimen of this kind, as rarely to be found as the bittern in Bucks, or the eagle in Essex, amused his fellow-students at a well-known theological college by informing them, upon all occasions, that he had "married a hairesse," with a strong accent upon the last syllable, and a very decided recognition of the "haspirate." He was looking for a costly lodging for his "hairesse," and by this time has bought himself, in all probability, a living in which the hair*esse* may fitly disport herself. Such men as this are also out of the reckoning. So improving, as regards curates generally, is the money aspect of the question, that a poor incumbent is generally considered "worse off" than a well-paid curate. This introduces us to the second portion of the subject.

II. The position of a curate. Once more, I do not speak of Hon. and Rev. Lord curates, nor of sons of bishop curates, but of the common run of men who, equal in all but political influence and knowledge of patrons to their more fortunate brethren, depend upon themselves, and stand, so to speak, upon their own legs. The position of curates has its bright side unquestionably; and if a curate could, while remaining a curate, remain a young curate and an unmarried curate, could stop the gradual blanching, and thinning, and departure of the tell-tale locks, and the deepening and widening of the tell-tale crow's-feet, and the increasing "age" of the tell-tale voice, and the care in the anxious eyes, and evident wear and tear of the form and features that were once "so different, Mrs. Smith, that I quite pity him,

'—if all this could be stopped while promotion was
nd if no unbeneficed clergyman could ever grow older
or three and thirty, then the position of curates would
tly satisfactory.
has its bright side, as I remarked before, unquestion-
me writers say that "literates" are not invited to
rties, but Archdeacon Allen decidedly refuses to make
rties the test of a clergyman's fitness (considering a
them to be rather a sign of unfitness) for his work,
uch those social gatherings may arbitrate position in
world. If the little paragraph that has appeared in
papers about the superior croquet skill of an English
p be accurate, the venerable archdeacon would doubt-
a bone to pick with the croquet-playing lord bishop,
would come to be, as there gradually is coming to be,
question as well as a Curate question; the result of
ght be literate lord bishops who are not invited to
rties, in contradistinction to academical archbishops
I believe, however, that "society" makes no such
tinction between literates and university men (well for
it did), but that the distinction is, far more reasonably,
een literates and *il*literates, educated and uneducated,
l unrefined, affected and unaffected, simplicity and

g seriously—and I confess that the subject is one
ands serious treatment,—the social position of curates
branch of this second portion of the subject. However
it may be that their absence from croquet parties and
rties should be a voluntary and not a sour-grape
he position of a curate is not to be gauged by the
his invitations accepted or invitations rejected. If he
me visitor to rich and poor alike, if there be a tacit
ling that, by virtue of his office alone (unless personal
ess should make it difficult to forget the man in the
is entitled to respect and consideration, then the posi-
f the Curate question is its bright side. And in most
s is so. It is only here and there a rector who would
rate, as a curate acquaintance of mine was once told,
ector's little boy was to the curate, not plain William,
· William. "Was he *baptized* 'Master,' then?—what
me for a child!" very properly remarked my friend.
here and there a rector who would make—I think

Solomon would say, "such a fool" of himself. And it is here and there an educated layman, who, to the off-hand re that "Robinson preached a good sermon last Sunday morn would rejoin severely, "Do you mean *Mr.* Robinson, s "Why, yes, of course; I didn't mean *Mrs.* Robinson," re Clarke, the curate, to Talbot, the squire, in regard to Robi the rector. These are but foils to set off the more gene recognised position of the curate to greater advantage. take up more space in treating of this pleasantest part o subject, lingering, as it is human nature to do, in the g valleys and on the pleasant hill-sides, and forgetting that is an "Argob" or stony place, a "Trachonitis" or rough co yet to be got over, I shall unduly exceed my limits.

III. The prospects of curates might be described in a words. A painter could paint them in a yet fewer vivid ske from the life. If I were a painter, I should begin my seri pictures with a pleasant bachelor's lodgings full of warm suns and surrounded by neat bookshelves, the *John Bull* perha the *Saturday Review* perhaps on the table, an arm-chair of cient comfort before the window, a happy face bent upon MSS. encased in black in the hands, and a brave *nil despera* aspect shining out from things in general. That would b ture No. 1. Then I would, overleaping intervals, draw an picture. There should still be a pleasant room, and it shou made pleasanter, this time, by another face, the face of "an meet for him." The sunshine should still be in the room, intend that sunshine to represent hope, but it should be paler than, not so warm and glowing a hue as, the sunshine first picture. Then I would pass on to a third picture, in there should be dark shadows well-nigh overmasterin diminishing sun-rays; the curate's head should be covered grey, and the "ministering angel" should be endeavouri assuage the pain and anguish that wring the curate's brov open letter should be upon the table, upon which is p visible such expressions as "regret," "discontinue your services," "hope you will find a suitable engagement," & Picture No. 4, with its single, half-obliterated ray of wintr and its little eager faces, and its *nunc semper despera* appearance generally, I would rather not draw. "The Cu Progress" is, however, a suggestive subject for any rising who is fearless and free.

The prospects of curates form, indeed, the darkest elem

ıeir chequered sensations. Give a man hope, and he can ıdure, can persevere, can even be happy, under the greatest ivations. And the hope to such men as still, though in nıinishing proportion, recruit the ranks of Church of England ergy, must be a hope of advancement, not the mere hope of taining an extra £25 per annum, after fifteen years' hard ırvice in what gradually grows to be the "man of all work" osition of stipendiary curate. Continue to shut off the prospect f promotion from all but men who are "called to the ministry" y the prospect of a family living, the patronage of a friendly lignitary, the possession of a "hairesse" wife, or of a brazen mportunity, or a tide-waiter's vigilance, or a useful subservience, ır the power to give an opportune vote, and you would gradually divide the clergy into two castes, the one of which I will call the clerk-in-an-office or unbeneficed caste, and the other the aristocratic or beneficed caste. The latter, being privileged, would continue to succeed or be promoted to the good things of the Church; the former, being unprivileged, would look to an increased stipend, as the sole result of hard and diligent service, and would come to be of precisely the same stamp and calibre as clerks in insurance societies, in banks, and in merchants' offices, who are indeed an eminently useful and honourable body of gentlemen, upon whom it would be the grossest vulgarity and the gravest injustice to cast a slur, but who would themselves be the first to allow and to avow that they are "not exactly the men to make parsons of."

"It is easy to write up grievances," says somebody. Yes, my friend, but it is possible to forget grievances, and there are some grievances which are independent of being "written up." It is easy to let poison spread, and scandals multiply. Real grievances are worthy of recognition and remedial treatment, for conscience' sake, and kindness' sake, and safety's sake. The curate grievance is, among other evils, alienating those "working classes" whom it is just now becoming the wise fashion to seek out.[1] It is eating into the life, and impairing even the outside seemliness of the Church of England. The prospects of curates are allowed, on almost all hands, to be inadequate, unequally shaped, and verging upon the scandalous. I call to mind at this moment the cases of two men, both known to myself, the one a godson of the Lord Chancellor, from whom he has recently got a living of the value

[1] "The Great Unwashed," by a Journeyman Engineer, pp. 87—92. London: Tinsley Brothers.

of seven or eight hundred pounds, before he had been one twelvemonth ordained, and after having prematurely taken priest's orders; the other, not a godson of the Lord Chancellor (but in every other way the social equal, and perhaps even the intellectual superior of my more fortunate and equally estimable acquaintance), who, after a laborious and efficient service of twenty years is just where he was, with the exception of a wife and family to maintain, when, "believing all things" and "hoping all things," he knelt, more than four lustres ago, for the imposition of episcopal hands.

Stitch-in-time measures cannot now—they might have done ten years ago—touch such common scandals as this, which is but a reflex of what happens within every observant man's observation.

1. The one *necessary*, though merely preliminary step, must be a restriction of the field from which patrons, whether public or private, may make their choice of nominees. Such a narrowing of the area of selection, though a most mildly medicinal measure, would insert the thin end of that all-powerful wedge which, by the Rev. E. Bartrum, is aptly called "Promotion by Merit."[1] This restriction should be made to embrace such restrictive elements as length of service, quality of service, temporal necessity, and general suitability. The simplest of all preliminary restrictions would be to enact that no clergyman under thirty years of age should be promotable to a benefice of say, £200 in value per annum, unless he had been five years in holy orders. I believe there is, in regard to the restriction of admission to the diaconate to persons of at least twenty-three years of age, some such exceptional clause as "unless he have a faculty," whatever that may be, which might, like the suffragan-bishop statute, be utilized, though one never thinks about it; and a similar exception, for possible future contingencies, might be inserted in any Act restricting the admission to a benefice to clergymen of at least five years' standing. But writers upon the patronage system seem to be generally agreed—and men who converse with one another, Anglicans and Nonconformists alike, upon the same subject seem to be of much the same mind with those who express their thoughts through the various channels of the press—that, be the preliminary length of service a period of three years, or of five years, or of seven years, or of ten years, it should become impossible for a private patron, and still more

[1] London: Longmans and Co.

were degrees of impossibility, for a Lord Chancellor, ral Lord Chancellor, to give his godson, only ten or ıths in holy orders, a good living, over the heads of f equally good and true men, who have worked fifteen more without any recognition of their merits. And ion to five years' service would certainly not be a ısure of reform, at the same time that it would look ally be, an earnest and an honest step forward.

ıer such step—I am writing an article, and not a book, ner suggestion would necessarily have been further —is to give a restricted, rational, and qualified power the parish over which an incumbent is to be set. parochial suffrage, or even by communicant suffrage, a terrible, almost an unmitigated evil. I am not ny single benefit which would result as a counter-force. What was so well and eloquently said, just ır ago, in the "General Assembly of the Established Scotland," by the Rev. Dr. Macduff, of Glasgow, is as to the Church of England; and I would earnestly he report of that Assembly which is to be found in *v Herald* of May 27, 1869, and following days, to the f all who are interested in the subject of patronage. ff says,—

rochial veto, or a parish council veto, would be a far

gational election become the accepted law of the Church, and far ıow would the man of rhetorical flourishes and histrionic effects and stianity—the man whom, as I mentioned when debating this subject ourt, I remember Dr. Chalmers, in one of his inimitable strokes of g by the appropriate name of a 'pulpiteer,'—I say such would gain ference to one of calm, earnest, unobtrusive character and piety; not perhaps, in the pulpit, but demonstrative in the hearts and homes And I would just further add, when on this point, that a presentee ıdent when he enters on his work, not the obliged nominee of his ıut with his hands untied and his lips unfettered. I would not put as a rev. prelate in the sister church the other day, that such a tee runs the great risk of having the Scripture picture reversed, by ul trembling before Felix; but I, at all events, say that in many ıld be a very strong temptation to say smoother things to Felix than wise do, and perhaps a still stronger temptation to say smoother illa. Then I pass to another important view—What would be the ing of popular or congregational or committee election, by whatever ation our friends aim at? I believe it would come to be proved any-m. It would come to be proved the fruitful cause of cabals and and misunderstandings. I believe many an honest Christian man to avow, 'Would we had been saved these miserable squabbles by ay, with all its alleged grievances and defects!'"

different, and more practicable, and yet sufficiently concil and practical measure.

3. A modified right of succession granted to curates o Chancellor and other such livings. I do not advocate a c "tenant right," or wish to import any "Ulster custom" in field of Church patronage. But it is iniquitous that a should work ten, twelve, and even twenty years in a Lord cellor's parish, and that when his absentee rector dies a parish memorialises the patron on behalf of their esteem laborious curate, now in the decline of life it may be, the should treat such a memorial with the silent contempt o scienceless power.

4. A diocesan patronage board, supplemented by simila decanal boards, to bring with some earnestness and au the claims of neglected curates before a too careless or a *too* bishop, and before patrons of livings in the diocese generall

5. An Act of Parliament for the appointment of co curates to infirm incumbents; such coadjutors to be app with the consent of patrons, with right of succession to cumbencies the curacies of which they efficiently serv meanwhile to have a freehold right to a certain propor the infirm incumbent's professional income. The R Dawson, Vicar of Moor Allerton, has published an ad letter upon the subject, which I believe he would w send to any interested applicant.[1]

6. Compulsorily constituted, *ipso facto* constituted, I Diocesan Committees of Patrons (patrons by represe where a benefice is in plural patronage), on whom shou the responsibility of seeing that no fit curate remain unbe for more than fifteen or twenty years. Failing the vo presentation, by that mutual consultation and agreement this plan contemplates, of all curates of more than twent service in the Church, including five years' service or, exceptional circumstances,[2] five years' residence in the an appeal, at the expense of the Committee of Patron from all such unpromoted curates to the Ecclesiastical C missioners, who shall then have, by virtue of such fai their own hands, and in trust for said curates' sole ben next presentation of all benefices of not more than £300 value, in the diocese in which such failure of promotio

[1] Rev. W. Dawson, Moor Allerton, Leeds.

[2] Such as unfair combination of patrons and rectors.

have happened, till such time as the said curates' claims be provided for; together with power of taxing the income of all benefices in the diocese of more than £300 annual income, for and until payment of the fair value of the next presentation to the patron of such livings (under £300 per annum) as shall be in private patronage, and shall have been given to the said curates. Such appointments to be subject to parochial veto, and to be affected in all other ways by modifications which affect the exercise of other Church patronage. The same law to extend to curates of fifteen years' service, altering "value of not more than £300" to "value of not more than £150 with parsonage-house." This law not to apply to cases of non-acceptance of and non-application for benefices, nor to clerks of ill fame; and a preliminary solemn declaration to be required of all candidate curates, to the effect that they have not previously been offered preferment of equal value, or of equal value within £20; that they are not possessed of more than £100 in the one case,[1] or £150 in the other case,[2] annual private income; that they have served one curacy for not less than five years, or three curacies for not less than an aggregate of eight years, and that they have not for the five preceding years preached lithographed sermons, with or without acknowledgment; or any other borrowed sermons without acknowledgment. Reference to be made also by candidate curates to three beneficed clergymen and four churchwardens, such clergymen not to include the bishop, archdeacon, or rural dean; of whom independent inquiry might be made by the commissioners or the committee. Diocesan officers, one for each diocese, to be appointed and paid by either the Ecclesiastical Commissioners (in addition to a Chief Inspector, connected with and appointed by the Ecclesiastical Commission) or by the Diocesan Committees. The regulations contained in this paragraph require to be put into a more concise and legal form; but they contain some most powerful solvents of the Curate question, as a careful perusal of their mutual operation will show.

7. As regards any raid upon the "sale of next presentation" scandal, such general measures as have been already advocated would, accompanied by a shrewd observance of the signs of the times, very certainly diminish the "market value" of both advowsons and next presentations. The power of appeal against

[1] Of seeking a benefice of £300 a year.
[2] Of seeking a benefice of £150 (and house) a year.

ndesirable appointments, and other such measures, now begin-ing to show "hull up" on the horizon of the ecclesiastical sea, will tell upon patronage scandals far more safely, and surely, and quietly, than the "free handling" of violent and unmeasured Acts of Parliament. Already "Church property" is losing its value and its charms, and finding "fewer bidders" than in the olden days. Men of forty, fifty, and even sixty, will mostly live to see "a change come o'er the spirit of the dream" alike of those who possess and of those who covet "desirable advowsons." It is only to be hoped—what every just man hopes—that the rights of property, even of *such* property, will be honourably respected in the changes that impend.

There are many more, very many more particular measures which would help, and will help, to mitigate and eventually to destroy, the iniquitous inequalities of Anglican Church preferment. These that I have indicated would form "the beginning of the end." Many minds are at work upon the problem. The Rev. C. C. Bartholomew, Rural Dean of Plympton, Devon, enlarges [1] upon the question to good purpose. So does the Rev. E. Bartrum, in a publication before alluded to; and the Dean of Ely, the grandly outspoken Bishop of Lichfield, the Rev. Prebendary Sadler, and many a literary artisan besides the "Journeyman Engineer" already mentioned. It is, happily, not a class question, but a Church question, and a simple justice question. I have myself written upon it elsewhere; [2] and gladly put upon the forefront of what I wrote, the kindly spontaneous commendation of the Northern Primate of our Church, to show the world that the Curate question is an Episcopal and an Archi episcopal, as well as a Journeyman Engineer's and a Curate question. I write now, however, from the vantage-ground greater freedom. When writing as a curate I laid myself ope of course, to the animadversions of some who would say, a other some who would really think, that a curate writing upon Curate question could only be writing upon his own spec particular, and personal Curate question. It is very pleasant be beyond the possible imputation of selfish motives; although it was already the fact that my previous publica had stopped the way of a previous preferment, and that, know this, I republished it in an undiluted form at another c

1 "Addresses to the Clergy." London: Parker and Son.

2 "Church and Society." London: Houlston & Sons. "Curate Que London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

I never felt so wholly free to speak my mind before. I trust that, under the circumstances, readers will pardon my departure from the usual fitting and comely reserve of such essays as this.

That the Patronage question is hastening onward towards some solution, perhaps towards its own self-solution, none can reasonably doubt. It is by itself, and as it stands, powerful enough to disestablish the Church of England. It is the Dalilah of her Samson-strength, the Jonah of her storm-beset, weather-beaten, wind-tossed barque; the Achan of her host; the poison of her else pure breath; the traitor in her camp. Talk of Ritualism! Talk of it, I mean, in its church-destroying aspects! It is comparatively nothing. Talk of Rationalism! It gathers strength for its spread, and food for its ungodly sneers in the greater scandal of the Curate question. Talk of working-class and middle-class estrangement! Here is one of its sources. Talk of the lithograph-sermon scandal! The promotion of four hundred good men, who have preached their own sermons for the last fifteen or twenty years, to interested and instructed congregations, and are curates still, would soon stop the scandal.

The Patronage and Curate question must either soon be vigorously treated, or it will solve itself by coarser and more violent processes than most of us are prepared to welcome.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

"O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and ma
Him for ever."

I SAW the light of spring lie broad and soft
On rich brown furrows tinged with emerald hue,
And pure white clouds were drifting far aloft
O'er a wide sea of blue.

Between the ferny banks all green and moist,
I wandered slowly down a sheltered way,
Hearing the mavis piping dulcet-voiced
His ancient roundelay.

The strength of spring is in the swelling buds,
And a dim greenness clothes the naked trees;
Amid the mosses gleam, like ivory studs,
The wood-anemones.

A golden touch unbinds the captive rill,
The angry winds have ceased their bitter strife;
This world that lay so mute, and cold, and still,
Hath passed from death to life.

We had long patience, Father, for Thy spring,
We sat in tears, or lifted up our hands
With passionate prayers to hear Thy minstrels sing
Throughout our silent lands.

And it hath come,—the sweet hope long deferred;
The truth of Thine old promise seems revealed
In rapturous warblings of each happy bird,
In green blades of the field.

Could we not trust Thee when our woods were bare,
  And Thy cloud-curtains hid the genial light?
While snowflakes whirling through the wintry air
  Buried our dead from sight.

Only at times our fretful hearts have traced
  Thy purpose in the storm-cloud and the rain,
Knowing the Hand that laid our fair earth waste
  Could make it bloom again.

And yet, beneath the snow-shroud white and chill
  The hidden germs of life lay safe and deep;
And all Thy vital laws were working still,
  Though we might doubt and weep.

Has not our feeble faith Thy Spirit grieved?
  Have we not wearied Thee with thankless sigh,
Forgetting all Thy blessed gifts received
  In fruitful days gone by?

O give us grace in surest hope to dwell,
  Until Thy love shall clothe each barren spot!
Teach us to feel Thou doest all things well,
  Although we see Thee not.

MARGARET:

THE STORY OF MY LIFE FROM FIVE TO TWENTY-FIVE.

BY E. M. ALFORD.

CHAPTER IX.

AT ROSE COTTAGE.

WEEKS slipped away into months, autumn passed into winter, and still I staid on at Rose cottage. My illness, at no time very acute, was a very lingering one. My appetite was small, and I became as weak as a child, and such a shadow of my former self that I really think my uncle and Susan would hardly have known me; more especially as during my illness (low fever I suppose), I had grown considerably taller.

But for all my weakness and inaction, this was a most blessed, happy time to me. It was worth while being laid up for ever so long to have such friends to nurse me.

Miss Sedley was my chief attendant, as Lady Lettice had many calls upon her time from her neighbours, high and low, and as moreover, for her brother's sake, she made the castle her head-quarters. But aunt Mary, as her adopted daughter called her, and as by special request I called her too, was the perfection of a nurse. Always gentle, always cheerful; ever anticipating your slightest want, without worrying you with questions; never jarring by word, look, or movement, on nerves rendered morbidly sensitive by weeks of depression; possessed, in a word, of that exquisite womanly tact, of which some very good people are sadly devoid, but which in her case, a life of sympathy with others and self-abnegation had brought to perfection.

Lady Lettice was the sunbeam of both our lives. The first thing in the morning she would come tripping down to the cottage with some pretty work in her hand, a dainty knitted shawl for me at one time, at another some elegant piece of worsted work, to adorn aunt Mary's drawing room; or, as winter drew on, warm worsted stockings, or bright scarlet vests, which she was knitting for some of her poorer friends.

With what pleasure I would watch the progress of her work on my fireside couch, and how interested I felt in all the stories she told me of these same villagers. I often longed for pen and paper to write down her words, so vividly were all her simple narrations told. She often talked, too, of our common friends, and I was surprised at her discrimination of character; always finding out the best points in every one, and not falling into the snare of calling evil good, preferring silence to untrue praise.

"Do you know, Maggie," she said one winter afternoon, as we sat *tête-à-tête* over the fire, "I don' think you did justice to your relations at Dennis Court; you took a dislike to them from the first, did you not, and took no pains to know them better?"

"Yes, that is quite true," I replied; "the fact was, Lady Lettice, I was so puffed up with pride and vanity, so full of myself, that I had no thought for any one else. And yet I liked uncle, and Dick."

"Yes, I have a great respect for Mr. Marchant, he works hard with little to repay him, and Dick has the making of a good honest character in him if rightly influenced.

"Why do you say my uncle has little to repay him?"

"Well, aunt Mary could tell you best about that; we will ask her for some of her old world stories to-night, for Lionel is going to dine out, so I shall stay and take a cosy tea with you."

"Oh, that will be charming. You always give me fresh life, Lady Lettice," I said, looking up into those frank blue eyes, with my heart in my own I suppose, for my friend came across to my couch, and kissing my forehead said,

"Remember, Daisy, you and I are always to be friends. If I have a strong point, it is constancy, I think. My real friends are few, but I expect them to be faithful."

"There is no fear of my ever changing. No," I said, pondering in my own mind the possibility of her becoming Sedley's wife, "no, even if things were to happen which might separate us hereafter, I should always love you, Lady Lettice, for what you have been and are to me now."

The tears welled up into my eyes as they did on the slightest provocation in my present weak state. So instead of pursuing the conversation, my companion went off to the piano, and began playing one of Beethoven's symphonies. Presently she glided off into Handel's Messiah, and her rich full voice poured forth the blessed words "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her

music always soothed me, it was in such perfect taste. Sometimes the intense feeling she put into it made my facile tears flow, but it was as a gentle refreshing rain, that seemed to do me good.

When we three were seated at our pretty tea-table, made gay with a bouquet of winter berries, which Lady Lettice had gathered in her walk, she again took up her talk about the Marchants.

"Well, as I was saying, Maggie, I don't think you appreciated your relatives. There is your especial foe, Rupert, I must confess *I* did not take to him at first, but he has shown so much concern for you all through your illness, that my heart is quite melted towards him. It was only to-day he refused Lionel's invitation to go with him for the winter to Rome, because, he said, he thinks as soon as you are a little stronger, you ought to be taken away for a thorough change, and he wants to be on the spot to make arrangements, and keep his mother up to it."

"It is very kind of him, I'm sure," said I, flushing up, "but I wish so very much you would persuade him not to stay. Oh do, Lady Lettice; tell him how much obliged I am, but that I don't want to go, so it's no use his stopping."

"Well, there was some plan suggested for *all* the party to go, as your uncle has business in Italy; Selina is very eager on the subject. So if you will trust yourself to us, Daisy, we will nurse you through the winter here, and perhaps, if the early spring is not very cold, and you have gained enough strength, we may take you to join your friends at Rome in time for the Carnival."

"Oh, that would indeed be delightful," I cried; "how can I ever thank you enough?"

"By getting well as fast as you can, little one. So we'll let that matter rest, and to-morrow I will go to Denis Court, and talk over plans."

I may mention here that at the commencement of my illness, I had written to my uncle Sam. I had not spoken seriously of my indisposition, as indeed I saw no cause, but dwelt in glowing terms on the kindness of my new friends. My uncle wrote back, saying he would come to me at the slightest expression of a wish on my part to see him, but could not promise to resist carrying me off with him if he did so (my dear loving uncle), "and yet," he added, "I feel I could not trust you in better hands than Miss Sedley's. And to tell you the truth, Maggie, I'm afraid you wouldn't find things half as comfortable at home

all my private fortune in the failure of the —— Bank
:. It has been a great shock to me, darling, as I had
ɔu would have been well provided for, when poor old.
m was gone; but please God, I'll do my best to earn
something for you yet, my child, so that granny's pet
left to want."

very touching to me to see how strong his love for his
ill was. Certainly his must have always been a loving,
ficing nature. How often I made guesses at his former
I wondered now why he should speak so highly of Miss
urely both he and she must have had some romance in
s. And often I amused myself, lying quiet in the twi-
tching the busy movements of aunt Mary's knitting
and admiring her sweet face, by weaving out a variety of
romances for these two. And when on this particular
Lady Lettice, according to promise, asked Miss Sedley
to tell us some of her old-world stories, I was on the
f expectation for some light to be thrown on my
gs.

so you want to set the old woman telling stories, do you,
ren?" said the dear little lady, as, tea over, we drew
e fire; aunt Mary busy with her knitting needles, Lady
itting on a stool beside my couch, deftly winding her
ool, while I lay back at my ease holding the skeins.

re am I to begin, Lettice?"

egin when you first left school, auntie."

, mind, I am going to make a very short story of it, your
naginations will fill up my scanty outline for yourselves.
Lettice, you wanted Margaret to understand something
unt and uncle Marchant, and the reason you had for
im?"

that was one thing; but, dear auntie," looking up be-
ly into the sweet placid face, "if it would not grieve
hould like our Maggie to know about yourself, and her
and Sedley's, and her uncle, and all the story, in short,
. told me the summer before last, after Sedley had been

ey had been here before then!" I exclaimed, surprised
oyed at the news; "I wonder he never told me anything
when he knew I was coming to my aunt's."

neither saw nor heard anything of Mrs. Marchant's family
is stay here," said aunt Mary, "they being abroad at the

time. He and his friend Mr. Leslie came to the village for two months' hard reading. They lodged at the Post Office, and as Lettice and I were living quietly here at Rose Cottage we saw a good deal of them. It was the first time I had seen my nephew since he was a baby, and it was a curious coincidence that brought him unwittingly into my immediate neighbourhood."

"Oh! I have often heard Sedley speak enthusiastically of his friend Philip Leslie," I said; "and as I don't think he knew the exact whereabouts of Denis Court, I can understand his not connecting it with this pretty village of Humphrey; but what I can't understand (with an inward feeling of indignation) is that he should have known Lady Lettice so long and yet never have spoken of her to me! And besides, Sir Lionel said he was a friend you had made at Oxford this last summer. It's very strange."

"Not quite so strange as you seem to think, Daisy. I never remember mentioning our new acquaintances of that summer to Lionel, so he naturally thought we had met for the first time at Oxford, where, indeed, our friendship was cemented. And I think Sedley might mention me to you *now* as a friend although, my pet, it is not every one who is as kindly interested in me as our dear little Daisy."

So saying she stooped and kissed my brow, with a heavenly smile on her beautiful face. The conversation had evidently taken a turn of deep interest to her. And I am afraid, for the first time in my life, I shrunk from her caress, and felt her kiss a sting. All my suspicions seemed to be confirmed. A pang of jealousy shot through me. Not the old angry feeling, but a sad conviction stole over me that my path in life was to be a shady one; some rest, perhaps; some comfort in helping others, should my health be restored, but none of the bright glowing sunshine and love that must always hover around Lady Lettice.

I had seen much less of Sedley during the last two or three years, for he had been working very hard, first to get to the head of the school, then to obtain a scholarship; and since his Oxford life had commenced, he had been striving diligently for prospective honours. But for all that, our friendship had continued as strong as ever. I gloried in his success (and he always did succeed; ability, perseverance, and determination, carrying all before them). I wrote his name in all his prizes, and had believed that he made me his *confidante* in all that

really interested him. But now it seemed I had been deceived in this; and I felt as if a light had gone out of my life since my chief friend was stolen from me.

Lady Lettice noticed my involuntary sigh, and the look of pain and weariness that had come over my face.

"Poor little birdie," she said, in her pretty coaxing way, "we have been letting her tire herself with talking, auntie; so you positively must begin your story, and we will lay our patient under orders not to breathe another word till supper time."

So, laying down her knitting in her lap, crossing her hands upon it, and gazing dreamily into the cheery wood fire, Miss Sedley began.

CHAPTER X.

MISS SEDLEY'S STORY.

"YOUR mother, your aunt, and myself were contemporaries at the same school, Margaret; and being, I suppose, near the same age, and not ill-looking, we were generally spoken of, both in and beyond the school, as the three Graces.

"You can see what I am, children. I always was a quiet, unnoticable girl, not ill-looking, as I said, but too *petite* to attract attention. Your mother and aunt, Maggie, on the contrary, were the belles of the place wherever they went. You have a touch of your mother sometimes in the expression of your eyes, and more still in some of your ways, but you are not fit to hold a candle to her, my dear, as far as looks go, nor is Selina to be spoken of in the same day with your aunt."

"There now," laughed Lady Lettice, "it is as I always say, auntie, we are degenerating fast, none of us are to be compared to our mothers. There is one comfort. By the time the world has reached our great-grandchildren, they will be probably so deteriorated that they may even gaze at our portraits and say, 'There were women worth looking at in our great-grandmothers' days, only notice their piles of hair!'"

"'Two-headed monsters!' I think they'd exclaim, if they looked at Selina's last new photograph," said I.

"For shame, Daisy! Weren't you ordered not to speak? Go on, auntie, I'll only say one thing more to take down your pride. Just think how lovely Eve must have been by the

inverse ratio! what chance would our mothers have had, I wonder, in her day?"

"Well, my dear, you may laugh, but I only speak of things as I find them. Young people of the present age are very pert, at all events. I take it they excel in that. But to continue my story,—

"Mary and Margaret Delaney were very beautiful, they were also of good family, but poor; and Margaret, who was ambitious and high-spirited, chafed at this, and at the shortness of her pocket-money. I was often able to accommodate her in this matter, I having more than enough. Thus we were accounted friends, although it was Mary only for whom I really cared. She (Maggie's mother) was as utterly different from her sister as possible. Bright, loving, clever, with a great idea of honest independence and horror of false pride. She was a general favourite both with pupils and teachers, and *I* almost worshipped her.

"But I must hasten on. We three left school at the same time, and during the following year my father suggested that I should ask some of my former schoolfellows to come and visit me, as my only sister, who was four years younger than myself, was away in France, being educated, and he was afraid I must feel it dull sometimes, as he was a good deal away from home. My mother was dead. We lived at the Lindens, Maggie, about three miles from your town of Beckford, and your grandfather, as of course you know, lived in the same village, at Hill House, and was always looked up to as *the* squire."

"Oh, then you knew my dear granny?" I exclaimed, in delighted surprise.

"Perfectly, and loved her dearly, as indeed who could help it? Your grandfather was rather a hard man, and was wont to speak and act harshly; thus his sons, while passionately devoted to their mother, were very reserved with him, and early took refuge in study from the uncongenial atmosphere of home. They were both very clever men, and took high honours in their medical studies.

"Well, the Delaney girls came to stay with me, and caused of course a great sensation in our neighbourhood. Your father fell desperately in love with Mary. She returned his affection, and promised to marry him. Margaret was furious at the idea of Mary's marrying a country doctor, for he set up on his own account soon after in the small neighbouring town of M——,

ıxious to get free from his father's tyranny, and also to
the time when he might maintain a wife. He made
ogress, as indeed he would have done anywhere, he was
:; and many of his friends regretted that he had not
ill his father could be induced to give him a better start in
However, he was satisfied, for at the end of a year he
ised a fair income, and Mary Delaney, despite her sister's
narried him. Her sister never spoke or wrote to her
ds. Your father and mother spent a very happy three
gether, during which time your father brought out his
scientific work; then, poor little Maggie, you arrived,
r mother died. Your grandfather, too, was no more, and
ndmother came to live with her son, and to take care of
y. But your father did not long survive after the
of his life had fled. You know the rest better than I,
ill now return to our other *dramatis personæ.*"
r own story now, aunt Mary?" begged Lady Lettice.
garet, am I not tiring you with my long yarn?"
no!" I exclaimed, "please go on. I could listen all

o she took up her parable again, (for are not the lives
ellow-creatures all parables containing deep lessons, if
but the eyes to discern them?) and went on in the
iet tones.
d you the Misses Delaney came to stay with me. At
e a new young rector had lately come to our village.
handsome, well-off, and a particularly gentlemanly man.
which reasons, and perhaps also because he was rather
s and hard to win, he became at once very popular in
hbourhood. Of course we met him very often.
my schoolfellows were very much struck with him,
y Margaret, who I really believe had more genuine
or *him* than she ever had for any one else before or
His connections were unexceptionable. He could have
f Lord this, and Lady that, amongst his relatives and
f he would, but he never did. He was, I think, the
truest, best man I have ever met with, and I have
not a few good men. From this eulogium you will
at *I* did not escape the general fascination. In truth,
lren, I bowed down and worshipped him, in a humble,
etful way, but to such an extent of homage as we should
eld to any fellow mortal. I see Maggie's eyes aglow

with curiosity to know who was aunt Mary's idol of long ago,—my child, it was Sedley Vernon's father.

"Of course I never expected him to care for quiet little me, when so many fascinating young ladies flitted about him, especially when the handsome Margaret appeared on the scene, and shone as I had never seen her shine before, in his society. She was witty, brilliant, flattering. I, on the contrary, was quiet and demure, and from my unsophisticated honesty, was constantly telling him very unpalatable truths in answer to the questions he frequently put me concerning himself and his doings.

"Imagine, then, my surprise and delight, and Margaret's chagrin, when he asked me to marry him, and we were betrothed.

"I have often thought, my children, that my share of happiness during the succeeding six months was so wonderfully great, that if my whole life after had been one of suffering, I should have had no right to complain. But Lettice knows how differently the Father of mercies has dealt with me. I have had my trials, but I have had my pleasures too."

She paused a few minutes, and Lettice added more logs to the blazing fire, and drew her seat nearer Miss Sedley, taking possession of one of the small white hands. Aunt Mary gave her a loving smile, and continued,—

"I must hasten on. Even now I cannot bear to dwell on that tragic summer evening. Mr. Vernon had given me a new pony, a lovely little creature. This was not the first evening by many that I had ridden him. But never had he gone so well, never had the birds sung so sweetly, never had the air blown so softly upon us, laden with scent of new-made hay, honeysuckle, and bean fields; never had we felt so happy in each other, as on that dreadful evening. For the wedding-day had been fixed at last, and we were all contentment.

"Suddenly, I never clearly knew how it happened, my horse took fright, and after bewildering me by its headlong course, met, I suppose, with some obstacle, and threw me forward on the ground. I will not linger over the events that followed, suffice it to say that my spine was injured, that for years I lay on my back, always under the kind care of your clever uncle Sam, Maggie, and that even now I sometimes feel a reminder of the old pain, and cut short my gardening suddenly, as you may have observed."

why did not you marry after all, aunt Mary?" said I, at have you to tell us of my uncle Sam, and of aunt t?"

ldn't think of marriage, you know, when I was crippled ," she answered quietly.

ll never have such a high opinion of Mr. Vernon again," ıed angrily, "if he deserted you for a misfortune of his ıing, for he gave you the pony, you said!"

ıow hasty young things are in their judgments!" said ley, in the same calm voice. "Think the highest you r. Vernon, Maggie. He would never have given me up t made him. For years he persisted in vain, till at ıy entreaties, he gave way."

ıused, evidently unwilling to go on, which Lady Lettice id,—

, *I* am going to give Daisy the third volume of this ıg novel. Be it understood then, Maggie, that this roine of ours was self-sacrificing by nature, and was rought upon by her designing rival, Margaret Delanay, the way, invited herself to the Lindens, as nurse to friend), was wrought upon, I say, by her to see it . point of self-sacrificing duty to make her lover ı by sending him about his business, and moreover to olemn vow in the presence of those two, never to alter ıtion, the doctor saying she would be always more or ı invalid, and she taking upon herself to decree, that ıld the sacrifice kill her, Robert Vernon should never ed with a sickly wife.

will be glad to hear that the designing rival got thereout tage. For two years after this, the heroine's sister, ne home from her Paris school, lovely and impressible. ıntly beloved by your uncle Sam, our heroine's doctor, e said Rosa tearfully rejected. Sister Mary, prying reasons for so doing, discovered that the young lady wed suite, and lost her heart to Robert Vernon.

heroine never rested till the thing was accomplished. ıg all that was sweet, could not fail to win her way one's heart. They were married. Sedley was born, the delight of his mother's and auntie's eyes. But e had reached her twenty-first year, pretty Rosa died. ou know, Maggie, why Mr. Vernon always wears crape ı hat, why uncle Sam lives the life of a recluse, and

moreover, why, as you have told me is the case, he is so fond of Sedley, for 'the boy has his mother's eyes,' aunt Mary says.

"As for our sweet heroine, she bore it all like an angel. In her sorrow she met with my mother, then a young widow, for the first time. They consoled each other, and became inseparable friends. My mother when dying commended me to the charge of her friend, and to attempt to describe the blessing she has been to me would be utterly vain. I should want a new language of superlatives to convey any idea of it to you. And now, Maggie, you know the ins and outs of it all, so we'll to supper. Oh, I forgot to mention that Margaret Delanay on hearing of Rosa's marriage, accepted Mr. Marchant for his wealth: so you see why I pity him, poor man."

CHAPTER XI.

OUR FAREWELL TEA-PARTY.

LONG I lay awake that night, pondering over what I had heard in all its different branches. It had been a recital full of interest to me in every particular.

I thought of my mother in her bright, honest independence, and wondered whether she were now looking down from heaven upon me, and had been a witness of my mean vanity and worldliness, during my sojourn at Denis Court. I thought sadly how different my nature must be from hers, and prayed that I might keep the image of my mother, as aunt Mary had described her to me, ever fresh upon my heart.

I thought of Miss Sedley in her pure love and noble self-sacrifice, and questioned myself whether I ought not to be equally willing to surrender Sedley to Lady Lettice, knowing how infinitely my superior she was.

I thought, too, of my single-hearted uncle, constant to the one unreturned love of his life, and wondered whether I was capable of similar devotion. Conscience said, "No, unless you improve; you are too much swayed by those you are with, altogether too impressible by external matters, to be able to trust yourself."

On coming down-stairs next day about noon, Lady Lettice told me that the Denis Court plans were finally settled, and that

they intended starting the next day, this being the first of December.

"And so, Daisy, if you feel up to it, we will have a little farewell party here to-night. Both of your cousins, as well as Lionel, are anxious to bid you good-bye; Mrs. Marchant and Selina will of course be too busy seeing to the packing for aught else, so we are going to be improper for once, aunt Mary, and have a gentleman's party."

I professed myself quite equal to the occasion. I had not seen either Rupert or Sir Lionel since that croquet party, and rather shrank from doing so now, but I kept this feeling to myself. Dick had been a frequent visitor at the cottage during my illness, and was a favourite with us all.

"I cannot understand Lionel," resumed his sister presently, "he is evidently disturbed in his mind about you, Daisy; I rather fancy, from remarks of his, that he holds himself responsible in some manner for your illness."

I could not help laughing as I answered—

"The fact is, Lady Lettice, he was at great pains to explain to me, when last we met at your croquet party, the reasons why he could not marry me; and although I thought I told him plainly how far I was from wishing him to do so, yet I suppose it was too incomprehensible a fact to be easily credited. I am glad I shall have an opportunity of still further undeceiving him this evening."

"Now, Daisy, that is rather severe, considering it is *my* brother we are discussing. Lionel's is not a strong character," she went on, speaking gravely, "but it is one full of good impulses. If he had a sufficient motive for exertion, and some one always at hand to keep him up to what was right, I think he would turn out an estimable character. If he could marry you, for instance, Daisy, it would be the making of him."

"Oh no," I answered, "it would never do, our characters are too much alike. I want some one to lean on, much more than he does; you have no idea how much I am influenced by those I am with. You would have shrunk from me, dear Lady Lettice, if you had known me as I really was during my time of dissipation at Denis Court."

"I think we are all stirred up more or less to good or evil by those we are with," she answered, "but some are so of course more than others. The only safeguard I can find, Daisy, is leaning on a stronger arm than that of any human being, however

superior he or she may be. It is curious," she added, musingly "the strong inclination to hero-worship there is in human nature. It was somewhat of the same feeling, I suppose, that stirred up the old Pagans to making demi-gods of their great men, and that influenced the Roman Church in turning their dead heroes into canonized saints."

"Is hero-worship right or wrong, then?" I asked.

"Right to a certain extent, I fancy," answered my friend; "right if we honour and emulate that which is good and great in our fellow-creatures, but wrong if we would convert erring mortals into gods, forgetting that what is godlike in them comes direct from the great Giver of gifts Himself, whom alone we should worship. You remember how strikingly Paul and Barnabas put this before the people of Lystra, when they would have done homage to them as gods in the likeness of men. The fact is, Daisy, I am particularly inclined to making heroes and heroines myself, and therefore have given a good deal of thought to the subject."

She remained silent awhile, gazing into the fire, and I fell a-thinking who could be good enough for Lady Lettice to make a hero of. Aunt Mary was her heroine, I knew,—could Sedley Vernon be her hero?

I felt in very high spirits that evening, and quite inclined, when the time came, to enjoy our little party, which was to be a very early one on my account, tea at six, and supper at nine, wonderful hours for the two young men.

Lady Lettice dressed me in a white muslin, prettily set off with some sprigs of holly, laden with bright berries, and a bunch of the berries in my hair. She allowed me also to do the same for her, so we were arrayed alike.

Sir Lionel arrived first, and looked a little awkward as he expressed his regret at my long retirement, and his wishes for my speedy recovery. But I was so merry, and so much at my ease, that he soon became easy too. I think the knowledge of his feeling a little shy (if such a word may be applied to a man of society like Sir Lionel) made me feel the less so; besides, my aunt was not by to awe me, nor Selina to make me feel emulous. I was my own natural self. Aunt Mary and Lady Lettice I felt to be so infinitely my superiors in every way, that all I could do was to try and follow humbly in their steps of honest simplicity.

Even Rupert, I thought, was infected by the genial atmo-

At any rate, he was wonderfully pleasant, and did not
ub me, though from force of habit I made more than
ertinent remark, I am afraid, for which in former times
l have been sneeringly extinguished.
was in his element. So that altogether we had a charm-
ing. Lady Lettice was gifted with a full rich voice, and
Sir Lionel sang some beautiful duets. Rupert also had
his violin, and Lady Lettice accompanied him on the
It was during one of their performances that Sir Lionel
ver to where I was sitting apart, and taking a low chair
ne, spoke thus,—
ust tell you, Miss Chilton, before I go, how miserable I
en been of late in reflecting on our conversation the last
met. More especially as I cannot help connecting it in
gree with your subsequent illness."
ally was very strange that I could not disabuse this
nan of the mistaken notion he had got into his head.
as in a very bright mood, it struck me to-night in its
us aspect, and I said, laughingly,—
ink I will sing you a little song presently, Sir Lionel,
will ask me. It is a very old one they say, and is a
e of mine from its quaint simplicity. But first let me
to put away all miserable thoughts. I assure you there
ause for them. Strange as it may seem (I looked up in
as I said this with a smile, that he might not think me
my heart was never touched by your charms. I fancy
hard-hearted creature, but really could you marry me
ute, I could not be your wife; for much as I value your
tance, Sir Lionel, I'm not one bit in love with you, and
as. As for your words that day, I was angry at first
u should have thought it necessary to speak them, but
than that they did no harm. You understand me

y too plainly, Miss Chilton," he said stiffly, and was
himself off. But I, not choosing to lose an agreeable
tance so easily, exclaimed,—
se, Sir Lionel, pardon me, if in my desire to be straight-
I have appeared rude. Believe me, I did not intend to
Let us be friends as we were before. Such an absurd
ought not to make any difference. It really is but a
le one, when you come to think of it. You, in the kind-
your heart, are afraid that your poor little friend is

falling in love with you and warn her off, whereupon she in her simplicity tells you bluntly that she is in no danger. Surely there is no cause for estrangement in that."

Before he had time to answer, Lady Lettice came up to us, asking me to do my part towards the evening's entertainment by playing or singing.

Now at Denis Court they took it for granted that I could not sing, and during my stay at Rose Cottage, my weak health had been an excuse for extreme idleness. Nevertheless, I had rather a sweet voice, though a weak one, and had often at home sung old ballads and songs for Sedley's amusement. So when Lady Lettice asked me, I rose directly, and saying quietly to Sir Lionel, "I am going to sing you my promised song," went to the piano. They all looked surprised at my ready acquiescence, and were more so still, I think, when I began singing, with a good deal of spirit, that pretty old song,—

> "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
> "I'm going a milking, sir, she said—sir, she said," &c.;

and when I came to the last verse,—

> "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
> "My face is my fortune, sir, she said."
> "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
> "Nobody asked you, sir, she said—sir, she said," &c.,

Dick clapped his hands enthusiastically, crying out "Encore, Maggie; that little milkmaid was no end of a brick. I'd have married her if I had been that duffer, for giving such a jolly answer."

But every one did not share in Dick's schoolboy-like approbation. Sir Lionel had a frown on his face when I glanced towards him, and almost directly moved to go. As he coldly took my hand in parting he said, chillingly, "You might have spared me this humiliation, Miss Chilton; but never fear, I have learnt my lesson perfectly at last."

"I did not think you would take it so gravely," I said. "It was mostly a spirit of mischief that prompted me to sing it. Besides, it is an old favourite of mine."

"Can you say you did not think of *me* in choosing the song?" he asked, with unwonted eagerness.

"No," I answered, "I cannot say that; I certainly thought it strikingly *àpropos*."

this he let my hand drop and went away. A cloud
:o have fallen upon our happy party with my unlucky
nce, and after lingering a few minutes, my cousins left
ing ten o'clock.

CHAPTER XII.

AT ROME.

is time I got rapidly stronger, and a very delightful two
we spent at Rose Cottage before starting for Italy.
ell very late this year, so that by leaving home early in
y we should reach Rome in ample time for the Carnival.
ne Lady Lettice devoted herself to preparing me for the
oyment of the eternal city. She had passed a winter
fore, and therefore knew how to spend the short time
for preparation most profitably.
ew something of Italian already, but quickly learnt a
eal more from her clever teaching, and also caught, to
gree, her pure accent. She also taught me a little draw-
t we might sit together sketching in the sunny south,
encouraged me by saying, that however dissatisfied I
e with my attempts after so short a time for practice,
y would at all events impress the lovely scenes on my
nd might moreover be improved on in after years when
grown more expert. Besides this she read me Mrs.
n's "Italian Painters," making many remarks of her own
way, which I found a great assistance afterwards in
g the *chef-d'œuvres* of the glorious old masters that I
vileged to see.
ong winter evenings gave us plenty of time, and in the
ter supper we indulged ourselves in works of fiction, all
on the same subjects, "Transformation," "Dr. Antonio,"
Iademoiselle Mori."
starting day arrived at last. I am not going to dwell on
rney along the glorious Riviera, nor on our entrance into
rnal city through the Porta del Popolo just as a gorgeous
was bathing everything in its glorious brightness, and
filling my cup of delight to overflowing, almost turning
quisite pleasure I felt into pain from its intensity.
r am I going to relate what we saw, did, or felt, during

our sojourn in la bella Roma, or during our wanderings in Italy south and north, except in so far as the thread of my story requires it. Have not all these things been painted in glowing "Letters from Abroad," in poems and novels numberless? Are they not all duly chronicled in a voluminous journal of my own? the reading of which still brings back to me some of the ecstatic feelings of delight I experienced during that elysian time.

Those feelings I would describe if I could, but language fails. It seems to me, there is something too sacred, too spiritual as it were, in that pure spring of delight with which a young soul drinks for the first time deep draughts at the fount of beauty, feels stirred within her aspirations, thoughts, yearnings, hopes, she never experienced before,—it seems to me, I say, that there is something too sacred, too ethereal in all this, for words to be able to explain it to those who know it not.

Mrs. Barrett Browning beautifully describes the elevating, cultivating influence of natural beauty on a neglected child even, when she tells us of Marian Erle "creeping through the golden walls of gorse," where she "would find some keyhole toward the secresy" "of Heaven's high blue, and, nestling down, peer out." How—

> "She learnt God that way, and was beat for it
> Whenever she went home,—yet came again."

And how—

> "This grand blind love, she said,
> This Skyey father and mother both in one,
> Instructed her and civilised her more
> Than even Sunday-school did afterward,
> To which a lady sent her to learn books
> And sit upon a long bench in a row
> With other children."

Of course I was not in sweet Marian's case. In the place of beating and neglect, I had received kindly teaching and tending, and had moreover been at liberty to enjoy our pretty English scenery, since first my baby eyes had opened on the green fields near our home. But to see is not to feel. And it seemed to me that in the glowing colours and luxuriance of the south, I had learnt to see with my soul for the first time, that scales had fallen from my mental eyes.

I speak particularly of this, because it had a great effect on my after character. I learnt during these months of travel

›mewhat of the comparative value of things. I learnt to scriminate between what was really little and what was really ·eat. An important lesson to such a character as mine.

But to leave myself and go on with my story. The first ɜws that greeted us on our arrival at the Hotel de l'Europe, here our party were comfortable lodged, was that Sir Lionel ıd made proposals for Selina's hand and had been accepted, ıd moreover that the wedding was to take place in Rome after aster, Sir Lionel not wishing to leave Italy for a year or two. n my asking Lady Lettice if she were pleased at the match, ıe replied:—

"I cannot tell what to think of it, Maggie. Selina will ıve no influence on Lionel, for good or bad, I fancy, for it is ain she has not won his heart. But nevertheless he will be ıre to make her a kind husband, he is so very good-natured. ıd she has a large fortune, which I suppose he really wants. is the old story of rank bought by wealth, and if they are ·ppy I have no right to complain. But it is not my idea of ɜrriage, Daisy."

Lady Lettice was immensely admired in Rome, and I used rejoice in the universal admiration and homage yielded her. 'e went into a great deal of society during the time of the ırnival, and again after Easter, and everywhere, to my mind, ıd I think also in general estimation, Lady Lettice reigned ıpreme. "La bella Inglese," as she was called, outshone even e diamond-decked Roman princesses, in her comparatively ıadorned English beauty. I do not know how many Counts ·d Marchesi were madly in love with her, for a time that is, but she was always perfectly natural in her manner, and with r quiet maiden dignity forbad any extravagant demonstra- ›ns of devotion on the part of these impressible cavaliers, they ɔn got to understand that "La bella Inglese" did not like mpliments, and treated her with great deference and respect.

Her conversation, too, charmed many of the highly educated lian nobility, for not only did she speak both Italian and nch fluently, but she was so interested in the matter of lian liberty, and so well read in Italian history and poetry, ıt she could not fail to draw around her the intellectual *élite* Roman society. And I, who always hovered near her spell- ınd, was a great gainer thereby, as I not only listened eagerly the improving talk which was going on, but was often drawn to it by Lady Lettice, and thus made to overcome my shy-

ness, and to practise myself in speaking Italian. And I must say I always found these polite foreigners ever ready to help me out of a difficulty, and to bear patiently with my slowness of speech.

The wedding-day came at last, and Sir Lionel and Selina were made man and wife in the English Church outside the Porta del Popolo.

Selina looked very pretty as a bride. But there seemed so little feeling about the whole affair, that I almost felt impatient, and inclined to think it a desecration of the beautiful Marriage Service.

However, both of the chief persons concerned appeared well content with their bargain. Selina's eyes brightened as I went up and greeted her as Lady Humphrey on our return to the Hotel de l'Europe, and she began eagerly telling me of all the gay doings she proposed having at Humphrey Castle after their return.

"It will take quite two years to put it in thorough repair you know, Margaret, for Sir Lionel means to build, and add to the conservatories, and perhaps he will have a large lake made, so that we may have delightful boating parties. And if you are not married, Margaret, by that time, you shall come and stay with me, and see how happy and grand I am."

I thanked her, but told her that my quiet life with my uncle would unfit me for such fine society, I was afraid.

"But of course you won't leave my mother, Margaret," said Rupert, who was standing by; "she will want you all the more now Selina is gone."

"She only asked me to remain till Selina was married," I answered. "I don't think she will want me at all; at any rate uncle Sam. wants me more."

Rupert ignored what I had said, and merely remarking "I shall speak to my mother about it: of course you will stay," walked off.

Selina moved away to speak to other friends, and presently I heard Sir Lionel saying to his sister:—

"You can't think, Lettice, what a blessing it is to find myself a rich man at last. You will see now that I shall rise to the duties of my position, maintain my proper place in the county, enter Parliament, and maybe become a great man there, who knows? I consider my want of adequate means hitherto has been the bane of my life."

l not hear, or wish to hear, his sister's answer, and there-
ngled in the general hum of conversation that was going
:he room; but when I glanced in their direction full ten
ɜ after, they were still engaged in earnest talk, and I
see from Lady Lettice's flushed cheeks, that she was
trying her utmost to stablish and strengthen her ami-
.d clever, but weak brother, in the honourable course he
:d for himself.

bride and bridegroom left us early to proceed to Naples,
ɜ afternoon being a perfect one, it was proposed that we
go out on a sketching expedition on the Campagna,
provisions for our dinner with us. A large party there-
ıcluding all the wedding guests, drove out through the
Maggiore to Cervaro. Here we alighted, and walked on
very curious ruins of the old town of Cervaro, consist-
extensive caverns and Etruscan tombs, giving one the
: an underground village. These same caverns were
ed with festoons of ivy and other creeping plants which
racefully down through the upper openings in the rocks.
ıen there was abundance of the picturesque for our
friends to choose from, and our four carriage-fulls of
e seekers were quickly scattered in all directions. Lady
attended by an Italian acquaintance, had wandered out
. open glade, and was busily sketching a pretty natural
ıd the mountains beyond, framed therein.

ıld not settle to my paper and paints. The poetry of the
he glorious colouring of the rocks, the azure sky, the sur-
ıg natural beauties, and above all, the charm of giving free
one's fancy in sketching out the possible history of these
.nd of the lives of those who had lived in them and been
amongst them, the enchantment of it all had taken such
ion of me, that I felt as though I could do nothing to
:he spell, and therefore I stole away to one of these
ed caverns and sat there dreaming to my heart's content.
on a sudden my dream was broken into, and all my con-
spelled by the appearance of my cousin Rupert at the
ɜ of my cavern. The thought crossed my mind, that he
it were the evil genius of my fairy land; a feeling of
ame over me, I knew not why, but it so far acted upon
t I rose, and passing him without a word, came out into
ılight with intent to join Lady Lettice in yonder sunny
But this was not Rupert's intention, he came and stood

in my way, saying, "Margaret, I must have a few words with you on the subject on which we were speaking this morning. I have been hunting for you ever since we came to these ruins: what made you hide yourself, child?"

"I did not hide myself, and I am not a child," I said, feeling insulted, and drawing myself up to my full height, insignificant beside Rupert at the best.

"Well then, *Miss Chilton*, may I crave an audience of you for a few minutes?" he continued, in what I considered a mocking tone.

"By all means," I answered, "only let it be short," (he bit his lip and turned a shade paler at this, I had noticed his lack of colour when first he accosted me). "There is indeed nothing more to be said on the subject of discussion this morning, my first duty is evidently to my uncle." So saying I seated myself on a piece of overshadowed rock, and waited my companion's pleasure. He did not speak for a minute or two, and then I was astonished and frightened at his words and manner.

"Margaret, you may be as cold and chilling as you please, it makes no difference to me. If my love could have been frozen it would have been killed long ago. But I am not an icicle like you. I love you, Margaret, have loved you long, and almost hated, too, so cruel and cold you always are to me. You remember those words of Sir Lionel's the first evening you met him, and overheard our talk? he told me that sooner or later I should find to my cost that you were not the nonenity I then thought you. He spoke the truth, and I hated him for it, hated him for that, and because I thought he meant to carry you off. Now he is out of my way I care not, let him be; but woe betide any one who comes between me and that on which I set my will. You look frightened, child; say that you will learn to love me, and will be my wife, and you will find me gentle enough; but set yourself against me, and you will find there are few obstacles I cannot overcome. It may take time, but Rupert Marchant's will is strong, and sooner or later you will be his wife."

All this was said so hurriedly, almost fiercely, that it seemed to take away my breath; and truly I was frightened not a little at this cold-seeming man's eager, menacing words. But my spirit quickly rose: marry Rupert indeed! that I never would do. Had I no friend to turn to, were I starving for lack of bread, never would I go to him for a single crust.

"Rupert," I said, very quietly, "what you have been telling ne cannot be true. If you really loved me, would you threaten ne, bully me like this? But did you love me as you say, I ould never return your love, and never will I give my hand vithout my heart. Let us not waste words; once for all, Rupert, ou cannot have your own way in this matter, and believe me t is your *will*, not your *heart*, that is set upon it."

"And why cannot you return my love?" he asked, with a ouch of sarcasm in his voice; "it cannot now be Sir Lionel vho stands in my way. Perchance the elegant Sedley Vernon, he friend of your childhood, possesses charms for you; but can ou not see that his heart, like that of so many other idiots, is lready in Lady Lettice's keeping?"

"Rupert!" I exclaimed, starting up angrily, "you shall not peak so of my best friends. Both Sedley and Lady Lettice re so far above your comprehension in all that is good and reat that you cannot, I know, understand them. But I will ot hear their names slightly spoken of. Wreak your anger n me, for it is I alone who resist your overbearing will." So aying, I rushed past him down the glade to Lady Lettice, and id not quit her side for the remainder of the day.

THE TREASURES OF OUR HILLS.

BY MARGARET PLUES.

CHAPTER VIII.

WELSH SHEEP AND WELSH FLANNEL.

ALTHOUGH our beloved Gwent has its low grounds and marshes, yet we may fairly describe it as a mountainous or at any rate hilly country, its bold uplands being its distinguishing feature. We are scarcely out of Herefordshire before the Sugar-loaf greets our vision, the Craig hills are soon passed by the rapid train, and then the broad outline of the Blorenge appears keeping solemn guard over favoured Abergavenny.

The Blorenge is a mountain easy of access, and gives excellent scope for bold riding or good walking; and the views, on every side, of hill and vale, rich woods, fair pastures, and meandering streams, to say nothing of the cheery sprinkling of farmhouses and cottages, all white as snow, according to the wholesome usage of the cleanly population, offer ample inducements for exploration.

As we roam over the mountain pasture land we find ourselves attentively observed by the occupants of the ground, to wit—the mountain sheep. These Welsh sheep have a character of their own, as indeed most Welsh animals have. They have bold, intelligent little faces, and a sturdy way of taking up a post of observation. They do not stand their ground before the stranger, but show themselves true sheep at his near approach; for brave as they seem at a distance, with their independent bearing, they lose all presence of mind as one draws near, and rush pell-mell anywhere to get out of our reach. But though in this matter they are no better than other sheep, they are certainly no worse, and they have the advantage of being much more active than the larger breed of sheep, their cousins of the South Downs, or even their Wiltshire or Herefordshire relations. Occasionally this activity becomes troublesome, for as among human flocks there are often individuals who ruin the peace of their homes by their fastness, and draw their companions into evil ways, so among the Welsh sheep there are individuals called *jumpers*, and

these can leap over any fence and lead the whole flock astray. A young farmer, recently settling in Gwent, had a trying initiation into the vagaries of the Welsh sheep. He purchased forty of them at a fair at Abergavenny, and proceeded to drive them to his new home. It had never occurred to him to ask whether there was a jumper among them, and the seller knew better than to volunteer such information, seeing that buyers often object to purchase sheep with such troublesome habits. Not knowing the ways of jumping sheep, he did not secure the objectionable animal by a cord, as is the way with experienced Welsh shepherds, but drove his little flock before him along the Abergavenny roads. Presently some occurrence startled the jumper, and he immediately cleared a high fence. Even Welsh sheep have the stupid idiosyncracy of following one another without other aim than mere imitation, and ere the farmer could get aid the whole forty were over the fence. Other persons returning from the fair came by presently, and some had dogs with them. They did their best to help the stranger; but the sheep had become wild and fled in every direction, and a large proportion were lost entirely. Only last week we were visiting a Welsh cottage, and found the eldest girl busy putting the garden in order. We congratulated her on the opening spring and her good chance of gay borders, and she said, quite sorrowfully, "Indeed, my chance is not worth much, for sheep often come by here, and if there is a jumper among them he is sure to bring all the flock over the wall, and spoil my garden for the season."

The experienced farmer makes short work with the jumpers. At first the over-active animal finds good encouragement, for it gets the best food and the most liberal quantity. But it has no reason to rejoice in the distinction, as the luxurious diet is only given to prepare it for the butcher.

In some Monmouthshire farms the sheep are milked as regularly as the cows, and the milk is put into the bowls along with the other milk, and enters into the composition of the justly esteemed butter and cheese. The excellence of Welsh mutton is a well-established fact fully acknowledged all the world over, and the wool is also very valuable.

We praised our active friends on the Blorenge, and left the heathy heights with regret, little expecting to learn more of their good qualities in the lower country.

On every *side where we* could cast our eyes whitewashed

cottages and farmsteads met the sight; but we had followed a mountain stream nearly to the plain before we discovered a hollow in which a genuine Welsh flannel factory was situated; it might have been a farmhouse, for any external appearance of machinery which was to be seen; but instead of straw and hay being littered about the premises, there were scraps of wool, fluf detached from the wool in the course of its manufacture into flannel, and vessels stained with dye.

At our request for a sight of the process of flannel making, the master of the works undertook to show us his domain. A large room on the ground floor, roughly paved with flagstones, contained two machines and several hands. One machine was for tearing the wool into fragments, separating the hair otherwise adhering in clusters, and turning the rough mass newly taken from the back of some unfortunate jumper into a light and feathery heap. One person only was needed to feed this machine, though others had to be employed in bringing and arranging the wool. The second machine was of complicated structure, and was not actually working at the moment of our entrance. Our obliging Cicerone kindly caused it to be set in motion, so that we saw its mode of action from the earliest stage. A quantity of the disentangled wool was placed in a shallow trough, the first threads just touching the nearest of a group of rollers, each of which was covered all over with fine prickles. As soon as the waterwheel which acted on this machine began to move, each roller revolved, and the threads of wool were drawn over the adjacent roller; in turning, they touched the second roller and were drawn over it, while the first roller drew another layer of the wool to clothe its own prickles. Thus in a few seconds the first group of rollers, about a dozen in number, became covered with wool. At the back of the machine, delicately touching the last roller, a long fine comb was fixed, which, by the lightest touch, disentangled the wool from the prickles, and drew it in a mass as long as the roller, and about two inches in diameter. As each length was thus disentangled it fell into a long trough, which moved by means of revolving straps, and carried the prepared wool on to the second part of the machine, where it was drawn over rollers again, on which the prickles were arranged in groups or bands about half an inch apart, so that when the wool arrived at the other end the hairs had become collected into threads of the right thickness for weaving. Here they were received upon a smooth wooden

roller some two feet wide, and as soon as the roller was full it was detached, in order to be carried to the second room.

In the second room a machine was fixed occupying the whole length of the apartment. A number of the rollers covered with the soft wool just brought from below were placed on the further side, and as many winders as there were threads on the rollers were placed opposite. The framework containing these last was drawn close to the rollers while the whole was being prepared, and when thus placed the water-wheels did not act on the machine. But as soon as the end of each thread was attached to its winder, the framework was drawn out four or five feet from the rollers, and then every winder and every roller began to turn round and round—the one motion twisting the soft wool into a strong thread, the other winding it on the pegs placed for that purpose. Only one man was occupied in attending to this extensive machine, but he worked with admirable skill. Every few moments one of the many loosely compacted threads snapped, the watchful eye of the spinner detected the fault instantaneously, pushed back the framework, thereby stopping the wheel, joined the broken thread, and then put all in motion again.

The sight of so many winders turning at once was enough to make one dizzy, so we were glad to follow our guide up another rough staircase, and so reach the third room, where the weaving was going on. Half a dozen hand-looms were here in use;—half a dozen Welshmen were busy passing the shuttle to and fro with a speed which reminded us of the eloquent simile of Holy Scripture, in description of the shortness of life,—"My days are as a weaver's shuttle."

In this room we found the results of the labour we had been inspecting. The wool of our adventurous mountain friends had been disentangled and thrown into a form increasing in symmetry at every stage, and it has now become ready for its grand utility—all twisted and wound in egg-shaped masses, ready to be laid in the small wooden cradle known as the weaver's shuttle. Much of it has been dyed, too,—the favourite dyes being scarlet and blue, the latter of the sombre indigo tint, and varying from a middle shade to nearly black. One man was weaving a coarse flannel of alternate stripes of blue and white, which brought to our memory the figure of many a comely Welshwoman whom we had seen in gown or petticoat of that familiar pattern at stations on the Western Valleys line. Another was engaged on

a pattern known to the trade as the "True Lover's Knot," the fitness of the allusion being by no means patent to the understanding of the uninitiated, to whom it appeared merely as a fancy check. A third worked with the finest wool. In the web were placed woollen threads in accurate order, one of black, two of scarlet, one of black, ten of white, and so on. The weaver had three shuttles, one containing wool of each of the three colours; these he passed in and out of the upright threads in similar numbers, so as to form squares. A quantity of this pattern, with violet check instead of red, was bleaching on the grass and looked extremely pretty. These were the best shirting flannels, and were worth half-a-crown a yard. These hand-woven Welsh flannels have one speciality, *i. e.*, that they scarcely ever wear out. The only occasion when their durability does not become actually tedious is when they are employed as little boys' knickerbockers, and then, in process of time, the tough flannel is subdued by the tougher knees of the restless wearers. But this is scarcely any detraction from the merit of Gwent's own fabric; for who that has any experience in the fascinating characteristics of boys can be surprised at anything they have to do with wearing out?

The quiet Welsh manufacturer spoke with just pride of his success in life, and his colour rose a little as he recounted how "my lady" had bid him make his finest fabric in wool of brilliant violet traversed by a silken thread of white, as a present for the Princess of Wales. But it never entered his mind to advertise the honour by placing her Royal Highness's arms over the door of his simple whitewashed factory.

He led us to the wheel-house. Here the great wheel was yielding to the force of the slender mountain streamlet, and revolving slowly under its rude case, thereby keeping in motion the other numerous wheels which urged forward the various spinning and feeding wheels. And there was a fulling machine at work, too. It consisted of a pair of huge wooden hammers, which rose and fell as the wheel turned, and came down with a dull heavy thud on a new blanket, which was placed in a box underneath to have the advantage of the beating. This process of beating the blankets before soaked in soap and water has the effect of making them much thicker and whiter.

The custom of fulling must be of great antiquity, for St. John alludes to it in the Apocalypse, in describing the dress of the Lamb:—"Exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten

them." Certainly Gwent is the land for ancient habits and quaint observances, and for superstition it equals even Scotland.

Ten minutes' walk from the hill-surrounded factory brought us to as pretty a village as fancy can picture. The lord of the neighbourhood—or rather the lady, for her lord was no more—was evidently a typical Lady Bountiful. All outside the park gates was as neat and prim as the grand domain within, and the village post-office and the village shop and the village inn were newly whitewashed and as clean as clean could be. Repairs were going on, walls were being rebuilt about old farmhouses; but here there was no staring contrast between new and old. "My lady" has the rare gift of taste, and the equally rare one of decision, and around an irregular old mansion she will not permit a red brick wall of measured squareness, but orders mossy stones from the river side and worn stones from the old wall to be cemented into a firm and solid, but still quaint-looking and irregular wall, which keeps its newness a secret. A salaam to the firmness of will which can nerve a woman so to overcome the red-tapeism of masons!

The prettiest object in that pretty village was the church. According to ancient custom, the authority of which was more ancient than Gwent's resolute queen would care to acknowledge, there is a midnight service in the church to introduce Christmas Day. Two o'clock a.m. is the registered hour for the Welsh service, but for various reasons the later hour of five a.m. is preferred in many of the villages in Monmouthshire. It is the old time-honoured custom of the midnight mass—the Catholic commemoration of the touching scene in the midnight sky, when the shepherds of Palestine heard the first tidings of redemption. The echo of this pious custom has lingered in faint reverberations among the hills of Wales, and though sacraments are despised and the ancient obedience of faith abhorred, Welsh shepherds still leave their flocks, to sing hymns of praise to their infant Saviour.

Another custom prevalent in Wales at this season I am at a loss to interpret. Fires are lighted here and there in the plantations, and the people visit them and meet a strange effigy of a horse, or rather a man with a horse's head, saddle, &c. The fires are probably the offspring of the joy-fires of the Druids, and the horse may be in allusion to a wild superstition about a bewitched horse. The present advantages accruing from the observance are—money, which is given to the supposed horse;

fun and good fellowship for many; and a great deal of romping between the lads and the lasses.

The Welsh show profuse hospitality and liberality at Christmas. "My lady" sends gifts of Wesh flannel to the poor—the finest and softest fabric to those who have known better days, and the rough and tough ones to the working people. All give according to their means to such as are in need—beef and clothing from the rich, bacon and tea from those a grade lower, and plum cake from all to all in such abundance that ere twelfth day is passed no Welsh child cares to put a piece to his lips.

The Welsh pride themselves on their superstitions, accounting them as testimonials of respect from the unseen world. They see candles burning brightly which are invisible to other eyes, and recognise in them a warning of impending death. Corpse candle is the term given to these dreaded lights. They also believe in hell-hounds, which hunt the soul as soon as it leaves the body, and many imagine that they hear their bark. One of their legends tells of an evil spirit called Malen, who rode a magic horse. This may possibly be the origin of the Christmas horse.

:EVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

pædia of Biblical Literature. Originally edited by JOHN TO, D.D. Third Edition, in three Volumes. Edited by L. ALEXANDER, D.D., F.S.A. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles ck.

l be impossible to speak too highly of this new and enlarged ıf one of the most learned and valuable Biblical dictionaries language possesses. Among the contributors are the names airns, Dr. Doran, F. W. Farrar, Stanley Leathes, F. W. New- l Dr. W. Wright; while a large number of the articles have tten by the two able editors whose names are found on the e. Every advantage has been taken of the researches of science and modern travel, and the result is that the articles not only all the information that may reasonably be expected, a freshness of interest which makes many of them admirably for the general reader as well as for the Biblical scholar and

ave carefully examined many of the articles for ourselves, and ısult can confidently recommend this Cyclopædia. The paper ı leave nothing to be desired, and the illustrations, both in d steel, deserve special mention.

nly suggestion we would venture to offer is that in the next the accentuation of all proper names should be given; for who have to read the appointed lessons from Holy Scripture hurch it is often a great advantage to be able to look at some hority for the right pronunciation of names and places. Nothing rge sale can possibly compensate the publishers for their noble in sending forth these three goodly volumes, and we earnestly ıt their energy and labour may soon receive an abundant recom- the very wide circulation that this Cyclopædia shall secure.

l clergymen and candidates for holy orders it will prove of ıle service.

ys that are Past: a Short Manual of Early Church History. the Rev. W. BAIRD, M.A., Vicar of Dymock. London: W. Gardner, 10, Paternoster Row.

VER Mr. Baird undertakes is sure to be well done, and in this ılume of only 152 pages he has given us a most clear and ng view of early Church story. He tells us he has aimed at

compression as much as possible, and yet has endeavoured to clothe the bare facts with a lifelike form which may serve to impress them on the minds of the readers.

The object of his book is to prove that the Church difficulties of olden times were not in any way different from those experienced by Christians in other ages; and that therefore we should be contented with our lot, and keep bravely and with a good heart to our appointed work in the Church of God. Mr. Baird writes with considerable vigour, and his little book is likely to be of use in these restless and exciting days.

Helps to Prayer and Holy Living. For Church People who have little Spare Time. By R. SEYMOUR, M.A., Rector of Kinwarton. Part II.—Holy Communion. London: W. Skeffington, Piccadilly. 1870.

CANON SEYMOUR is well known as one of the ablest debaters in the Lower House of Convocation. His little manual for Holy Communion shows that he is thoroughly acquainted with the duties of a parish priest in stirring up his flock in regard to the greatest act of Christian worship—the Holy Communion. The book contains extracts from the "very precious writings" of Bishop Ken, Wilson, and Jeremy Taylor, and is very well adapted to help and encourage the devout communicant.

We think it is a pity that Mr. Seymour has not printed the Communion Office entire. Faith cometh by hearing, and it surely is not necessary that every communicant should follow the reading of the Epistle and Gospel in their Prayer-books. In a future edition we earnestly trust that this defect, for such it really is, may be remedied.

To those who have been recently confirmed this little book would prove of great advantage, and we cordially recommend it to the clergy for distribution in their parishes.

MARGARET:

THE STORY OF MY LIFE FROM FIVE TO TWENTY-FIVE.

BY E. M. ALFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LETTER.

We found English letters awaiting us on our return to the Hotel de l'Europe. I happened to enter our saloon before Lady Lettice, and saw Rupert sorting the letters. No business of his, thought I to myself. On observing me, he handed me a letter for Lady Lettice, saying, with that satirical smile I hated so much,—

"Here is a letter for your friend, Margaret. Perhaps you will like to take it to her, as I fancy from the postmark it will be one to give her pleasure."

Lady Lettice entered at the moment, and I handed her the well-filled envelope, but in doing so my eye, unintentionally on my part, caught a glimpse of a well-known handwriting.

"Oh thank you, Margaret," she said, brightly; "a letter from Oxford is indeed a treat."

"I saw it was Vernon's writing," said Rupert, carelessly.

"I wonder whether he gives you any news of his Jonathan?

I fancy Vernon makes certain of Leslie's gaining the Newdig this year."

I had not looked at Lady Lettice before, not caring that clear-seeing eyes should read the jealousy written in mine. at Rupert's words I glanced at her, and was surprised at brilliant blush that dyed her cheek. She left the room im diately with her usual unembarrassed dignity. I loitere moment, fearing to have to speak to her while my heart wa sore. This gave Rupert an opportunity for aiming one of rankling darts.

"It is a rare thing to see Lady Lettice blush," he remar quietly; "this English letter apparently has more effect upon than the devotion of all her Italian admirers."

"It is a rare thing," I said, hotly, "to find any one call himself a gentleman, prying into a lady's letters and secre So saying I rushed up to my room in a turmoil of anger disappointment.

It was a nightly custom with Lady Lettice and myself to m in her room, which adjoined mine, there being a door of c munication between the two, and chat over the events of day whilst brushing our hair. But on this particular evenin felt too miserable, too sore at heart, too wicked to meet th honest blue eyes, so I hurried over my preparations for meaning to bury my aching head under the clothes before L Lettice should guess at my desertion. But whilst I was stil my scarlet dressing-gown, brushing out angrily my long h some one tapped gently at my door, and the sweet familiar v spoke,—

"Daisy, are you going to desert me to-night?"

"I am tired, Lady Lettice," said I; "you must forgive being unsociable for once."

"Tired, little one! then you shan't move a step, but I come in to you for our chat, if I may?"

"Thank you very much, but my head aches," I answe wearily; "I had rather not talk to-night."

I don't know whether she heard the tremble in my voice, her kindness overcame me quite; or whether my stifled were audible through the key-hole. All I know is, that sently, as I sat on my sofa, burying my head amid its cushi I felt an arm steal gently round me, and a cool little h taking possession of my burning one, and heard Lady Let say,—

"There was something irresistible in Lady Lettice's kind, brave words. They won my confidence, and acted as a tonic to my overstrung nerves. I dashed away my tears and sat up."—*See page* 333. [*Margaret.*

"Daisy, dear, what troubles you? You will not keep your griefs from one who loves you so much?"

"Oh leave me to my wretched self," I exclaimed; "I feel angry with all the world just now. I may be better in the morning if you'll leave me alone to sleep."

"But you won't sleep, Daisy, in your present mood. Tell me your trouble, darling, and see if I can't help you."

"It is not one trouble only," I answered; "there seems to me nothing but trouble all around me."

"You won't say that, Daisy, when you are yourself again," said Lady Lettice, gently; "you have so many blessings, little one."

"Oh yes, I know, and I was very wicked to complain, but that is one of my troubles, being so wicked I mean."

"That is a trouble we all have," she said, in a kind, earnest tone, "a trouble we shan't quite get rid of as long as we are here, Maggie; but we can make a good fight by God's help, and that is our work, isn't it? only you know we must buckle on our armour,—'be strong, and of a good courage.' So cheer up, Daisy, and see if I can help you at all."

There was something irresistible in Lady Lettice's kind, brave words. They won my confidence (as far as I felt at liberty to give it), and acted as a tonic to my overstrung nerves. I dashed away my tears and sat up.

"Lady Lettice," I said, "you have conquered me with your goodness and love; I had made up my mind to be miserable, but as you won't have it so, I'll deny myself that luxury. My two chief complaints are, first, the faithlessness of human nature, in that my old friend Sedley writes volumes to you, with never a word to me; and secondly, the perversity of human nature, in that Rupert, whom I abhor ("fie, Maggie," from Lady Lettice), "should imagine himself in love with me, and order me with threats and menaces to consent to become his wife. His wife indeed! I'd rather beg my bread any day. Do you know, Lady Lettice, I think I really hate Rupert. I never feel so wicked as when with him. He puts me all out of tune, with his sneers and inuendoes. And to think that such a man should have set his iron will on my becoming his wife! Oh, it makes me shiver, even to speak of it."

"Maggie, dear, you make too much of this," said my kind friend, soothingly. "I know the wretched feeling of having to say no, but if, as in your case I am sure is the truth, you may

honestly tell yourself you have given no false encouragement, I think it is wisest not to trouble too much about it."

"I'm afraid I don't trouble at all on Rupert's account," I answered, "for I can plainly see that it is his own will he loves much more than me. But oh, Lady Lettice, I have a sort of horror that his strong will may conquer in spite of me, I am such a poor weak creature."

"You are strong, Daisy, where your affections are concerned. I will not ask you, dear, but I think there must be some one else to set against Rupert."

There was indeed, but I could not tell her who; I could not tell her that Sedley Vernon was my beau ideal of a man, that all other men seemed dwarfs beside him, that though I owned him hers, by her right of superiority, yet having known and loved him unwittingly so many years, I could never love his inferior.

"By the way, Maggie," she said presently, in quite another tone, "I had a long letter from your old friend Sedley just now, you know, and far from there being 'never a word for you,' jealous Daisy, there are no end of inquiries for you, rejoicings over your improved health, delight in your being with aunt Mary and me, and lots of questions as to your enjoyment of La Bella Italia; and lastly, an earnest request that you, with aunt Mary and myself, should return in time for the Oxford Commemoration, when he expects his friend, Philip Leslie, to gain the Newdigate, and recite his prize poem, as the custom is, in the theatre. I must confess," she added, with heightened colour and kindling eye, "to an irresistible longing to go. What do you say, Maggie?"

"That I should like it of all things," I exclaimed, eagerly. "I can never thank you enough for your kindness to me, dear Lady Lettice. And after that is over," I added, "I must return at once to uncle Sam. Don't you agree with me?"

"That I do," she answered promptly; "he has spared you long, without a word of murmur; and you, Maggie, must try and recompense him, by carrying all the sunshine you can into his solitary home. A blessed task, Daisy, and one to drive away the dismals from yourself. As for Rupert, you must not hate the poor fellow. His life seems very purposeless, and who more wretched than those that live only for themselves? To tell the truth, this declaration of his love for you is the first spark of hopefulness I have seen in his character; if a man really has

thing or person besides himself, there is some hope for him, ink."

I cannot tell how he can possibly like me," I said; "we ıys fight like cat and dog, and I never feel so disagreeable as is company."

Some people like fighting," said Lady Lettice, "and I fancy ert is held in such awe at home by all except Dick, that ıaps your independence won him."

Then I will try and be as submissive as his poor mother elf, for the short time we are together," I said, "so that the re of conquest may not charm him. It is odd, how my ıd aunt bends to his every wish. I think it is the dreaded pon of ridicule and satire unscrupulously used that gives his power,—I can't stand ridicule a bit."

And I don't mind it at all," said Lady Lettice, with her k smile, rising to go; "I don't want or expect to be admired he world in general, so how can their ridicule hurt me? and ı not fear it from my friends."

Ah! there it is again," said I sadly; "it is my vanity and k desire to please that makes me so easily irritated. My test foe is within me, after all!"

bid Lady Lettice good night, feeling quite another creature, went to bed full of good resolutions.

ıpert left us shortly after this, pleading business in England. uncle and aunt went to join Sir Lionel and his wife at ıles, at the end of the month. And aunt Mary, Lady Lettice, myself returned to England, *viâ* the Italian lakes and the plon Pass, thus getting a charming glimpse of Switzerland, ime for the Oxford Commemoration, as agreed.

CHAPTER XIV.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

H auntie, isn't it delightful to be in dear old Oxford again!" laimed Lady Lettice, as we drove through the beautiful city ging-hunting. For aunt Mary was set upon avoiding hotels, ing that as we were having so much pleasure in one year must be content to economise a little, or there would be hing to spare for the poor people at Humphrey.

Finally we settled into some very quiet, but clean and com-

fortable lodgings in Holywell street. We had taken off our dusty travelling dresses, and Lady Lettice and I had put on in their stead pretty fresh mauve muslins, a fashionable colour that year, and we were all beginning in high spirits to attack our eggs and tea, when two gentlemen were announced, and in walked Sedley and his friend, Philip Leslie. I knew the latter in a moment from Sedley's description of him; there was the high poetical forehead, the delicate regular features, the air of intense sensitive refinement, which I was already prepared to see. But I was not prepared for aunt Mary's warm welcome, Lady Lettice's blushing embarrassment, and Leslie's eager greeting. Could I have been wrong all along? Could Sedley's friend instead of Sedley's self have been Lady Lettice's attraction?

As for my old playfellow, my delight was so great at seeing him once again, and his manner on observing this was so full of the bright frank affection of his boyish days, that at first I did not notice any change. But, as I afterwards discovered, there was a very important one. He had grown from boy to man, during the less than year since I had seen him last. There was a manly earnestness in the frank face, and there were traces of the blessed experience gained by sorrow or suffering nobly borne, in the grave, thoughtful expression of eye and brow, and the firm set of the mouth. I wondered what his trouble might have been, and rejoiced to see that the boy had developed into the good, strong man I felt him to be.

We all walked out after tea, down to that delightful Magdalen Bridge, a place always to be held dear in my memory from its association with what I heard there. As Sedley and I were loitering upon it, waiting for the others, who had lingered behind us in the adjacent gardens, he said to me:

"Daisy, I cannot tell you how happy it makes me, talking with you as we have been doing, over the old home and the dear old days, and yet I feel half afraid of my happiness too, it is such a selfish one. But," he added, with a radiant look, "there is one thing I may allow myself to delight in, and that is, dear old Phil's rapture. Oh Maggie! you have no idea of the intense love and self-sacrifice of that man. He is a true poet, and Lady Lettice is his ideal of everything that is pure, and noble, and good. He dreams of her sleeping and waking. She inspires his wonderful poetry. To be near her, see her, hear her speak, is elysium to him, and yet he would never have

breathed a word of it to her; he would have fled from her very presence, feeling himself so utterly unworthy of her regard. But happily *I* am not a poet, and am apt to see things as they really are. So having discovered during our reading visit at Humphrey, and still more so during the last Commemoration, and conclusively so on that disagreeable afternoon at Humphrey Castle last summer, that the single-hearted Lady Lettice had given that heart to my friend unasked, I resolved not to let dear old Philip immolate himself, as well as her, on the altar of uncalled-for sacrifice. Consequently, Maggie, (just fancy me turning match-maker!)" with a merry laugh, "I gave the young man a piece of my mind, and then wrote a long letter to Lady Lettice at Rome, urging your all coming here, dwelling on my anxiety on Philip's account, for he is not strong naturally, and his health was really beginning to suffer from the continual struggle between heart and will. In fact, without letting out my friend's secret, I just gave her a sufficient glimpse of it to save her pride from coming in the way. And now hurrah! here they are, the happy trio! see, aunt Mary and Lady Lettice on either arm, and Phil. in the middle, glowing with delight. Won't his next poem be just a stunner!"

I listened and looked like one in a dream. Could it be true? I felt my hand tremble as Sedley put it on his arm, saying, "Come, Daisy, we will lead the way. But what is it, Maggie? your hand is cold, and you tremble, child."

"Only that I am so glad," I said, "and—and so surprised."

"What! you did not guess at anything? You are not suspicious, Maggie, or my letters to Lady Lettice, our confidence at Humphrey Castle, and the coming here, might have set you on the scent."

"I thought it was you," I said simply, but feeling myself blush to my finger tips as of old.

"Maggie!" exclaimed Sedley in a low earnest tone; "you couldn't have thought that, surely? If I ever marry—but never mind now, only it won't be Lady Lettice at all events. Though I honour and esteem her highly, or I should never have given her up my friend."

"And you think he is quite worthy of her?" I asked, "for oh, Sedley! she is so noble and true, I can never tell you all I owe to her. She is one among a thousand, I'm sure."

He smiled kindly on me, saying, "I like to hear you so enthusiastic again, Maggie; it reminds me of old days, when you

found it so hard to kindle up matter-of-fact me to your appreciation of Aladdin's lamp, and the like."

"Yes. How well I remember that. And yet now you have a poet for your greatest friend, and appreciate his poems too."

"Yes, but you must understand that there is deep thought and philosophy in these same verses of his; they are not lovelorn lyrics, or unreal fantasies, but they are just an exposition of the beautiful and the true, in words which none of *us* could command. The same thoughts may be seething in our hearts, but it helps us on to see them clearly expressed. Leslie says I have given him the idea for many of his poems by some stray remarks of mine, and *that* I consider the highest honour I am ever likely to gain at the University, even should I come out double-first, as I intend to do."

And thus he chatted on about his friend until we reached our lodgings, when the young men bid us good-night, Lady Lettice saying to Sedley in parting, "I look to you, Mr. Vernon, to make Mr. Leslie acquainted with my friend Margaret."

"That I will as far as I can," he answered, laughing; "I am not sure that she is not a little above my comprehension though."

"Below it, I'm afraid," said I, feeling very hopeful, and as if a great load had been taken off my heart, as we entered the house.

That night, aunt Mary having gone tired to bed, Lady Lettice and I sat long in our dressing-gowns, mutually confiding in one another. I confessed my jealousy about Sedley, but without telling of my love, for was it not still a secret almost from myself? And when I saw how sacred a thing her own deep love was, and noted how the joint gratitude of Leslie and herself for this great blessing vouchsafed to them found expression in earnest resolves to devote themselves in their happiness to the good and happiness of others, I felt that my love as yet was not to be compared to that of my friend in its unselfishness or depth. Perchance it was on this account that mine was destined to be more severely tried.

That was a happy week indeed to all of us! Aunt Mary with her warm sympathy rejoiced in our joy; Lady Lettice and Philip Leslie seemed utterly content, resting for awhile in their happiness before going forth again to confront the world. Sedley and I were as children once more. Lady Lettice said she hardly knew me for the same demure damsel she had nursed at Rose Cottage and lionised at Rome. Sedley had a great fund of wit

humour, and laughed so merrily at his own sallies that it quite infectious, and Lady Lettice would join in with her lsome peal, and even Mr. Leslie smile approvingly, as ıgh it did his philosophic heart good to see for once such a erful side of human nature.

.s for me, it was the very tonic I wanted. I fancy I must e really felt the loss of Sedley's invigorating hilarity during past year of excitement, gaiety, and depression. Dick's ıolboy slang and mischief, and a little dry humour of uncle chant's, rarely encouraged to peep out, were the only apıches to anything like a sense of the ludicrous at Denis rt. Rupert's cutting ridicule was quite another thing.

felt so well, too, after my long illness: that in itself was a t pleasure. And above all, Sedley was always with me, and ıgh he never attempted to finish that sentence begun on dalen Bridge, yet I had a secret conviction that he cared ne more than for any other.

ut it was not all merriment. Often the general converon took a serious turn, and then I was struck by the earnest in which Sedley expressed himself. He was no longer ely the genial, generous-hearted boy, but the earnest stead-hearted man. As Lady Lettice observed to me in one of nightly confidences,—

Sedley has made great progress since we saw him last, sy; he was groping his way then; since that he has, as Philip resses it, 'looked his life's problem in the face, and made up mind about it.'"

And what is his mind, did Mr. Leslie say?"

Yes, active philanthropy. 'You must sing and I must try ork out your songs,' is what he often says to Philip. And is friend's estimate of him be true, he will be a worker of no n work in his generation."

Did Mr. Leslie say anything about him after,—after his re- from Humphrey last year?" I asked, making a desperate rt. I was so eager to know, and yet it was such a difficult stion to put. But Lady Lettice answered me in her own ple truth-speaking way.

Yes, he said he never knew him so out of heart as then; I y, though Philip did not say so, that he was a great help to in his trouble. And that out of that trial, whatever it was, e the increased earnestness and self-devotion which we now erve in him."

"Did Mr. Leslie guess what his trouble was?"

"Yes, he thought it was disappointment in some friend upon whom he had set great store."

Hearing this I crept away to bed to think it over, not caring to discuss the subject any further even with Lady Lettice.

I will not loiter over the details of that first happy week of our stay at Oxford. We made of course charming expeditions to Blenheim, Nuneham, and Iffley, some of Sedley's and Leslie's friends frequently joining our party. We breakfasted, lunched, and supped in various colleges, living in fact on our friends, and friends' friends. We did not care to attend the balls, as neither Philip nor Sedley danced, but we went to some good concerts, and had been promised to go and hear a debate at the Union on the evening before the Commemoration.

To this I was looking forward with great eagerness, as Sedley was to speak. And I was not disappointed. To sit in the gallery looking down upon that youthful senate, speculating on the parts they might play in England's history, or even in the world's, before many years were over, was in itself a great delight to me. But when the debate began, and especially when Sedley rose, and in his manly tones poured forth a torrent of eloquence quite beyond my expectations, I was thoroughly entranced.

I think all present were somewhat surprised at his vehement oratory. He seemed as one possessed, I had almost said inspired. The subject under discussion was, "To what extent fanaticism might be tolerated." I will try and remember the few last sentences, of Sedley's speech to give some idea of its bearing.

"Sirs, I would say one word in conclusion as to who is to be our judge in this matter. By what standard shall we try ourselves? By the world's opinion or by the precepts and examples set before us in the Bible?

"How far does the world tolerate fanaticism as we are pleased to call it? and where are the limits set to it in the word of God! Gentlemen, you can answer these questions for yourselves without my doing so for you. The world is a good sort of world you say now-a-days. It prefers virtue to vice. It likes young men who take holy orders, to visit their sick, to have the services well attended to, and especially it likes to be moved by glowing appeals made from the pulpit by these young clergy, upon whom in return it showers invitations to dinner, honeyed speeches, worsted worked slippers, and what not. I would not

for one moment depreciate these duties that the world commends. Visiting the sick, daily services, and appeals to men's consciences, are among some of the most sacred duties of our clergy. But if in addition to this they were to deny themselves every luxury in order to give to the poor; if they went with threadbare coats, thinking of the admonition, 'Let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none;' if, in fine, like the fisherman by the sea of Galilee, they were to leave all and follow Him; if like the poor widow they were to give their little all to feed the poor, would not Mrs. Grundy say, 'What fanaticism! I have no patience with such extravagance. I am ready enough to help the poor, to give my subscriptions to the soup-kitchens, coal-clubs, &c. But this Don Quixote treats all that as nothing, and raves on about self-denial and self-sacrifice, about giving what we cannot spare, instead of what we can, till it really becomes quite absurd. And I feel obliged to forsake his church, lest he should make me as mad as himself!' Oh Sirs! who can tell but what we may be surprised at the Last Day by seeing some of those we call 'mad fanatics' here, seated on thrones judging their judges.

"Surely in these cool calculating times there is more danger of selfish indifference than of fanaticism. Only consider what a wonderful effect it would have for good, if each one of us here present to-night should resolve to live earnest lives, yes, even what the world would call fanatic lives, each in our own sphere, when the time comes for us to take our stand on the world's battle-field; if truth, zeal, and self-denial were to characterize the young men of our day, in the stead of double-dealing selfishness and lazy indifference. God grant such may be the case."

My remembrance of his words must necessarily be imperfect, and I can give no idea of the earnestness with which they were spoken, nor of the eager expression on his face as he poured out the longings of his heart. I think many of those present were, like myself, carried away with his enthusiasm, and determined to cast in their lot with the so-called fanatics.

At all events there was loud applause, for Sedley was a general favourite, in spite of his Quixotic views, as some were pleased to call them. His physical and mental prowess together gained him high honour. His college was proud of him, because he had taken a first class in Classics in Mods. and was expected to do the same in Greats. The boating men looked up to him, because he was the best stroke in the University. In addition

to these distinctions, he was captain of the rifle corps, and a frequent speaker at the Union.

As for myself, in my enthusiastic temperament there was little moderation. I felt as if I could do anything in the world for my grand hero. I could work for him, I could die for him, but I could not live without him. These being my feelings I was naturally taken aback at his first words, spoken hurriedly as we emerged into the moonlit street.

"Margaret, I am going to bid you good-bye to-night."

"Good-bye!" I said aghast, "I thought you were going to escort me home on Friday."

"So I had intended, but some information I received this evening has changed my plans. I must stay and hear Leslie recite his poem to-morrow, and then I shall hasten down to Beckford to see my father, and be off next day for the Continent."

"Then I shall not see you again till Christmas?" I asked, feeling a sudden sinking of my spirits.

"And maybe not then, Maggie. In fact, our paths through life lie in different directions, and it behoves me to remember this. I choose the rough and you the smooth, and it is all for the best I know, only it's easier to preach than to practise."

What did he mean? My head seemed in a whirl, and in my agony at the idea of parting from him I exclaimed passionately, "But I don't choose the smooth, Sedley; and I think it's very cruel and conceited of men like you to keep to yourselves all that is grand and noble in life, and then to turn to us poor women and say, 'You are not capable of these things, we will not drag you up with us to our heights, the way is rugged and steep, and will hurt your tender feet; stay you in the green valleys below, eat, sleep, and be happy in your vegetative way;' never heeding that our spirits can soar as high as yours, and that stagnation is worse than toil."

Hurriedly and excitedly I uttered this, hardly knowing what I was saying, but feeling a great rebellion within me, at the way in which Sedley seemed to be putting me from him.

"Oh Maggie!" he exclaimed, "do not make my duty harder to me; do not make me a selfish brute; do not let me preach one thing and practise another."

I did not know what to say to this, for his words were a puzzle to me; I could not understand him, nor guess what this hard duty was. And I had it on my lips to tell him so, when, to my horror and surprise, who should come to meet us from

the door of our lodgings but my evil genius, Rupert! On seeing him Sedley's tone altered in a moment, and he said quite calmly, "Good-bye, Margaret, I must resign you now to your cousin Rupert, who has a prior claim to you. He tells me that he intends escorting you to your uncle's on Friday. *Addio.*"

So saying he went away, and I seized on the support of Rupert's proffered arm for the few remaining steps to our lodgings, for I felt staggered and dizzy at all that had passed, at Rupert's appearance, and Sedley's abrupt departure. What could it all mean? As one in a dream I went to my room and sat down listlessly on the side of my little bed, realising nothing. At last mechanically I undressed and crept into bed, fearing Lady Lettice would seek me out.

She did come in as usual to bid me good-night, but finding my candle out, only stole over gently to my bed, and kissing my forehead said, "Good-night, Maggie, and happy dreams. We all had reason to be proud of Sedley to-night."

These words, and the happy confident tone in which they were uttered, was just the drop too much. The tears came at last and my bed shook with my passionate sobbing. By degrees that ceased, and I was able to think it all over calmly.

Some of Sedley's earnest words in his speech came back upon me. I felt how far I was from being one of the earnest unselfish band which he had described. I blamed myself severely for hindering, not aiding him in his painful duty, whatever it was, and I felt myself blush in the moonlight, as I remembered that I had almost pushed myself upon him in my excited appeal to be allowed to be a fellow-worker. And I resolved, God helping me, that I would go home to my quiet duties, and strive to live the same earnest life he had been urging upon us all, in my small way. Happily Rupert's share in the matter did not cross my mind that night, so no bitterness mingled with my better thoughts.

I was surprised next morning to find that he had been with Sedley a good deal of the previous day, had in fact dined with him.

When I expressed my surprise at their being friends, he replied, "We are not friends exactly, I don't like a man that sets himself up as a shining light to those who are his superiors, but I had some business to transact with him, and I must say I found him very honourable."

"I should think so indeed!" I exclaimed indignantly. A

half-sneering, half-triumphant smile passed across Rupert's face which made me feel so angry, I was fain to turn away.

He further annoyed me by keeping close to my side during the whole of the next day, and by declaring his intention of escorting me to Beckford, thus taking possession of me on the plea of cousinship, very much against my will.

Leslie recited his poem perfectly, but I fear my attention was wandering, as I was on the eager watch all the time for another glimpse of a well-known face, but in vain; whether he were there or not, none of us knew, but we saw no more of him.

Oxford had no longer any charm for me, and though sorry to part from my dear friends, Lady Lettice and aunt Mary, I gladly left it the following day to return to the old home, perchance with a lingering hope that Sedley could hardly have left Beckford ere I returned.

Rupert made many attempts to talk on our journey, but as I only answered in monosyllables, and persistently turned the pages of a railway novel he had bought me, he gave in at last. Thus we travelled almost in silence to Beckford, and parted at the station, Rupert bidding me give his respects to my uncle, and say that he should probably pay him a call on his way back from some place further down the line, where he was going to visit a friend.

"My uncle does not like strangers," I replied.

"I am not a stranger to him, but a particular friend, as you will find," he said, as the train whistled off.

This disagreable and surprising information took possession of my mind for the first few minutes of my drive to uncle Sam's house, (I had not told him my train, so he was not at the station to meet me); but presently every other feeling was lost in the childish delight of coming home.

CHAPTER XV.

AT HOME AGAIN.

How sad it is to think that there are some homes so unhomelike that the returning to them is no pleasure! That there are some young souls who have never known the ecstatic feeling of delight which I now experienced. All the recent pleasure, all the still more recent pain, all my experiences since last I drove

through these familiar streets, seemed to be put aside, and to fade into insignificance, compared with the eagerness with which I hailed each familiar turn, each familiar face; and when at last we reached my uncle's street, and finally paused in front of the crimson-curtained windows, although shops, street, house, and everything, looked wonderfully small and insignificant to my travelled eyes, yet my delight was so intense that I felt all of a tremble, and was glad to hide my agitation in dear old Susan's arms.

There she stood, just inside the door, a broad smile on her honest face, but tears glistening in her eyes.

"Eh, Miss Maggie, don't it just sim nat'ral to have you home again! But you *be* growed a fine young lady, and no mistake! Oh, how good it do sim, to be sure, and I that certain that we shouldn't never have you back again, but that you'd be for marryin' some o' they grand folk you've been along with."

"Oh Susan!" said I, smiling through my tears, "your head's still running upon matrimony, I see, as in olden times. Now I dare say, if the truth were known, you're quite sorry to have me back again all alone."

"Am I though?" said the dear old soul, giving me another hug; "and master, he'll be 'most 'mazed to see you again, and he so lonesome all these years."

"Now, Susan, that is too bad!" I exclaimed. "Years indeed, why it is exactly one year and three months since I left home. Not but what it seems an age though. Ah, here comes uncle Sam!"

My dear uncle looked so worn and aged that it gave me at first quite a shock, but I would not let him see that. He was vexed at not having met me at the station, and kept putting on his glasses, and holding me at arm's length, to look at me and learn me afresh, as he said.

We had a most cosy tea, pussy sitting in a chair at table to enjoy her saucer of milk, an indulgence granted in honour of my return. The same old slippers were on uncle's feet, much the worse for wear, a fact indeed which struck me as to many of our surroundings, and I resolved to set to work vigorously to furbish up. Doubtless dear old Susan, with her increasing years and rheumatism, had as much as she could do between her cooking and the patients. And though an effort had evidently been made to spruce things up in welcome to me, yet to my eyes, accustomed so long to the exquisite neatness and

elegance of Rose Cottage, it seemed apparent that dear uncle Sam's bachelor residence was direfully in want of ladies' handiwork.

It was a very happy head that I laid on the pillow that night, and a grataful heart, I hope, that offered up its thanksgiving for this safe return home. The remembrance of Sedley no longer seemed sad, but as a bright inspiring motive to earnest work. It may be a long time before I am worthy of him, I thought, but still the impression was strong upon me, that if I did my own work well, sooner or later he would admit me to work with him.

And so I fell asleep, thinking of the busy life before me. There were French and Italian to be kept up, and many books to be read, for was I not a very ignorant young person for eighteen? quite unfit for companion to such a clever man as Sedley. Besides the more intellectual part of my plans, I resolved to ask Susan to teach me cooking, and all sorts of useful work, for there was no knowing what hard sort of life Sedley would choose, and the remembrance flashed across me of our first interview in the study down-stairs, when he expressed his intention of following Robinson Crusoe's example, and consented to my accompanying him on the plea of my pies and puddings.

Consequently, next morning, after uncle Sam and I had discussed our coffee and rolls, and uncle had gone out on his morning round in a somewhat shabby brougham, I descended to the kitchen, and taking up my old place on the kitchen table, (my feet no longer dangling from the exalted position,) communicated to Susan my newly acquired thirst after useful knowledge.

"Well now, Miss, if that isn't right down providential!" cried she. "Not but what we could get along somehow; but dearie, Miss, sometimes I feels all nohow when I thinks on't, and he such a good master too, and so fond o' you, not but what t'other one may be too, for ought I can say," with a knowing twinkle in her glistening eyes, "but for all that, I didn't want none o' his money, for all t'was a gold piece. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' says I, 'but sposin' you keeps your money for them as wants it, not meaning no offence neither, but my master ain't one to let his servants want,' says I. Yet he were a well-growed young man too, and not bad to look on neither."

Here Susan paused for a moment out of breath, for which I was not sorry, as I was getting fairly puzzled by her talk, accus-

›med though I was to the dear old soul's involved style of ›nversation and puzzling inuendos.

I could not get clear of the notion that she had just been ›lling me that uncle Sam was a "good master," and a "well-rowed young man, not bad to look on," so in despair, I said, .ughing,—

"But, Susan, you don't call uncle 'a young man,' though he very good to look on, I confess. Yet it struck me at first ight, how aged and worn he was, Susan; do you notice it?"

"Well, I can't say as I don't, but then as you says, Miss, he ain't young man, noways. Leastways he'll be seventy come next Iichaelmas, the master will; he's just ten year more'n me: I ıall be sixty come Christmas, please God I'll live. Law Miss, ıd it don't sim more'n yesterday like, that I remembers ıaster quite a young doctor, and he comed to see my missis, ho was took wi' the bronchitis—a very kind missis she was, ıough I says it as shouldn't—and says she to master, 'Would ɔu mind trying of Susan, she's a faithful, steady girl, and don't ıke amiss to her cooking?' Them was her words, Miss, I ›member as 'twas yesterday. But what was we speaking on?" ›ming back suddenly to the present.

"Well, that's just what I don't know and want to?" said I; I think it was something about money and a young man. I ope no one has been trying to win your faithful heart, Susan, nd your hundred pounds in the Savings Bank?"

"No fear o' that, Miss, so long as I keeps my senses," said ıe, "not but what I might ha' been married if I'd ha' chosen, s well as the rest on 'em. But I don't hold wi' none o 'it. And don't take much 'count o' men anyhow, I thinks of 'em mostly s 'like unto the beasts that perish.'"

"But I don't suppose that applies only to men, does it, usan?"

"Well, what I means, Miss, is this. I hear some folks set ıch store about getting married and settled in life, wi' a nice ome o' their own, furniture and the like, as if that was all. 'hen I thinks to myself, it's all one; they passes away like the est on us. And they may take their husbands p'raps wi' 'em, f they be godly men; but noways, they can't take their houses. ınd so, Miss, if I was you, I wouldn't be in a flurry about it,— ame as I said to master t'other day."

"Oh, Susan, you can't mean to say uncle Sam is thinking of ;etting *married at his age!*" I exclaimed.

"Law bless the Miss, no! I think the child's 'most 'm cried Susan, testily.

"I beg your pardon, dear old thing," I said, humbly; very stupid I know, but I didn't quite take your meaning

"Well then," said she, mollified, "I was speaking o' y the master, poor soul. When he or other folks says 'Your young mistress will be for making a great match I just shuts 'em up like; I says, 'She could if she o' course, but she ain't in no sort o' hurry.'"

"And you never said a truer word, Susan!" I excl jumping off my seat, and seizing on the rolling-pin and t up my sleeves for business. "I mean to stay at home wi and dear uncle, and learn to be a good girl if I can."

"And you ain't got no particular liking for that youn I was speaking on?" asked Susan, eagerly.

"I don't know what you mean," I said, blushing a lit the possibility of Sedley's being the young man who was growed" occurred to me. "You only mentioned my name."

"Didn't I though? that's just like me. Master often s me, 'Keep to the point, Susan, keep to the point,' and so hard not to wander, but there, it's such a weary while si had a chat wi' you Miss. And then o' course, I thought know, as he said you was so well acquainted wi' him, for just your cousin Rupert."

"Rupert!" I exclaimed in dismay. "Has he bee offering you money, and talking of me? He's no fri mine, Susan. I can't bear him. You were quite right take a penny from him. I almost hate him, Susan!"

"Nay now, Miss Maggie, that is wicked o' you, and n learning to be a good girl, as ye said anon. And aft he seemed a likely enough young man, and very civil tongue. The master took to him wonderful, leastway was shut up a long time together. And mind, Miss Mag sinful to hate any poor mortal thing."

"Very well, Susan," I said, "I'll try not to."

And feeling very much disturbed, I rolled away vigoro the pastry, which I am afraid was rather the reverse o in consequence.

A busy life is certainly a great blessing. I had no t grieve over not seeing Sedley again, or to worry about R mysterious visit. And as my uncle did not mention his

t all, and as I heard, through one of Lady Lettice's frequent nd highly prized letters, that Rupert had gone to join his ister abroad, I put away all uneasiness on this score.

I think my happiness at Oxford, and the good earnest minds had come in contact with of late, had braced me up to nwonted energy and perseverance. And I almost surprised ıyself with the progress I made in my studies, and the interest felt in my household duties. The home-life was as quiet as of ld, and a great contrast to the last year's experience, but I did ot find it dull. I had plenty to think over and talk about, nd when dear uncle would playfully repeat his old question of What do you think of things in general, Maggie?" I felt that knew and thought a good deal about them, and would spin him ›ng yarns of our doings abroad, &c., in which he took a very een interest. In fact, I could hardly believe he had never isited Rome in person, he was so wonderfully up in all the hief interests connected with it, especially in everything earing on art.

Thus nearly a year sped happily, peacefully, and I think rofitably away, and spring had come round again, and with it ıy nineteenth birthday.

Sedley had attained his majority on the day before Christmas ay, on which occasion my uncle and I dined at the rectory. ut this was all we saw of Sedley, for he only came home for hristmas, and was off again at once on his travels, to Rome ıis time. And it was my only trouble during this peaceful ime, that he seemed to avoid me, saying very little to me n that one occasion of our meeting, and even shunning his wn home as it were. Could it be on my account?

I often puzzled over the problem, but as I could find no ›lution, I at last let it be, feeling sure that Sedley must be ght in all he did, in this as in all beside.

And surely, as his father did not complain, but aided and ›etted him in being so much from home, it would be preımptuous in the extreme for me to do so.

One thing I noticed which troubled me, namely, that Mr. ernon's manner towards me had changed. It was now cold nd formal, whereas it had always heretofore been almost ıtherly in its kindness.

But these were slight troubles, and in looking back, on the ıorning of my nineteenth birthday, upon the past year, I felt ery thankful.

A PILGRIMAGE TO TROTTON.

BY REV. F. H. ARNOLD.

WHEN wishing to make a pilgrimage, we cannot now, as in the days of Chaucer, join a chattering, laughing cavalcade of many-hued holiday folk with their tinkling bells. Our journey to Trotton will be partly on foot and partly behind the shrieking engine, so far, however, resembling a pilgrimage in the days of old that it will be to a tomb. We start on a fine autumnal morning. A brisk and healthful six-mile walk through the glades and woods of Stanstead Forest enables us to catch, at Rowland's Castle, the seven o'clock train. Passing through a district stained by the barbarities of Sussex smugglers, and under one of the loftiest of the Sussex Downs, we stop only at Petersfield and Rogate stations and then proceed towards Trotton, as did once the horseman who, again and again inquiring the name of the village before him, received, to his astonishment, no other reply that "Trot on." Every reader will sufficiently realize the situation of Trotton, when he remembers that it adjoins one of the best-known rural parishes in England, Gilbert White's Selborne, beloved of all naturalists. White never suffered a scrap of local information to escape him, and records that in the dreadful winter of 1708, as some people were shooting at Trotton, they killed a duck with a silver collar about its neck, on which were engraven the arms of the King of Denmark.

Trotton was the birthplace of Otway the dramatist; through the little village flows the winding Rother; the surrounding scenery is picturesque, and the bold and beautiful undulations of the hills in the distance lend it a charm well suited to the early dwelling-place of a poet. Otway's career was a lamentable one, and one account of his death is that he died of starvation. Trotton itself does not provide too amply for pilgrims. A recent wayfarer proceeded to the only house open to travellers, and the following colloquy with the host ensued:—

"Have you any cold meat?"

"No. We have no meat."

"Have you an egg?"

"No."

"Have you some bacon?"

"No." (In despair.)

"Have you a piece of bread?"

"No. We are out of bread."

But Trotton should not be spoken of disparagingly. Let the Pilgrim provide himself with food before setting forth on his journey, and he will be delighted with his visit.

A memorial to the unfortunate Otway is to be seen at Trotton, but it is not to examine this that our pilgrimage is made. Trotton church has a massive tower and a shingled spire, and is well proportioned. We enter, and stand by the west door. A large table tomb, about three feet from the ground, in the centre of the chancel, at once arrests our attention. Upon it is an enormous slab of Sussex marble; this supports one of the most interesting brasses in our country. Hotspur's wife, whose name was Elizabeth, although she is the "gentle Kate" of Shakspere, was buried in the church of Trotton, and on the brass before us the lady herself is delineated. Let us dwell for a moment on her chequered career. A Plantagenet, descended from the Conqueror; in her girlhood she was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, afterwards aunt of Edmund, Earl of March, the lineal heir to the throne. She became the wife of Henry Percy, best known as Hotspur, so called by the enemies of his country, as the chroniclers tell us, from his often spurring against them. Lady Percy had a son and a daughter. Her son, when Earl of Northumberland, fell at the first battle of St. Alban's. Many were the vicissitudes of the troublous times in which she lived. By sea and by land, against the French and Scots, the fiery Hotspur was perpetually engaged; and after the death of her heroic husband on Shrewsbury Field, a warrant was issued by the king for her apprehension, but she had escaped to her father-in-law's castle.

Every reader of the play of "Henry IV." knows how well she is represented as upbraiding the old earl of his desertion of his son,—

> "My heart's dear Harry
> Threw many a northward look to see his father
> Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.'

And affectionately and thoughtfully would she deter him from further conspiracy with those who were in arms—

> "For all our loves
> First let them try themselves. So did your son,
> He was so suffered. So came I a widow;

And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow, and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation of my noble husband."

The Percies possessed large domains in the neighbourhood of Trotton, and the manor of Trotton was the ancestral property of Thomas Lord Camoys, Lady Percy's second husband, who, in complete armour, is represented beside her. Hotspur was the most eminent military commander of his time: Lord Camoys, too, was a most brave and skilful leader, to whom justice in English history has scarcely been done. Suffice it to recollect that he was one of that small band of whom it was foretold that their names would be "familiar in men's mouths as household words." At the battle of Agincourt Lord Camoys led the left wing of the English army, which formed also the rearguard. Many of his men were archers. Of these "some nearly stripped themselves to draw their bows more freely; their deadly shafts and axes decided the conflict, their savage appearance striking terror into the enemy." Much must Lady Camoys have rejoiced at the return of her lord in safety, covered with honour and enriched with the spoils of war. On the next St. George's day he was created a K. G. On the brass the garter appears conspicuously on his leg. Lord Camoys died in 1419, and it is probable that his lady survived him. At her feet is represented their little son, who died before his father.

Ere we return from Trotton we take a last glance at the noble knight in his splendid armour, and the noble lady arrayed in the quaint apparel of the period. Brasses bring us face to face with the great and the good of old time. The inscriptions on them testify to the piety of our ancestors, and in many churches, as at Trotton, they are carefully preserved. Would it were always so. These are days of church restoration and of increased cultivation of church music, both truly laudable objects; but it is painful to find these beautiful memorials of the past sometimes injured in restorations, and sometimes slowly undergoing the process of obliteration—gradually being abraded by the feet of school children in the choir, when they might effectually be protected by a slight movable covering of wood or a piece of matting. If any who have power will thus rescue them from destruction, they will not only aid the cause of history and biography in the present day, but assist in handing down to posterity these elaborate relics of a pious feeling which have endured for centuries.

THE MINISTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VASCO."

'MID darkest haunts of sin,
A veteran warrior, steadfast, undeterred,
With holy pitying love his bosom stirred,
Stands forth, and enters in.

God's light upon his brow,
Divine compassion in his earnest eyes,
Making the sin-bound sufferers arise,
And hope—they know not how.

Grief in his saddened tones—
Earth's shadows veiling immortality;
His woe—to see his brethren sin and die;
His anguish—brethren's groans.

He meets a cold world's scorn;
Heeds not the slander and the mockery,—
Learning to wear in felt serenity
The robe his Lord hath worn.

The angels gaze below,
And watch him as he passes on his way;
Their smiles fall, as some fair celestial ray,
Upon his lowly brow.

The spirits of the dead
Hover around him in his darkest hours,
Putting to flight the host of rebel powers
By the great tempter led.

He treads affliction's briars;
His tender heart is schooled to suffer here;
Yet knows it not one touch of craven fear;
His Master's strength inspires.

The staff of life is prayer;
The breath of life is love and holiness;
Loving and praying—living but to bless,
He calm abideth there;

Waiting his glorious call,
When loosed from earth his spirit shall arise
To share eternal light, and from his eyes
The darkening scales shall fall.

Oh triumph of the soul!
Rich victory achieved o'er hostile power;
Each sigh that rends thy heart—each suff'ring hour,
Brightens thy aureole.

For time shall cease to be;
All that now weighs thy lot shall pass away,
And but the mem'ry of thy warfare stay
To bless eternity.

As the tired warrior rests,
After the "din of arms and battle roar,"
So shalt thou rest upon the stilly shore
Amid the marriage guests.

And we who view thee now,
Enshrine in memory thy holy strife,
And watch thee to the portal of that life
Which all who "love" shall know.

Thy track remains in sight—
A silver cord over the waters drawn,
Leading us through the dark; that, at the dawn,
We too may wake in light.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

BY ONE OF HIS FORMER CURATES.

THE Rev. Prebendary Havergal, who has for many years been prominent member of the Evangelical party in the Church of ngland, has just died. He was educated at St. Edmund Hall, xford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1815, having had nong his University contemporaries Archbishop Longley, ishop Hampden, Dr. Arnold, Lord Westbury, Professor Baden owell, Archdeacon Creyke, and the Hon. George Pellew, late ean of Norwich. He was ordained in 1816, and was presented 1829 to the rectory of Astley, near Bewdley, which he held ntil 1842. In 1845 he was presented to the rectory of St. icholas, Worcester, and to an honorary canonry in the cathe-al. The rectory of St. Nicholas he resigned in 1860, on being minated to the rectory of Shareshill, near Wolverhampton, hich he held until the time of his death. He was the author many musical works, and above fifty of his compositions ve been published by Novello." So said, first of all, the *Echo* the evening, and so said afterwards the morning papers of pril the 22nd. I shall not soon forget the pain, sudden pain, ich that announcement caused me. After a joyous day in xford, spent partly in some pleasant rooms in Christ Church, rtly at Evensong in "New," where we had sharp contention th a janitor who sadly wanted to shut the chapel door before e clock had *finished* striking five, hoping, doubtless, for a silver n which he did not succeed in extracting; partly in admiration Magdalen tower, where, at five o'clock in the morning on e first of May, white-robed choristers sing a Latin hymn to e smiling morn; and partly in other ways and other places which e equally wide of my present solemn purpose, I went to await friend at the news-room of the "Union," and there saw the nouncement which heads this *In Memoriam* paper. Every e knows what it is to lose a friend, one of the few who are "born r adversity," one of the few whose love grows warmer as the orld in general grows colder, who would inconvenience self to elp another, who suffer long and are kind. Such a friend to

me, as to a hundred others, was the friend whose revered name is now but a cherished memory. Imagine then my sadness of heart at the sudden announcement that my friend was gone to his rest. The sorrows of my heart were enlarged. The newspaper had no further interest for me. No longer looking over the tables for other periodicals, I spent a sorrowful half-hour of "burial in the past."

This is just the kind of influence which Mr. Havergal—he ever preferred not to be called "Canon Havergal," though strangers generally gave him his due—in this particular exercised over very many others, over nearly all who knew him well. Scarcely fewer firesides are saddened by the death of Evangelical Havergal, than were saddened by the death of Broad-Church Robertson and High-Church Keble. It is to be hoped that his biography will fall into as loving hands, as able and appreciative hands, as Robertson has found in Mr. Brooke, and Keble in Sir John Coleridge. Whoever undertakes the honourable task will find, I doubt not, stores of information among friends of every rank and condition, from peer to mechanic and labourer. He had the rare gift of being able to enlist not only the services but the interest of all kinds of men, and women, and even children in God's work. I know well, though I fear I should only after entreaty have been permitted to mention the fact, that one of our few English dukes esteemed it no small privilege to assist my nearly blind friend by reading the lessons at a continental service which Mr. Havergal conducted; and I know equally well that numbers of poor people, whom other men could not have moved a single inch from their pedestals of inactivity, have become Sunday school teachers and diligent church goers through his indefatigable and kindly influence. But he was a very retiring man, and therefore his name was not so constantly thrust before the public as are the names of scores of inferior people. Retiring when truth or justice, mercy or honour, called him to the front, he never was; even though expediency would fain have waved him backward. But he was ever retiring when zealous admirers would have pushed his name into its rightful, but to himself distasteful, juxtaposition. Bold and brave, of course in a far different way, as Cœur de Lion himself, he was also more modest—some would say more proudly and loftily self-respecting—than are most great men, alike conscious as he needs must have been, of unusual power of mind and speech. Well fitted to be a leader of the Evangelical party,

ar better fitted in standing and talent and respectful estimation among Churchmen of different opinions than most of the present excellent leaders of that powerful Church party, he stood aside and let others pass him by. "He *is* a Churchman, and he *is* a gentleman," said a decided Anglican to me, before I finally accepted the curacy of St. Nicholas, Worcester, of which Mr. Havergal was then the rector. And so I found him always to be, both while we worked together without a word or a breath to come between our co-operation, and after we parted, and up to the very last illness, within a few days (it must have been) of which he wrote me his last letter. It is not, perhaps, altogether out of place to quote here a few of the written words which attest his principles, and also the unshakableness after long years of those principles:—

"Dearest Br. J.,—Thanks for your ghost of a letter. You promised to send a full, true, and particular account of your new home, and of matters relating to dilapidations, troubles, &c., &c. None has arrived. Thanks, too, for *the* copy of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*. The article[1] has been read to me, and, *mirab. dict.*, approved by me! . . . The *Rock* came in due time. Your article was read to me. *None of us liked it.* That, flat—and plain too—I hope pardonable also. Its style is unworthy of you. It wants sobriety. Some would call it flippant. . . . Why not *always* aim at what will not offend you five and twenty years hence? . . . *I* am not aware of that sort of 'Shibboleth' which is so frequently denounced, . . . and please don't forget that many a one who may be *said* to cry Shibboleth is only a sound Reformation-school man. *Nota bene*, also—I venerate the Church Association as a whole, and contribute to it heartily, simply on the ground of its CHURCH principles, and its legitimate course to uphold them. What would become of the Church (humanly speaking) if left to the non-shibboleth men? How pitiable, not to say contemptible, is the half-heartedness of some of . . . ! It is they who are killing down the Church by leaving its foundations open to assault. Good Lord, preserve us."

Faithful are the wounds of a friend! There are many other characteristic letters in my possession, full of good sense, quaint humour, deep feeling, and all else that marked the true, unvaunted man he was. If the biography of Prebendary Havergal falls into good hands I would gladly put extracts from those

[1] Parish Councils.

letters into such discreet and wise possession. Meanwhile I would fain do some slight attempt at temporary justice to his memory.

The name Havergal is somewhat peculiar. It is thus accounted for by one[1] who has both the born right to account historically, and the born genius to account gracefully, for her "father's name."

> "My father's name,—oh, how I love
> Its else unwonted look!
> For his dear sake right dear I hold
> Each letter, changed, as he has told,
> Long since from early Saxon mould,
> 'The rising of the brook.'[2]
>
> "Of music, holiness, and love
> That name will always tell,
> While sacred chant and anthem rise,
> Or mourners live, whose deepest sighs
> To echoes of a Father's will
> He tuned, or child or grandchild still
> On his bright memory dwell."

It is a name more familiar to those who search musical periodicals, and are thoroughly conversant with sacred musical literature of the purer and grander style, than to mere readers of printed evangelical sermons. No man ever gained less by literature; and yet Mr. Havergal's compositions always brought considerable profits; his name on a title-page, or in a table of contents, being generally of itself sufficient to cause a ready sale. But he gave almost everything gained in this way to the promotion of some work for "the praise and the glory of God." He was also most liberal in giving permission to Anglicans and Nonconformists, by both of whom he was frequently asked for such permission, to make use of his tunes and hymns. No one ever more rigidly abstained from seeking profit, honour, or preferment, than he. When the writer of this sketch was speaking of a successful application made for a certain living by a certain curate, Mr. H.'s remark was, "Never do that, my dear friend. I never myself lifted a single finger to obtain preferment, but it *came* to me." "Yes, but look at you, and look at me." "Hush, remember the Great Patron of all. He will care for you."

Although ever kind and courteous to, ever respected by, and popular with, Nonconformists of every grade and sect, he

[1] Frances Ridley Havergal, in "Ministry of Song."
[2] "Heaver Gill '—the heaving or rising of the brook or gill.

ained for many years, and long before Dr. Miller did the e thing (the doing of which lost Dr. Miller, it is said, a merstonian-Shaftesbury bishopric), from taking active part in e meetings of the Bible Society. Its principles he never for-ok, but he was pained and somewhat indignant that Dissenters ould come upon the same platform with clergy of the Church England, professing warm love and true brotherhood, and ould then go upon other platforms of a narrower description d attack that Church and her clergy with acrimony verging upon olence. Himself open, straightforward, and transparent as the r, he was inclined to be severe upon the least approach to ming duplicity or disingenuousness in others.

And he could be severe indeed, though never unjustly so. Those his hearers—and they are legion—who had grown familiar h his style of preaching and with his noble character, could bear witness to the terrible power of his just indignation, ich, like that of the elder Wilberforce, came with double power m so good and loving a nature. He was a Paul in boldness rebuke, and a very Peter in fiery indignation for his Master's nour. Would that the Church had more such, in this trim-ng, cheese-paring, milk-and-water age!

I have spoken of my departed friend's blindness. It reached climax at a most "unfortunate"—how gravely would Mr. vergal have looked upon the use of such a word in such connection!—time. It had been long coming on, but he nd for the first time that he could no longer preach from S., one Sunday morning *after* he had entered the pulpit. film seemed to come before his eyes, and he could not d a single word. How few of us would have been equal such an emergency! With one short and silent prayer for p and guidance, the Rector of St. Nicholas—it happened his own church at Worcester—preached his first extem-aneous sermon, and never wrote another. He always main-ned that it was God's strength *alone* which carried him over t suddenly presented "Hill Difficulty." This fact alone, this h alone, shows that Havergal's was no ordinary character.

"Faithful unto death," is to be, I believe, the eloquent in-ption on his tomb at Astley. Faithful unto death he was. thful to his God and Saviour, faithful to his friends,[1] faithful the most distant obligation and responsibility, faithful to

[1] An example of his rare scrupulosity, in regard not only to friends but all ers, cannot be too widely known. When called to give evidence before the

Protestantism, faithful to every vow, promise, and profession he ever made or implied.

Several of his publications were anonymous, and some of his letters to the *Record* were signed with the final letters of each of his names,—viz., "M. Y. L." One of his anonymous publications, which had a large sale, was called the "Prussian Oculist," being an account of the oculist whose treatment saved him, and alone saved him, under God, from total blindness, and enabled him to read large print held close to his eyes, and to write marvellously clear-lettered epistles. His two volumes of "Historical Sermons" did not reach a second edition, though they more than paid the expenses of their publication. His last publication[1] he did me the great honour to entrust to my care, but I do not know whether it has yet got out of print. He is most widely known, and will doubtless be chiefly remembered, wherever the English tongue is spoken, by his "Old Church Psalmody," "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm," and numerous other musical publications.[2]

House of Lords, and being of course allowed all expenses, he travelled second class, although invariably travelling first class when his expenses came out of his own pocket. "The estate can't afford first-class tickets for witnesses," was his remark to me; "and really, this weather, I can stand second class very well." I am ashamed to confess that in a similar case (but I was only twenty-one years old at the time) I travelled in unusually good style, chose an unusually expensive hotel, hired a superabundance of cabs, and found upon arrival that I was to receive a *fixed allowance only* for travelling, which barely covered the free-flowing expenditure I had indulged in. It served me right, of course; and I conclude that the story of my extravagance got wind, for it was notified to all my successors in the same appointment that "moderate" travelling expenses would be allowed for the journey.

[1] "The Ark of the Covenant." London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

[2] As a specimen not only of Mr. Havergal's musical talent, but also of his poetical genius, the In Memoriam "God save the Queen" may be cited. It was dictated, I believe, almost impromptu, and he thus speaks of it himself:—"My dear Br. J.,—A penny line to correct an alphabet letter! What on earth can 'crocusses' mean? Strange that, although —— could not decipher the enigma-word, I did, by the aid of glasses, and saw too the mistake of the double s in the penultimate syllable. . . . Well, though our *crocuses* are not what they were, yet take our love again, which is as it was. I hope your dear wife will think this quite 'Havergalian.' . . . The printing of the 'God Save the Queen' must be laid at Lady ——'s door, who called just as I had finished it, and urged its publication. Another lady insisted on paying the costs. So, as the music pleases musicians (for nobody seems to have thought of the latent capabilities of the tune), and the words take with some readers, I hope I have not done a foolish thing. God, indeed, bless our queen! I rejoice to hear that she has at length attended chapel service. All grace and peace to yours and you from the only Giver. Ever yr. W. H. H."

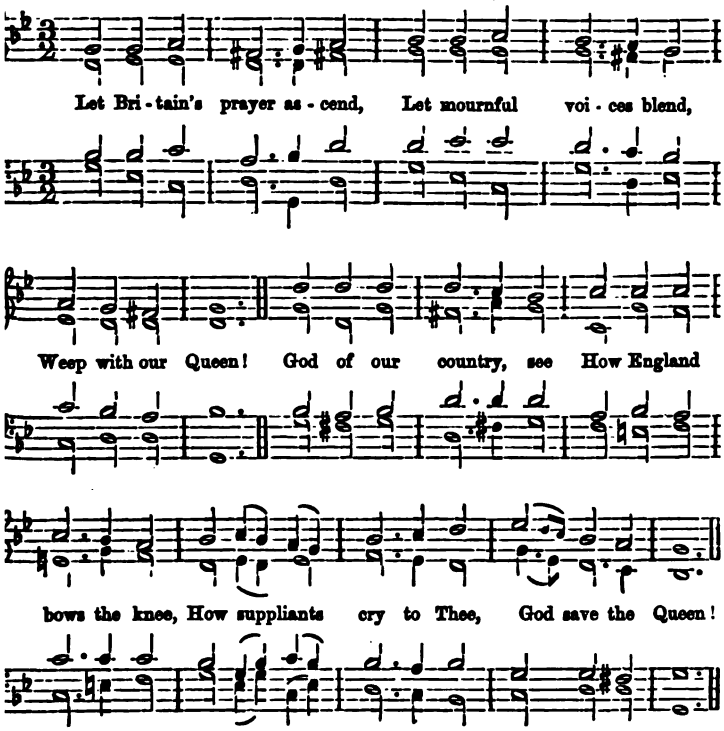
The words and music are as follows:—

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

In Memoriam Dec. 14th, 1861.

anged in the Tonic Minor,

For Four Voices. Words and Arrangement by W. H. Havergal, M.A.



In sorrow's withering hour,
When droops the smitten flower,
Be Thy might seen:
God of the bleeding heart,
Heal Thou the bitter smart,
Thy Spirit's grace impart,
Comfort our Queen!

Chase every cloud away,
Turn all her night to day,
Bright but serene:
God of the widow, hear,
Dry up her burning tear,
Strong for her help appear;
God save the Queen!

Lord, let Thy husband-arm
Be her life's heavenly charm,
Felt, though unseen:
Long as her days extend,
Her home and throne defend,
And give a glorious end;
God save the Queen!

The last Verse may be sung in the Major Key, according to its usual form.

He was offered various preferments by the Simeon Trustee and other patrons, some evangelical some non-evangelical. Bu not being fond of change, he remained in the Rectory of S Nicholas till failing health warned him that he must begin t spare himself a little. With him "no work, no pay," was motto jealously applied to *self*. Before he went abroad he pai to me more than he received himself from the living he held, an afterwards wrote *sponte suâ* from Germany to add "another £20 to my already liberal stipend. And it was not so much th doing of these things as the way in which he did them tha warmed so many hearts and won so much allegiance.

Some memorial will surely be raised to the memory of Wil liam Henry Havergal. If Robertson was among the "laudabili numerus prophetarum," and if Keble's "Christian Year" has raise a Keble College to that cherished name, the numerous admirer and grateful friends of him who was both prophet (in the sens of course, of preacher) and sacred composer, will raise a mor worthy memento than the poorly placed Brasenose Chape window which tells of Robertson, if not so stately or so costl as the foundation which so fitly reminds Oxford and the worl of the author of the "Christian Year."

It would be easy to write—easy to me to write—double, treble ten times what I have written. But I leave the work to able hands. What has been here written is the merest text, perhap not even that, for what others will write more fully and mor adequately.[1] I do not believe that I have put down a singl sentence that would have grieved him. I should be a graceles traitor if I had. "These to his memory." May others do hin justice.

The Rev. C. Bullock, rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, has a commemorativ pamphlet-sermon upon Canon Havergal, now in the press, if it is not alread published.

PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA.[1]

By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., Vicar of North Marston.

V. UTILIZATION OF THE PRESS.

"Give me where to stand," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." Did the patient, indefatigable mathematician mean more than meets the casual glance in that remarkable expression? Move the world he did. And Luther moved the world. Newton, Washington, Napoleon, found each his "where to stand" and whence to act, each his standpoint of vantage as well as his leverage of strength. Many a man and many a woman—Helen, Cleopatra, and a dozen others in the devil's service, as well as numbers in behalf of truth and duty—have had their hold of the great globe itself, and pushed it backward, or pushed it forward, some more, some infinitely less, from its rest, or have accelerated its speed.

But of all standpoints and all discoverers, the art of printing is most available, and Caxton the most potential, wherefrom and by whom to move the world. If ever man found the "where to stand," Caxton was that man. Printing was not so much a discovery as the mother of discoveries. It has been the iron sharpening iron of nearly all subsequent thinkers and explorers. By its means every successive step towards the subjugation of the world, and the powerful knowledge of its manifold secrets, has been made good for the ascent of succeeding generations towards what may reverently be called "God's holy hill." It is not the Alpenstock of some too daring climber whose life has been forfeited to his courage, taking the shape of rashness, but it is the path beaten out into safety as well as into plainness, so that none need be uncertain or cast away. Doubtless it has often done, and is daily doing, devil's work for devil's pay; and that forms one of the outworks of the argument of this paper. But of its immense abstract and unequalled power—so far greater than, when it does not form an element of, that of captains and commanders, war, revolution, and statesmanship—and of its

[1] No. VI. will be "Sermons and Services."

own good inclinations, tendencies, and instincts, if I may so speak, there cannot be a doubt.

Every society, every movement, every political, social, or religious party, clique, or church; every local or metropolitan company or bank; every new sect, and every resurrection of old sects—all entities, in a word, whatever, which seek to become something more and something better than nonentities—to take root and grow in security and prosperity, put their feet upon Caxton's standpoint, and their fingers from thence upon the round world which is now so much more easily to be moved.

The Church alone, I will not say utterly neglects, but inadequately utilizes, the leverage of the press. She has, and long has had, her Christian Knowledge Society, her National Society, and other such agencies; but some of those agencies have not put forth their own strength, nor worked their own resources, and among those some, notably the Christian Knowledge Society, which has only quite lately, whether successfully or not I cannot say, fairly begun to compete in the field of popular periodical literature, by means of its *People's Magazine*, with the world and wickedness on the one hand, and rival churches and sects on the other hand. The "Establishment" has seemed to scorn the press in general, as the great Lord Derby scorned the *Times* in particular (for which he was slighted in various ways that did not much affect him in life, and in an ungenial and unappreciative biography that did not at all affect him after death, but which was doubtless meant to read a lesson to those living men who do not specially heed, as Lord Derby did not specially heed, the *Times* influence). There is no Church society which has so far been able to lay hold of the popular mind as does the Religious Tract Society by its most excellent, and in Church matters very guardedly neutral, *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home;* and as in the field of private enterprise, Nonconformity does by its liberal and tolerant but yet distinctive *Christian World;* and Presbyterianism, by its unquestionably catholic-minded but of course non-Anglican *Good Words.* As against irreligion and wickedness all these publications have entered the constantly recurring protest which their very existence implies. They form a portion, and a noble portion, of the great crusading army. But the cross upon their backs is of a different material from, albeit dyed in the same stream as, our cross. They are all—as were the great crosses upon the backs of Cœur de Lion's, and Austria's, and France's

crusaders against the Paynim—all Calvary crosses, but all marked with distinctive features. I do not for one moment say or suppose that Nonconformity would serve Anglican Episcopalianism as Austria served King Richard, though fighting in the same army. Nonconformity is evidently not unwilling to stand by with folded arms and see the English Church suffer humiliation, but Nonconformity would not imprison or destroy. And therefore, in using the press for distinctively Anglican purposes, we are but holding our own, marching in our own ranks, fighting under our own ample banner, following our own brave leaders, voyaging in our own strong ship; by no means seeking to elbow out Nonconformity from that sea-room, that fair field and no favour, which we ourselves are content with, and which, although in legislature and among political parties it is scarcely granted us, we can yet occupy in the all-influential press of this and other countries under English influence.

There is, for parochial utilization, one modus operandi, as regards the press, in which, *mirabile dictu!* we are actually in advance of Dissent. The national press is more largely than is sometimes thought, in dissenting and Romanist hands, and still more largely under dissenting and Romanist influence. But there is a parochial press which has done much, and might be made to do a great amount of still more telling work, for the spread of Church principles, and as erecting a powerful breakwater against the ungodly and encroaching jealousy, where such jealousy unhappily exists, of independent and Baptist bodies. The first object of a parish magazine should be, of course—and I repeat myself, for the sake of plainness—to contend against the wickedness of the irreligious newspapers, the profane and ribald trash that circulates to the grief alike of good Anglicans, and good Independents and Wesleyans, over the length and breadth of the land, poisoning even village rivulets, and penetrating even into—

> "The thatched-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
> Men whose lives glided on like rivers that watered the woodlands,
> Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven."

But it is happy for the Church that the parish magazine movement is at present in the hands of the clergy. There is, I am told, though I never saw a copy, a Nonconformist periodical issued for purposes of localization. And it cannot be supposed for a moment that so watchful a movement as Dissent,

will long be, if it have so far been, quiescent in this particular. It is, however, well to have got a fair start, and in this important particular that fair start is the Church's.

It would be a waste of space to explain the particulars of the now long-standing scheme originated by the Rev. Erskine Clarke, and copied since to equally good purposes by various publishers and some other editors. But as with penny readings so with the parish magazine—which so often joins hands with penny readings, the one mutually and interchangeably helping the other—the statement of results by one experienced somewhat in the ancillary work of carrying out Mr. Clarke's plan in a parish or parishes, may not be altogether unacceptable or even useless. The more so as I have been written to several times upon the subject of parochial magazine localization, partly I believe owing to, and partly I know independently of, some kind notices with which my then localised magazine[1] was once honoured in the *Guardian*, in *Church Opinion*, and in other Church newspapers.

There are many parishes of populations too small, or too poor, or too dead and dull, to have an "Our Magazine." There are many others whose incumbents have a sadly mistaken but still righteous horror of printer's ink. There are others whose incumbents shrink from the responsibility of incurring expense, or dread any *cacoethes scribendi* which a parish magazine might cause among their people; or procrastinate to some more favourable opportunity; or consider the balance of possible disadvantage, and perhaps mischief, too even with the advantage and unquestioned utility; or believe that "well begun is half done" would not be so true if it were changed, as in this relationship it safely might, into "*once* begun is half done." I have been again and again consulted by clergy who, if some determined curate of theirs were to set the ball a rolling, would soon look upon the monthly village periodical as one of the most useful of all parish institutions, and wonder how they went on so long in peace and content without it.

The advantages of such a power are too many to be catalogued, much less dwelt upon, here. If the spirit of Caxton moves the world, that same spirit may move the parish. It does so, indeed, already; being chained, Prometheus-like, too often to bare and sterile rock, the rock, in Caxton's case, of cheap, immoral, or cheap useless, or cheap revolutionary literature.

[1] The *Winkfield Magazine*.

"Unchain it, and let it do the work God intends it to do for Himself and not for His enemy," I would respectfully say to parish clergymen with reading populations under their control. An evangelical may localize the *Home Visitor*; a very high Churchman may localize, I am told, the *British Churchman*; a mere (!) Churchman may localize Mr. Clarke's *Parish Magazine*, or a new competitor called the *Banner*,[1] in all cases to good purpose. Mr. Clarke[2] will most kindly send some printed hints and instructions for localization to any inquirer, and if any clergyman wishes to be his own printer as well as editor, there are several parish clergymen[3] who will, with equal kindness, give, from their own experience, the necessary information; and such a plan would be most useful in industrial or semi-industrial as well as some other schools. I believe the Rev. G. H. Forbes, of Burntisland, near Edinburgh, does print, or used to print, his *Gospel Messenger* by means of school children. Never having myself had the patience or the pluck to go so far as printing, I proceed to give merely a few observations on the results of editorial management.

My subject, I well remember, is "Utilization of the Press," and these particulars form but a branch of my subject. It is, however, a very important branch, and it is, moreover, one upon which some clergymen will be, I believe, as glad to listen as I should myself have been glad to listen some years ago, to details and facts. When a passenger by one of the branch lines of railway wanted to get to London from Devonshire or Dorsetshire, or some other such remote district, once upon a time, and "given *Bradshaw's Guide*," was unable to solve the problem of how to get thither, he stated his perplexity, Bradshaw in hand, to a neighbour who was hurrying to the little local station. "I really can't *explain* it to you," was the reply, "but I am just *going* to London, and if you like to follow me, I have no doubt about getting there safely. I've been this way several times before."

After as briefly as possible stating some experience of this particular branch of press utilization, there may be space for equally brief treatment of other branches, and of the subject generally; which latter formed the staple of my opening remarks.

[1] Hodges: London and Frome.

[2] Rev. Erskine Clarke, Litchurch, Derby.

[3] Rev. J. R. Young, Whitnash Rectory, Leamington; and the Rev. the Officiating Minister of Littleover, near Derby.

The cost is small. A local printer will take the work for about half a crown a page, for the sake of the custom it will bring him, and because he can probably set apprentices to work, and in some cases do much of it with his own hands. The central sheets can be had for ninepence a dozen, the title-page will cost nothing, the price may be fixed at twopence, and then forty-eight copies to start with will cost, with four local pages, including title page, just ten shillings and sixpence, and "produce" just eight shillings,—"involving a loss of a half-crown per month, which I cannot afford," replies some poor incumbent. To which the fair reply is, "No, but involving a loss of one half-crown upon the *first* month, a half-crown which you may easily beg, or let it stay till your circulation increases; besides which there are such contrivances as honorary subscribers, donors, advertisements, good-natured printers, and other helps and alleviations."

Perhaps no better or simpler proof of the success, as regards its own self-supporting power—its success in coping with evil and antagonistic powers is of course another matter—of the localised *Parish Magazine* could be adduced, than by the reprint of the following prospectus, which used to appear on the second page of such a publication:—

"The *Winkfield Magazine*—a localized and enlarged form of the Rev. Erskine Clarke's *Parish Magazine*—was commenced in November, 1866, simply and solely for the public interest, benefit, amusement, and convenience; and if ever profit arises from the sale and advertisements of one month's number, such profit is applied either to the payment of some former month's debt to the local editor, or to the improvement of succeeding numbers. It has at the time of issuing this notice (July 1867) attained an unsolicited circulation of 300 copies monthly, and is subscribed for by the clergy of Winkfield, Bracknell, Cranborne, and Ascot. Those who are willing to help this effort to bring the parish magazine, as an antidote to vicious cheap literature, into the cottages of the poor—an effort which has secured so far more nearly unanimous acceptance and approval than any other such humble parochial movement for many years—can do so—1. By not expecting too much from it—2. By having patience with it—3. By looking kindly upon its purposely lighter local reading—4. By sending a donation to it—5. By advertising in it—6. By taking an interest even in that portion of it which contains 'the short and simple annals of the poor'—7. By taking it in, and getting new subscribers for it—8. By writing for it—9. By punctual payment for it—10. By taking the management of it, if disposed to improve it, out of its present hands, and promising not subsequently to disappoint by giving it up, those who look for it as the months come round—11. By not going halves, unless very poor, with anybody in the mere twopence a month which it costs—12. By giving due heed to the advertisement pages, and informing advertisers of any purchase caused thereby.

Letters and other communications should be sent to, &c.; advertisements should be sent before the first of the month to, &c.; and such advertisements being seen

probably by 1000 people, pay their cost, besides aiding the magazine. Single copies may be bought of, &c., &c. Quarterly Subscribers' Copies (6d. per quarter or 9d. per quarter by post) are regularly sent to them. Terms for advertising are, &c."

As regards its success in promoting in this particular instance good Churchmanship, good feeling, good manners, liberality, liberalism (which is different from liberality, and yet need not have a political meaning), and general intelligence, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. The following notice, which was largely responded to, could only have been given in such a publication :—

"RANELAGH CHAPEL.—A Friday Evening Service will (D.V.) be held through Lent, commencing at 7.30., on Friday, March 8. Working men and women, come just as you are. You will have time to go home and get your tea first. Readers of the *Parish Magazine*, come and listen to a few plain, unwritten, straightforward addresses. You can't say that the Church of England has nothing simple and sympathizing enough for your tastes. Come and try. I do not expect so many as on Sundays, but if less than thirty or forty grown people come, the service will, after one trial, be discontinued. It is in your own hands, entirely. But don't throw cold water on such services, and then go and murmur against the Church and her ministers for not caring for you from Sunday to Sunday."

If a notice had been given in "good set terms" from chancel or desk, there would have been but twelve or twenty people to attend the services, instead of the from forty and fifty to a hundred and a hundred and twenty who really did attend them. A clergyman can, by means of his parish magazine, go in among the cottagers' homes and hearts, and speak especially to the husbands, whom, except in the late evening, when they are so apt to be tired, and when they have a natural liking for a supper in peace and privacy, he can seldom see and converse familiarly with. As regards tracts and leaflets, the labouring population does not love them. They are certainly becoming less drearily didactic than they used to be, but human nature—and we must always remember that we are dealing with human nature as it is, and not as it ought to be—craves pleasanter food than diluted sermons and soporific lectures. A man who has been ploughing or harrowing all day long, and comes home to his cottage to be cheered and lightened of some of life's great burden and sorrow, is glad to read or hear a story, a piece of village news, a scrap of parish history, or some such other matter that he can talk about and think of. It will be of course replied that no subject more worthy of conversation than what is preached upon from so many pulpits can ever be

found; and if you can get tired labourers to be interested in it every evening, and not to be driven to lively immoral publications, by having argumentative tracts hurled at their heads in season and out of season, so much the better. But every one knows the story of the child who was so dosed with "little Samuel" upon the occasion of every exuberant joy or sorrow, that at last she exclaimed in angry impatience, "Oh, how I hate that 'little Samuel!'" And if the alternative is to be cheerful vicious literature or cheerful wholesome literature, who will hesitate? The religious press contends at a disadvantage against the irreligious, when it is made needlessly unattractive and cumbrous, and if in towns and villages, especially in the latter, our Church is to lead the attack against the evil portion of the press, she must put on pleasantness of speech and cheerfulness of garb. She must not be, in the language or the fashion of the day, *décolletée;* but she may and she has need to be graceful, innocently attractive, conversational, and sympathising; and if there is one way better than all other ways in which a clergyman, especially a country clergyman, can, as representing the Church, be all this, it is by means of a parish magazine.

"But what shall I insert?" ask some. Insert everything; making a newspaper, a history, a railway time-table, a vestry book, a directory, a notice board, a sermon register, a subscription list, a school memorandum, of your little monthly. If any reader will send me a shilling in postage stamps, to be applied to present deficiencies in the present income of the parish magazine of my new parish, I will with great pleasure send him a copy, and answer all inquiries. I fear my suggestion looks very like the advertisements which "offer something for their advantage" to "parties" (whatever that may mean) who will enclose such and such sums "in postage stamps;" but as I could write a decidedly bulky volume upon this particular feature of the Church's utilization of the press, I fear I must transfer further remarks to privately answering any possible inquiries which may come to me, on the expense, the advantages, the management, the contents, the best times for commencement, or the whatsoever else of adopting Mr. Clarke's most useful publication,—which contains, it will be remembered, stories, "short sermons," essays, papers, poetry, and some very well written biography; and is capitally illustrated with portraits, landscapes, pictured incidents, &c., as, by the way, the local portion should be, with an engraving of the parish church, or church and schools.

There is one scheme, which the penny *Britannia* seemed to promise at one time, but which needs a patient publisher, a discriminating editor, and a moneyed capitalist with strong love of his Church, to carry on to certain ultimate success; and that is a penny monthly, fortnightly, or weekly newspaper for large village or small town localization; two or three, or three and a half, pages to be got up in London, and the remaining portion in every separate parish that adopts it. The schoolmaster, vestry clerk, and in some cases parish clerk, might become local sub-editors, and the incumbent, or the incumbent's churchwarden, or squire, or curate, or all by turns, chief local editor.

Some parishes drive out vile and wicked prints and papers by the establishment of a parochial "Magazine Association." A few curiously instructive statistics have been sent me, illustrative of the usefulness of this movement. There is one danger to be guarded against, and that is, the danger of coercing or restraining the liberty of the people in their choice of wholesome periodicals. It would not be fair for a clergyman to procure only what *he* recommends, if an association is to be "parochial." The object is to get people to read good things instead of bad things, and not to prescribe what good things they shall have; to encourage good Anglican publications, but not to anathematize good non-Anglican publications. Otherwise, and bearing this in mind, the movement is sound and good. It is also popular. In Londesborough, with a population of 300, sixty-seven periodicals are taken in by means of one of such associations; in Burnby, with a population of 131, fifty-four are taken and paid for, one being taken in by every house; St. Stephen's, Hull—for these associations work as well in towns as in villages—has a similar association in flourishing circumstances. One only dreads lest such schemes should eventually fall into the hands of wire-pullers, who will be animated by less pure motives than are now unquestionably at the root of the movement.

Parochial libraries are also excellent institutions, if they contain popular as well as instructive literature. I would myself fain have every village in the kingdom supplied with its parochial reading and writing room, library, lecture room, coffee and smoking room, and general village club. But this is a long way off. Village libraries live and thrive. A penny a month from the poor, and five or ten or twenty shillings a year from others, with a hundred books to start with, will surely supply villages

with a few monthly magazines, one daily and one weekly London and local newspaper, a succession of fresh books, and funds for firing, candles, &c. If the poor can once be blessed with a taste for reading, one great alleviation of their trials and sufferings is at hand. Who has not seen the tears fall down from eyes before dried up almost by hardening hearts, fall down at the reading of sorrows greater than their own? Who has not heard from grateful lips of the "beautiful book you lent me, ma'am; it took me quite out of myself like,—it were a beautiful book, it were." Only yesterday, when, after one of Bourdillon's touchingly simple "Bed-side Readings" by the side of a dying woman, I said, "You may keep the book for a time; a kind lady has given me some books for a village library, and this is one," the poor consumptive seemed more grateful far than if I had given pudding or port, and replied, "Oh, thank you, sir; it won't be for long I shall keep it—but it *will* be comforting," &c., putting it down on the pillow, "what plain print it is, too: it will be sure to be taken care of, sir." Of course, this was not the woman for *Good Stories*, or Parker's *Penny Post*. She was got out of that region altogether, and will soon be, as the princess of ballad writers would say,—

"Above the cross upon St. Paul's."

But yet the "kind lady," whose name I dare not mention, gave me "Good Stories" and a number of other books too for the young and lively, and gave me also some volumes of Parker's *Penny Post*, which—would it be believed?—had been refused by a doubtless worthy low Churchman elsewhere, in Wales or Cornwall perhaps, as of an objectionably Tractarian bias. I knew a lady very well who refused to give a shilling to the Curates' Augmentation Fund because the present Bishop of Winchester made a speech in its favour. But I never knew a gentleman before who refused a lady's gift of a few bound volumes of the *Penny Post* as being Romanistic or Tractarian. It is just possible that very lately the *Penny Post* periodical may have "heightened" somewhat, but the former volumes were generally scarcely less neutral-church than the *Parish Magazine*, I supposed.

The clergy have a powerful agency for the distribution of pure literature in the children of their schools, by means of whom the *Parish Magazine* and other periodicals can be brought well under parochial notice. Many a child, whose parents still sign "his mark" and "her mark," and are still apt to hold a book

upside down for reading purposes of their own, arrests parental interests by reading aloud some simple tale of cottage piety or filial duty nobly done, taken from the village library or parish magazine. School children form a powerful leverage whereby to move the parish world, however deeply embedded it may be in the accumulated mud of centuries.

The lack of such literature as that contained in the *British Workman*, but of a Church tone, is surprising. There have been many efforts to carry on cheap Church newspapers for the poor, but not one of them has succeeded. This failure has been almost entirely owing to the want of appreciation of poor people's tastes that has been so evident in most of them. Distinctively nonconformist literature is far more nearly "up to the mark," I do not say of talent, but of fair and reasonable aptitude for popularity, than is distinctively Church literature. Added to this is the fact that there is far more *esprit de corps* among Dissenters than among Churchmen. A Nonconformist will buy the paper of his Church or sect, not only because it is so pleasantly spiced and garnished with appetising condiments, but because also it *is* the paper of his Church or sect. Why cannot Anglicans make it worth while for publishers and editors to compete still more vigorously in Church literature than is even yet the case? There are more Anglicans than Dissenters in the empire, yet Church magazines and newspapers are not nearly so much bought and read as the nonconforming periodicals of the day. This is doubtless owing to the two reasons just stated,—division and want of *esprit de corps* among Churchmen, non-willingness to support a Church magazine or a paper because it is a Church periodical, and also a deficiency on the part of many such Church periodicals themselves. Push and puff are inferior principles, and Churchmen find it hard to push and to puff, and to damp their flowing sails, or catch in any energetic way the gales of popular support; and therefore their rivals outbid them by the provision of that attractive and not unthoughtful literature, well seasoned and somewhat sensationalised occasionally, which keeps firm hold of the support which clannishness has already given them. If Churchmen would make it a business to procure and circulate Church literature in natural preference to other literature, the support thus given would soon enable Church literature to distance all other literature in that open market to which of course such questions must ultimately be referred. I should like to see a Church of England periodical

as attractive as *Good Words*. Among newspapers the *Standard* has already taken a firm hold, by its immense circulation, on the public mind; but among magazines there is no Anglican monthly which numbers its circulation as *Leisure Hour* and *Good Words* do, by hundreds of thousands. Wherefore not? Not that I would rob either of those two noble periodicals of a single subscriber, but that there ought to be, and there is, the making of as great a circulation for decidedly and distinctively Church of England periodicals.

The oncoming halfpenny postage will give Churchmen and Church publishers another opportunity. Dissent will "kill its thousands" by means thereof. Would that Churchmanship were going to "kill its tens of thousands!" But it will probably be the old story over again—ever watchful, ever active, ever determined Nonconformity, against ever receding, ever relinquishing, ever inactive Churchmanship.

It is true, indeed, that that word "inactive" can only be applied to the political and "partisan" life of the Church. She was never so active before in her holier and higher life. "Well, and that is all we care for, and all that duty asks of us. 'These people' may fume and fret and puff and push. We are content to do our work quietly in our parishes, and leave the issue in God's hands."

Grave and gallant words, doubtless. But how long will they remain your parishes, if "these people" are to have their way? Your work is a civilizing, and a humanizing, and an educating, as well as, if the two can be separated, a religionizing work. And is it so certain that the MASTER would have us too readily leave the matter to Him? "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." The world goes forward, and was surely meant to go forward, under the propitious beams of divinely benignant approval. It was not Hercules who told the wagoner to labour and so to pray; it was no fable, but a parable with an ever-increasing elasticity of comprehensiveness. And among other "shoulders to the wheel" of progress, Church progress especially, the press is almost paramount. Mr. Jay, the eminent nonconformist minister at Bath, was accustomed to say—some would have it to boast—that his only two agencies for moving the world (the last three words are mine), were the pulpit and the press. It was not the *boast*, I believe, of so good a man, that he neglected visitation and other more spiritualising influences, but rather the expression of a consciousness of what

he was best fitted for. If pulpit and press threatened to usurp and monopolize, the latter would be an evil, the former a danger. But they have both their highly important and markedly progressive influence to maintain. Let clergymen print and publish as well as preach and pray. Let lay Churchmen also print and publish as well as preach (?) and pray.[1] At any rate and at least, let us not stand with folded arms and look tamely and helplessly on, while foes ecclesiastical seize the tiller of the "Press" boat, and guide it at their good pleasure whithersoever to them seems best. Better far, I willingly grant, that nonconformist hands should steer the boat than worldly or wicked hands, as is now so often the case; but best of all—so we must consistently believe, or our position is false and groundless—best of all for the nation, and the world at large, as well as for the Church of England with her glorious and unbounded future, that that Church herself should be at the helm of this as of all the other progressive movements of the day.

[1] There is a brass in North Marston church on which appears the figure of a man of the then time engaged in prayer. My servant, being aware of my interest in searching out historical particulars about this most interesting parish, told me one day, by way of helping me in my studies, that doubtless this was the figure of a clergyman. "Why so, Thomas?" "Because he's at prayer." "I really do hope that the clergy are not the only people who pray." "Well, no, p'raps not sir; but I think it must be a minister." I need only add, for the credit of the laity that it certainly is not a clergyman.

SHOELESS.

BY REV. H. TODD, M.A.

I MET a child with sunburnt face,
  Blue, soul-lit eyes, and tawny hair;
A form of slight and childish grace,
  With arms and hands small-moulded, fair
Some four years old it seemed, and might
At that age well have walked aright.

But thus it did not walk. Its tread
  Was all unsure. It tottered much,
And limped so that the little head
  Uncertain shook, as, with the touch
Of wayward winds, a primrose flower
Nods its fair head in April hour,

Then I looked closer, and its feet
  Were blood-stained, and its face was sad
With many tears: for the long street
  Was all unpaved; the road was bad
And rough; and so 'twas wounded sore
In foot and heart like many more,

Who journey onward, through hard ways
  Of life, without defence enough
To save them, when on evil days
  They fall, and all the road is rough,
And they too tender to sustain,
So quail and faint beneath the pain.

Ah me! How many hearts and feet
  Toil wounded onward to life's goal!
Yet still we trust with hope most sweet
  All hearts shall one day be made whole,
And little feet that bleed unshod
Be healèd by the hands of God.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. R. T. SYLVESTER.

EDUCATION, especially with regard to the children of the middle classes, is, happily, one of the leading topics of the day. The term "middle class" is wonderfully vague and indefinite. It would puzzle us accurately to define where the middle begins, from the lower ranks of life on the one hand, and where it ends on the borders of the "upper ten thousand" on the other. Perhaps these boundaries, properly speaking, are not distinguishable; they melt away imperceptibly on each side, the one into the other. But one fact is clear, namely, that whilst the State has taken upon itself the education of the children of the labouring classes throughout the country; whilst the upper classes of society are able to enjoy the advantages of the great public schools for their children; yet, with a few exceptions, nothing has been done towards providing a really good and sound education for the children of the middle classes. These have, for the most part, been left to pick up a smattering of learning from badly managed endowed schools, where, too frequently, the masters are endowed with anything but the power of educating, in the true sense of the word; from grammar schools where grammar is, we fear, sometimes unknown, or certainly untaught; or more frequently and unfortunately still, from the numberless private "Establishments" and "Academies," the proprietors of which often advertise for pupils at a yearly remuneration which almost precludes the idea of their being properly fed and cared for, to say nothing of their being educated. Either knowledge must be wonderfully cheap and abundant, so that, board and lodging being just covered, it can be thrown into the bargain; or else the unlucky pupils are treated to infinitely small and diluted doses of it. Of course there are some bright exceptions in each of these classes of schools; but still, the wide gap between the great public schools on the one side and the system of instruction provided by the Privy Council on the other, has yet to be filled up.

The British public has at length become sensible of this want,

and the meetings not long since held at the Mansion House, in order to promote the scheme of the Rev. Mr. Rogers for establishing great City schools for the middle classes, indicated plainly that the subject only required to be ventilated and discussed to call forth magnificent responses from all those who value educational progress.

But then comes the question, Is the education to be thus provided for this most important part of the community to partake of a religious character, and if so, to what extent? Or is it to be wholly secular? The Rev. Mr. Rogers has made this tolerably clear. In his letter to the *Times* on this subject, he stated that there was to be no *distinctive religious teaching.* "I should like to know," says Archdeacon Denison in Convocation, "what is *in*distinctive religious teaching?" Without wishing to enter into the lists with the hard-fighting archdeacon, we may perhaps venture to record our opinion that there is a great deal of the article floating about; we may ask, Is this, we will not say *the* way, but a way, to meet the great want of the age? Educate, by all means, but let it be without religious teaching; or, at all events, let it be optional, let there be no systematic instruction given—is this the proper spirit for a Christian land to develop and foster? Without entering into the question as to the justice or injustice of the Conscience Clause in the Government scheme, or how far the clergy may be entrusted to deal generously with the children of Dissenters who may attend the parish school under the clergyman's control and guidance; without entering into the discussion whether the children in the proposed new middle-class schools should receive religious instruction in the doctrines of the National Church or of any other religious body—it surely cannot be right to resolve that the education given should be *secular* only. Without distinct religious teaching, can a child be brought to that "fear of the Lord" which "is the beginning of wisdom," or to that "good understanding" which all they have "that do thereafter," and the praise of which "endureth for ever"? We trow not. And we believe that the fact is not only readily granted by the majority of the people of England, but that religious education is as yet demanded by them. Unfortunately there exists in the popular mind considerable confusion, arising from the belief that religious teaching and religious education are identical; and doubtless *this* confusion frequently adds to the acrimony of the disputes on the questions just alluded to.

The mind of the child, as it comes into the world, like a blank sheet of pure white paper, can hardly too soon receive a clear impression, at least in outline, of "the faith once delivered to the saints;" receiving afterwards, as the body and mind increase, the stronger "meat" which shall fill in the outline, and assist the youth to grow up into the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Perhaps some thoughtful readers, looking back on their early religious training, may find it to have been of a very sorry description. The writer can call to mind a certain little boy about ten years old, who, after some boyish escapade, was first whipped (deservedly), and then placed in durance vile to learn the 119th Psalm; and although he never achieved more than half the task, a very natural consequence was that he entertained an unfeigned dislike to that psalm for many years afterwards. Prejudices from injudicious religious teaching of this kind often remain through life. I have heard Scripture lessons given in schools with such want of interest at one time, and with such lack of gentleness, such outbreaks of temper and irreverence at another, as to be rather repellant than otherwise. Properly, such should be called irreligious training: such is not sowing the seed of life, not educating; any more than the agriculturist who, regarding all his fields alike, pitched in his seeds at random, could be said to be cultivating. Can we wonder that so many "lay aside their Bibles with their satchels," and give little or no evidence in after-life that these lessons ever sank into their hearts?

Religious knowledge, to be effectual as a governing power in life, must be given *con amore*, and not meted out by rule, rote, or system. The Bishop of London, alluding to this subject, says,—"The young mind is under an influence, undefined but plastic, for good, when the educator, be it parent or relative, master or mistress, is an unconscious witness of the power of the Gospel; when the direct lessons of religion are given earnestly and reverently, as by one who has a work to do for God; and when, indirectly, many a passing hint of warning or encouragement is thrown out unaffectedly, and, as it were, spontaneously, which touches the child's conscience, or helps against a weakness, or wakens a new hope and purpose within him. . . . Such an one not only teaches religion, but educates religiously."

Does it not appear *to be one of the* great faults of the present *day that there is so little distinct*, individual religious teaching

imparted to the young? Is it not a fact that the power, the immense power, of impressing the *realities* of eternity upon the young has been almost lost sight of in these times? Schoolmasters for the most part deal out the regulation quantity of religious teaching to their scholars *en masse*, earnestly enough no doubt in many cases, but it floats vaguely on the surface, without fixing its truths in the depths of the heart. It may be said that this is a work which belongs as much to the parents as to the schoolmaster. This is true to a certain extent. But unfortunately, parents, especially in some classes of society, have lost sight of this duty, and look wholly to the teacher or minister of religion to perform the work. There is also very commonly, in all classes of society, a natural shyness on religious topics between parents and children, more especially perhaps between a father and his sons, so that our children are allowed to grow up unquestioned as to the state of their souls and their relation to and communion with God. "I won't tell him to read his Bible and love and serve God," says the good old squire in "Tom Brown's Schooldays;" "if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he is sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that; at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want." Quite enough too, if wishes were a means to the end; but supposing Mrs. Brown to have had the same disinclination as the squire to enter into these matters, what would have become of Tom's religious teaching? How many a man, looking back to the days of childhood or early youth, can remember the time when his young soul wandered about seeking light and finding none; hearing the general religious teaching of the pulpit, or of the schoolmaster, understanding it with the head but not with the heart; worshipping God, and performing religious exercises as a matter of routine and discipline; receiving in fact his religious teaching on the stated occasions, just as he would his classical, mathematical, or other instruction.

Thus our schoolboys grow up into habits of devotion which are like those of the Pharisees of old, mere outward exhibitions of holiness, unconnected with the heart. There is no impress *there*. The children who attend parochial schools do perhaps fall occasionally under the care of energetic working clergymen and teachers; but take the average boys of the class attending Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or any of the other large public schools, whose religious education has been thus neglected, and trace their progress through life,—what is too frequently their course? They pass from boyhood into youth almost or altogether unacquainted with their privileges as those that are *redeemed, sanctified*, and called to a life of holiness; that the will of God concerning them is their sanctification. Whatever bent or inclination towards holiness exists, if by God's grace there be any such, is left to itself, and from want of support and encouragement soon becomes choked with the thoughtlessness and love of pleasure natural to youth. Unaware of their religious responsibilities, they pursue whatever pleasures the desires suggest. To quote the words of a thoughtful writer on the subject,[1] "they have no reflection, no thought, no time for consideration; their habits, their language, their secret emotions, are all dyed and stained, like the Tyrian garment, with the indelible purple of sin; to all outward appearance they may be drifting down the stream of time gracefully, and with a fair wind, but they are moved by an undercurrent, which is drawing them against rocks, where, if they strike, they must make shipwreck of their souls. This view explains to us the random, dissolute, ungodly lives of young men who have no religious principle, no holy sanctifying germ of grace within the bosom; who tempt God's vengeance and eternal wrath with the same recklessness as sleepwalkers venturing on the edge of precipices, and knowing no danger." So the youth passes on into the man; other and soberer pleasures displace the youthful ones; the gratification arising from the accumulation of wealth, the increase of influence, power, or ambition; and thus he proceeds through life, sometimes even until "grey hairs are here and there upon him," without a sense of his position breaking in upon the darkness of his soul.

It is said that in Dr. Arnold's time a deeper religious tone prevailed amongst the boys at Rugby than at any other public school, and that it still exists there. Let us hope it is so. It is

[1] The Rev. Mr. Roberts.

only fair to his successors to believe that they foster and encourage the growth of such feeling, and that they have endeavoured to impress distinctly the great realities of the Christian religion upon those under their care.

But recently the writer had occasion to examine some public schoolboys as to their religious knowledge, and he found it amazingly small. They had received information to a certain extent; a kind of religious framework had been erected about the soul; formal morning and evening prayers had been duly said, but nothing was known of the deep mysterious power of the Holy Spirit's influence; nothing of the great scheme of redemption by which they were brought again into actual covenant with God; nothing of that divine grace and help which flows through the appointed ordinances and channels of the Gospel. These were new things to them; their own personal relationship and responsibility to God in these matters had never been forcibly impressed. Hence, when such boys pass on into early manhood, such cold outlines, such mere frostwork, are found powerless to stand the fierce heat of temptation, or to withstand the rush of cares, doubts, and delusions with which the world meets them.

The Roman Catholics have long been aware of the value of deeply imprinting religious truths upon the minds of the young. At their great schools at Oscott, Stonyhurst, and Ushaw, the boys receive an amount of individual religious teaching which cannot well be forgotten. "It is certain," says one of the late professional staff at Oscott, "that the bringing up of youth in habits of virtue does not hold the same place in Protestant systems of education that it does in the Catholic; and we can understand how the incalculable importance ascribed to it, and the ever-watchful care and supervision with which it is carried out, may appear to Protestants as making youths painfully and prematurely good." Now we certainly have no wish to see our youths of any rank in life made "painfully and prematurely" good; and we shall be sorry for "supervision," to the extent it appears to be carried on at Oscott, to be introduced into any of our great public schools; in boyish parlance, there is no youth so utterly disagreeable as a "prig" or a "squaretoes;" but surely there is a wide space between painful and premature goodness, and no distinct religious impressions whatever! There is a vast difference between suppressing the happy buoyancy of youth, forcing in upon it a religious seriousness and solemnity that is

not *really* felt, and allowing that buoyancy to run on into heedlessness and sin, without let or hindrance, and without trying to impress that love of God upon the heart which is alone the true safeguard from sinfulness. The desire of retaining the good opinion of his master or his parents is sufficient to many a schoolboy to prevent open wrongdoing; but unless his goodness is built on a firmer basis than this, it will never stand the fiery ordeal of temptation which "shall try every man's work, of what sort it is."

If every schoolmaster and tutor, every one connected with the education of the young, would endeavour in a few kind words, spoken in due season, to impress the deep personal truths of our holy faith upon those under their care, they would find that many a lad would "think on these things;" whilst the vague general teaching had passed lightly over him, reaching the head, it may be, but very rarely the heart. General religious instruction may inform the intellect and inculcate the principles of morality and right-doing, but the earnest persuasive word (backed by the force of good example), is far more likely, under God's grace, to induce the desire and the effort *to be* right and true in the very heart of hearts.

Because religious education does sometimes assume a sectarian hue, can be no sound argument for a godless theory of education. In these days the great tendency in everything is to equalization; but may we not be carrying out the levelling principle too far when we decide that the only common ground on which the children of our great middle classes can meet together for education must be secular, and secular only? Religious teaching is to be negatived, or at least not "distinct." If the great end of all our education here, "from the cradle to the grave," be the fitting and preparing us for a higher existence hereafter, then no amount of sharpening the intellect, not even the mightiest power of storing up facts, not the keenest facility for reasoning, could properly be called right and true education, unless it were accompanied by inculcation of the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, who alone can cause us "to understand wisdom secretly." Only let the educators of our children be men who in their hearts hold dear "the faith once delivered to the saints," men whose lives unconsciously testify to the truth of their words, and who are conscious of the mighty power of sympathy to win over young hearts to things good and true, and the result will soon show whether the cry

for secular education only be a right or a wise one.[1] To quote again the Bishop of London, "It is to little purpose that we multiply schools, and plant them on our village greens as well as in the streets of our towns; that we open them by night as well as by day, on the Sunday as well as in the week; that we gather into them as many as we can; . . . it is to little purpose, I mean, as far as regards the Church's own peculiar work of winning souls from sin and sorrow, and training them for holiness and heaven, unless we can supply them with teachers *whose lives educate as well as their lessons*, whose hearts are given to God and renewed by His grace, and out of the abundance of whose heart the mouth speaketh."

One would imagine that every Christian man, Churchman or Dissenter, would eagerly desire this description of teacher to educate his children; but here steps in the secularist, and says No; out of the abundance of the heart the teacher is *not* to speak; not a word of religious instruction must be given. Thus, if the secular system be carried out in our middle and lower class schools, we run the risk of having a body of teachers acting from an inferior instead of the higher motive; and we, as a Christian nation, deny those teachers the privilege of inculcating the highest incentive which a Christian child can have to onward and upward progress, namely, the love and fear of God.

So we revert again to the inspired Word,—"the fear of the Lord is the *beginning* of wisdom." Other foundation can no man lay than that. When all other systems of man's devising have passed away and are forgotten, it will be found that the "PRAISE OF IT ENDURETH FOR EVER."

[1] The secular system has been tried in France, and found wanting. It has been tried also in America, with what success, let those who know America well testify. We have every reason to think that, ere long, vigorous efforts will be made in Parliament to induce the State to adopt throughout the country a scheme of education purely secular. We cannot but believe that the voice of the nation will be raised to oppose any such scheme; certainly every good Churchman will object to a system which must eventually end in failure.

OUR DRIVING TOUR.

THERE are several ways of doing a "walking tour." You may go ahead resolutely, knapsack on back and map in hand, always scrupulously completing at least your twenty miles a day, no matter what is the weather, or what are the things to be seen on the road. That is the downright straightforward plan, the plan of the man who does his tour as he does his constitutional,—who looks on it, in fact, as a constitutional on a large scale. Then there is the dilettante walk, when you don't lay down any fixed plan as to daily distance, or even weekly average of miles, and when you are ever open to modify your route if you hear something new about the neighbourhood as you go along. On such a walk you don't despise a "lift," whether from stage-coach or friendly trap, or even farmer's cart; nay, if you are morally certain the intervening country is ugly, you won't mind doing a dozen miles now and then by train. Perhaps, too, you take a rod with you, and stay a couple of days at some angler's haunt, especially if the weather suits piscator better than it does viator. Still, yours is a walking tour; it is not like that of the men who begin on foot with the best possible resolutions, and ignominiously charter a vehicle of some kind before their feet are even beginning to blister. This happens most often to walking tours abroad; the distances are great; the weather is hot; the pedestrian is not appreciated, unless the *locale* is Switzerland or the Rhine country, or other districts within the German student's range. Then, too, driving is usually very cheap; this often sets men doing much the same kind of thing in Ireland, where pedestrianism is impossible unless the walker is prepared to rough it in real earnest; and where the "walking gentleman," who carried in his breast pocket the title-deeds of his confiscated estates, and who used to live week and week about on the men who had been his father's or his grandfather's tenants, is as extinct as the wolf-dog. Such a mixed tour, though it may be thought of with compunction by the over-conscientious as a mean falling off from the original intention, is often a very pleasant thing. I remember such an one in Normandy many years ago. We were three, and we landed at Havre, determined to walk vigorously. At Havre we thought

it would be nice to see Trouville, and to watch Mossoo disporting himself after his fashion in the waves, or rather, half in and half out of them, hand in hand with his womankind and his children. So we went to Trouville by steamer, and at Trouville we dined; we inquired the rent of the pretty Chinese-looking country boxes, intended to look like Swiss *châlets*, which were perched on the low hills above the shore; we loafed about, enjoying the costumes and the bathing-parties aforesaid; and when it was almost too late to do anything we started gallantly along. It was a balmy evening,—I use the word advisedly, though I know how often it is misused,—no damp, no mist, but such a pleasant crisp freshness in the air, that we thought we could walk for ever. There might have been many "objects of interest" along the way, but if there were we didn't see them; we saw nothing except the rich country, the comfortable homesteads, the chubby brown children (I can't make out why children in Normandy always look so much browner and healthier than in most of our villages; there is no such difference between the grown people in the two countries), the big, square-headed dogs looking just like the pictures of Cerberus in the old illustrated Delphin Virgil; the snails, different from ours,—quite eatable-looking, in fact,—and the sheep, much more like the conventional sheep of Italian pictures than the animals to which we were accustomed on the South Downs. Yes, we did see something; we saw a Lycée having its evening recreation,—gaunt tall fellows of seventeen and eighteen walking two and two, jabbering away and gesticulating as they went, and altogether comporting themselves as unlike our schoolboys as their dress, with little kepi and long-skirted frock coat, tightly drawn in at the waist, was unlike the free and easy style of our schoolboy's dress. Just when they had passed we came upon some large orchards quite bare of leaves; I never saw such a sight, and I could not help asking a man what it was. "Mais" (he replied, in the usual snuffling whine of the Norman peasant—if Mr. Freeman claims them for Teutons, I, as a Celt, say he is quite welcome to them) "c'est à cause des chenilles." I trust any members of sparrow-clubs who may read this will take due notice; the trees looked as if they could not survive; anyhow, all hope of fruit for that year was gone; and all because Mossoo will keep popping away at small birds, just as every farmer's boy and every town lad out for a holiday walk are beginning to do with us, whenever they can manage to borrow a gun.

Well, we walked on, pleasantly enough,—it is so pleasant when there's nothing to be done in the way of sight-seeing; and the excitement of comparing Norman gates with English gates, Norman hedges (for there are hedges in that country) with English hedges, everything with every corresponding English thing, was enough to keep us merry till it got almost dark. Lisieux was our destination; but Lisieux was some way off; so, hearing of Pont l'Évêque station, we went down a very Devonshire-looking lane, and then "across country," finding a half-mile of way as wild as if *la petite culture* had forgotten it, and it belonged to nobody. At last we struck the railway, and ran along the rails; the stationmaster, when we got up, gravely telling us that we had committed a *délit*, but apparently holding us excused on the ground of our being mad Englishmen. Lisieux we liked; there are more old wooden houses there than in Caen and Rouen put together, since Rouen has been so devastated by the local Hausmanns. We stayed at quite a poor inn; the beds were excellent, as they always are in Normandy; the cooking was first-rate—we could go and see it all being done on the brick stoves, like long rough counters, without any of our "ranges" and "ovens" and "boilers," and all the other discomforts which have been forced upon us by those self-seeking ironmasters. England, too, used to have close stoves in the good old times; it is absurd to think of all the elaborate mediæval cookery and marchpane work being done at the huge fireplaces which (except when an ox had to be roasted whole) were chiefly used for all the company to sit round. It is the "development of the iron trade" which gave us those absurd contrivances for wasting fuel and spoiling good dinners called kitchen ranges.

Though it was eleveu at night before we got from the station to the inn, Madame, respecting us in our *qualité d'étrangers*—taking us, in fact, for English *ouvriers* on our way to Paris, —soon set before us some splendid soup, a *rôti*, and other nice things, with glorious coffee as a finale. Next day at *déjeûner* in came a real *ouvrier* to have his morning meal. He had soup, half a fowl, a good slice of roast beef, and potatoes, fried as only French people can fry them, and some of that rough cider which Mr. Trevelyan, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, lately told us is so very bad for the Devonshire people. If he always *déjeûned* like that he did well. I should like to have known what his wife and children, if he had such encumbrances, generally got for dinner, and what his wages were, but I didn't

care to ask questions. To judge by our own bill, he didn't pay more than a franc and a quarter for what he had eaten. He had been in the army, of course; had served in Rome; thought the feeding very bad there; and hated the priests with more than Parisian hatred. From Lisieux we took diligence to Caen. I can still remember how long we were getting out of Lisieux, the very long *côte*, or down-side, or brae, up which we slowly climbed.

Once on the down, our course was pretty level all the way to the city, which, as you know if you know Normandy, is of all French cities perhaps the fullest of fine old churches. St. Stephen's, William's burial-place, is grand in its simplicity, with its one fine spire (its fellow was never finished); Matilda's Abbey has a glorious round-arched church, as fine in its way as the nave of Gloucester; and St. Peter's, by the river, "debased" and "rococo" though it is, is a really good sample of its kind. From Caen again by diligence (this was a "walking tour," but the dillys were so cheap) to Falaise, passing some grand woods, and just seeing *Turgôt's château*. I was astonished to find the driver, whose dress was nearly as dilapidated as his harness, knew all about the great statesman, whom he would have startled by his declaration that the subdivision of land had not gone half far enough, and that the ideal state was that in which every one should have his own little corner to himself. At Falaise, of course, we saw the room where the Conqueror was born, the house down in the town out of which his mother, Arlette (Herleon), was brought up to the castle, the two very quaint churches, and the magnificent modern William statue; and we got, moreover, rather mobbed (for the first and last time) by a pack of idle little Normans. Then we recommenced our real walking, and made a grand push to Bayeux, where, conferring with one Massieu, almost opposite St. Patrick's church (what does my saint do there, I wonder?), we found that a tilbury (large gig holding three abreast, with gigantic horse) could be hired for seven francs a day. So we hired—Massieu being so wholly satisfied with our looks that, to our amazement, he claimed no deposit,—and started for Cherbourg, passing Valognes, a town set on a hill, with a grand view over the water, on the east of the Cotentin, and putting up for the night at St. Waast, close to La Hague. From Cherbourg pleasantly along the coast towards Coutances. We stayed at a village, where there was a *glorious* mass of conventual buildings, which were being restored, *not by* Government, but by the slower process of private effort.

the sister who walked round with us pointed out how they had rooted out the weeds in church and cloisters, and (kneeling as they worked) had set the floors with a mosaic of different-coloured pebbles. After this the country, which had been full of hedges and tree-rows, became like Brittany, a wild heath with furze and broom, and pools full of white water-lilies, and hovels from which rushed children, who begged (rare thing in France) almost as persistently as if they had been London children "turning Catherine-wheels" beside omnibuses; and then Coutances, with its splendid cathedral towers, came in sight. It is a very steep hill down into Coutances; we were all exhilarated by the morning drive over the down; and somehow—I wasn't driving, I was turning over the pages of Pickwick—the driver didn't look out for loose stones. So without any warning we found ourselves slowly tumbling out upon the horse, who had already doubled up his knees under him, and was lying quiet enough in the dust. We picked him up, shook ourselves, found the cuts on his knees looked ugly, and began ingloriously to walk into Coutances. There, owing, I dare say, to our pardonable ill-temper, we did not get on very well, having almost a quarrel with our inn-keeper, who told us he wasn't going to stand any nonsense from us, "tout Anglais que vous êtes." Our return journey was necessarily a walking tour part of the way, for, despite the *genouillières* which we bought, our poor beast soon began to go very lame. Towards nightfall we therefore turned down to a bye-village off the high road, where we put up our horse, and summoned the *vétérinaire*. A blue-bloused, good-natured, simple fellow he was, who bled our beast with a crooked pin, made and applied a poultice of *bouse de vache*—made, by the way, in the same big brass kettle in which our coffee was warmed next morning, and sat up with the animal a good part of the night.

Next day, after mass—it was Sunday, and not church only, but churchyard was full of blue blouses and red umbrellas—we got on past St. Sauveur, through gloriously wooded country, to St. Lo; and thence, after a peep at the *bocage* in the direction of Vire (where *Vaudevilles, vaux de Vire*, were invented), we drove into Bayeux, not at all in such high feather as when we had quitted it. Massieu threw up his arms and gesticulated wildly when he saw his horse, but the *vétérinaire* had told us that, by French law, the horse-letter takes all risks, and had assured us, too, that despite appearances the accident (not the first of its kind which the beast had suffered) was very trifling. I believe

we gave him two napoleons for the honour of England; but one would probaby have been ample compensation.

Here our "walking tour" ended; we took the train to Rouen, and thence to Paris. But, though no doubt irregular in the eyes of the conscientious "walker," the Norman tour was as pleasant as any I have ever made. We were all in high spirits, the weather was good, and we felt that, at seven francs a day and no turnpikes, our mode of locomotion was about as cheap as it could be. Well, that was a mixed tour. Let me now tell you something about a regular driving tour, begun of malice prepense on four wheels, and finished with no more walking than was necessary on account of the hills. If you like this kind of thing, I can recommend it on the score of economy. You can't do it here as cheaply as you can in France, those horrid turnpikes beat you; but four people—two couples,—suppose, dividing the expense will find they spend less and see more than they would if they went by railway. There is no novelty in my plan; Paterfamilias often adopts it—with daughters, whom it is not pleasant to take second class, he saves money thereby. It is because Paterfamilias does not talk and write so much as his son who lives in chambers, and who does his autumn walk as a matter of course, and then details it in the *Weekly Growler*, that my plan is not so well known to the world at large. Perhaps I may persuade some people to try it next year; if they do, let them be sure that the glass is high when they start, and that all the other signs concur in promising them a dry week.

We had been at Burnham, on the Bristol Channel, a place where there is nothing inland but the Somersetshire marsh, very interesting to those who want to study "rhines" and intricate questions of water-right, or to see how Irish bogs may be turned into rich pasture-ground. Not even the remembrance of Alfred and Athelney, and of Monmouth and Weston Zoyland, could make us enthusiastic about the landward prospect. At sea it was little better, no cliffs, nothing but sand. The only excitement was once when we all went out with lots of little children and a brace of nurses in a big boat, with no "native" but a wee boy, and got almost swamped by the "bore," which, rushing up the Severn, manages also to come a good way up the Brue too, and that so suddenly, that we had only time to take refuge on a sandy island, which we were at first afraid would soon be submerged. We were thoroughly sick of Burnham; so we took the train to Bridgewater, determined to go anywhere by any trip that

was on hand. But first we would see the town; so jumping into the omnibus we were put down, I don't know why, at Ricks' great livery stables. "Let us drive somewhere," said I; and in half an hour we were sitting in a comfortable four-wheeler (no more two-wheels for me after Coutances), and bowling along, past Lord Cavan's seat, towards Nether Stowey. I'm not going to act guide-book; you must just find out for yourselves what the main objects of interest are. I'll tell you, however, that Nether Stowey is one of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's places. Thence to Watchet, a lively little seaport, with railway fetching iron ore down from the Brendon Hills, and brigs always carrying the ore across to Wales, and fetching back coal instead. On the way to Watchet the road keeps for a good while along the shore, or rather a good way above it. You are crossing Quantock's Head, the terminal promontory of the range which divides the vale of Bridgewater from that of Taunton. Here you have St. Decuman's, named (like so many places along our western coasts) from an Irish saint. This saint escaped the persecuting Welshmen by swimming across the Channel on his cow—a feat slightly less wonderful than that of Colston, of the Bristol charities, who, Arion-like, sailed up the whole length of it on a dolphin. St. Andrie's, just further on, is a sweet place, a lovely little church, the mansion of the Hoods close by, and the steep green hill, sloping down to the sunny water. Past Watchet is Blue Anchor, a bay with great "capabilities." Then there were only two houses in it, the inn, and a *succursale* thereto, which you might rent, along with a couple of the inn-servants, if you wished to put your family into "retreat" for a couple of months. Blue Anchor, we thought, would want a yacht and a trap to make it endurable; fine as the view is, you would grow tired of sitting on the muddy beach, and looking across at Dunster Castle from morning till night. Dunster, however, deserves a nearer survey. It is a fine old place, the gardens are beautiful, the biggest lemon tree in Europe "thriving, such is the mildness of the atmosphere, in the open air;" that is a bit of the guide-book for you. The old inn at Dunster has one glorious room with two fireplaces, carved with coats of arms and strange monsters. The church is curious; it is two churches in one, seculars and regulars having had a quarrel about possession, and having compromised the matter by walling off the chancel from the nave. But best worth seeing of all is the town hall, where the staple of wool used to be held. Dunster was a grand place when west

country cloths had not been almost beaten out of the field by Yorkshire shoddy, when Bradford-on-Avon was of more importance than Bradford on the Calderbeck. The wool trade enriched the whole county; Somerset ranked second in wealth among the shires in Henry VIII.'s time; and when the Armada was expected, all these little places along the coast manned more ships than could have been expected from their present condition. Dunster, the Luttrells' place, actually returned two members to Parliament before the Reform Bill. From Dunster to Minehead, where we got a breakfast almost as good as they give you in Scotland, and where I first discovered (what I record for Paterfamilias' sake), that when you have a "trap" you pay less for your beds than if you came without such an appendage. The best thing at Minehead is the great green hill that runs out seaward beyond it. I thought the "watering place" part of the town—under the shadow of this hill, facing north-east moreover, and fronting a bay where low tide leaves a vast stretch of muddy shingle—singularly gloomy. The inland is marshy, but full of very quaint old-world villages. From this place (led on by the Celtic name) we determined to go up Dunkerry beacon. The pull up, past Stoke Pero, tried Mr. Ricks' beast, but he behaved nobly, and, leaving him on the shoulder of the hill, in charge of a boy, we mounted the beacon, and saw I don't know how many counties, flattering ourselves that Cornish Brown Willy, and the Dorset Blackdowns, and the Glamorgan hills, had shown themselves for our special benefit. Anyhow it was a fine view. The descent on the other side puzzled us (and, I think, the horse too) much more than the ascent. I have driven down steeper lanes, one, for instance, by Hathersedge, in Derbyshire, another off the Wrekin, but they were not so long as this. But it was a lovely lane, full of rich ferns (rare ones too, for anything I know), purple iris and large pale vetch,—both Somerset plants, and haunted by fritillaries and red admirals, and other gay butterflies. The lane brought us to Exford—we had been following the young Exe pretty closely; and thence a pleasant woodland drive took us round to Dulverton, the centre of the red-deer country. We did not see any of these "noble creatures:" but of course we heard a great deal about them, and admired their taste in choosing such a perfect sylvan solitude as Dulverton. Porlock is the next station along the coast; and a very sweet and thoroughly English little place it is; far sunnier, too, than Minehead; historical, moreover, for did not Harold, son of Godwin, with his

brother Leofwin, sail from Dublin in 1052, and harry the country, slaying thirty thanes and putting to flight the levy which opposed his landing? Some way beyond Porlock the road turns inland, but we determined, after passing quaint, quiet little Culbone, with its smallest of churches standing in its green *impasse*, to keep close to the sea; and I am afraid we trespassed several times, after we had passed Countesbury and had got across the Devonshire border. Then came Lynmouth, and lunch, and civilization, after comparative wildness. Then Lynton, and a long drive up the Lyn valley, which is like a Derbyshire dale prolonged indefinitely, with its rock walls and long stony slopes on each side. Then back to Lynton, and through the valley of rocks, which looks as if half a dozen Druid temples had been shot into the midst of a grassy dell. Here we again trespassed, and soon reached a gate leading into the grounds of Filmer Abbey. The gate was locked; and here we were on a narrow path, with the hill-side on our left, and a steep bank down to the sea on our right.

"Lift it off its hinges," cried one: it was too massive; and if it had not been, the hinge-hooks were turned opposite ways.

"Take the horse out of the shafts," suggested another; "you'll never turn him."

But before doing that I thought I would try if our trap could not pass through the unusually wide side-gate. I measured with an umbrella; our hind-wheel naves seemed about three or four inches too wide.

"I'll chance it," I said; and so, bidding all dismount, except one often tried in dangers, and far cooler than most of the other sex, and bidding her keep the reins well in hand and steer straight, I led the horse through, and by a turn of the wrist got one hind wheel through first, and then the other followed. What I should have done if we had stuck and the horse had begun to kick I don't know. So I am afraid to recommend my plan for general adoption, though the driver and I felt at the time mighty proud of threading the needle so successfully. We wondered, too, if the people thereabouts were so portly as to need such a wide passage, or whether it was really constructed that the owner might be able to drive through without a key, while he kept out the world at large by ostentatiously locking up the big gate. This private road brought us out to Martinshoe and Trentishoe (the termination reminded me of Quettehou in the Cotentin): between them lay a gorge so steep down and up, that I thought

it would have stopped our course for the night. However, we got up at last, and out on a bleak moor, where they were beginning to try an old silver mine, into Combe Martin, the long, long street of which we entered in our first shower. The inn had been the manor-house, and a queer old place it was, with panelled walls some painted blue, some sea-green, and others filled with hunting scenes. It was very like the inn at Hope Dale, in Derbyshire, where we once spent some happy weeks; like it, except as to the inhabitants, who are certainly more courteous in Devon. We were grieved to think that the Devon peasant gets so little of this world's good things; every one we met along this coast was so exceptionally "civil." I have not always found it so in Devon; in the valley of the Taw, for instance, I thought the folks everywhere most churlish; there's a great long village there called Bow, where not a soul would speak a kind word or vouchsafe a kind look to a stranger. Can it be that the Devon peasants are respecters of persons? At Bow I was on foot; along the coast I had a "conveyance." By Combe Martin is Heddon's Mouth, a wild creek faced with rocks, worth seeing, if you have not seen much cliff scenery; and thence the drive to Ilfracombe is a fine one; the green hills and grassy cliffs of the coast often giving place to bare cliff and rough scaur. Ilfracombe, with its little lighthouse chapel on a pointed rock, and its awkward bathing places—Rapparee's cove and the like—and its fern-gardeners, who, by selection of species, get hart's-tongues with branching leaves, more like antlers than tongues, did not keep us long. We pushed on to Morte Point, whence, if it is clear, you see Lundy and Hartland. Here we picked rare shells, and ran about along the Widdicombe sands, and then drove towards Barnstaple. Heavy rain came on, however, and we were to put up at St. Brendon's —Irish saint again,—the very man, I believe, who made the "voyages," in the course of which he discovered America, having gone to look for paradise. He came, too, upon Judas Iscariot chained to a rock in the midst of the Atlantic, and allowed only once a year to hold converse with any men who might happen to be within hail. Barnstaple, and Bideford, and Westward Ho! and the Northam Burrows—a pebble beach like the Portland Chesil bank, all these we saw, but were obliged to give up Clovelly, which was in our programme. Here we turned inland, passed by Lord Fortescue's place, and eastward to South Molton; and thence through country as dreary, and by hovels as poor, as almost any part of Ireland, to Bampton, locally famed for its

Exmoor pony fair more than for the theology lectures to which it has given its name. From Bampton to Wiveliscombe, *i. e.*, from wild North Devon to rich Somerset—the Somersœt, the pleasant county, of England's forefathers. Bishop's Lydiard is a typical Somerset village, rich with corn and pasture, and just on the slope of the Quantocks, and with such a church, and such a grand screen inside it! I can't say that the churches of a country are altogether a test of its wealth in old times, for in Kent (which was always rich enough) they are very poor except near the sea. But this is for want of material; on the coast they could get Caen stone, inland they had to do with chalk and flints, Kentish rag not having been as yet pressed into service. But if there are poor churches in a good stone country, it is a sure sign that there was little wealth there in the church-building ages.

From Bishop's Lydiard we rose the Quantocks through a lovely beech wood; and thence to Bridgewater we had little to disturb meditation. Our horse was in good condition, our trap unbroken, ourselves had not suffered from our two partial wettings, and we were full of the high spirits natural after spending for several days more than fourteen hours per diem in the open air. Horse-dealer Ricks was satisfied, and so were we; for his bill was small, and our total expenses, when we took into account what we had done and seen, were far less than had we gone about from place to place by railway.

Now I've not told you how long our tour took, for I don't mean you to know whether we travelled on Sunday or not. If you reckon you will see I have accounted for six nights,—Minehead, Porlock (we had been inland as far as Dulverton, and had doubled back), Combe Martin, St. Brendon's, Bideford, Wiveliscombe.

No doubt you might do a little more in the same time, but we took things easily, and enjoyed them accordingly. And I doubt very much whether, anywhere south of the Firth of Forth, you would, in the same time, get so little uninteresting country and so much variety,—sea, cliff, mountain, moor, green lane, and rich forest. If you take my advice you'll try the thing next year; "spring comes early up that way," and early summer is perhaps the loveliest time in Wessex and among the Welsh-kind. As I said, if you get a friend to share expenses, you will find that you, Paterfamilias, and Mrs. P. and the rest, will have had as cheap a week's outing as if you had gone down to some stupid watering-place, and surely you will have enjoyed yourselves a good deal more.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART: F(THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

BY E. H. HICKEY.

Of all the lovely seven
Beatitudes that Heaven
To the true saints of Jesus doth impart,
Is any one more sweet
Than that which bends to greet
The yearning vision of the pure in heart?

With joy the Father shall
Welcome the prodigal,
Go forth with Love's wide arms His child to meet;
And bid His servants bring
For him the hallowed ring,
And the best robe, and sandals for his feet.

Yet oh! more deeply blest,
About whose holy breast
The chrysome's candent folds all stainless shine,—
First in his Father's heart,
Sayeth He, *Son, thou art*
Ever with Me, and all I have is thine.

Sealed with Thy grace unpriced,
Thy life in him, O Christ!
Thy Body and Thy Blood in mystery sweet
His hunger ever feed,
And quench his thirst indeed,
Till to Thy home Thou bring his pilgrim feet.

Him with Thy Spirit graced
Thou suffeiedst not to taste
Of the world's broken cisterns, hewn to mock
The thirst, bnt mad'st him know
The draughts of life that flow
From Thy cleft heart, O deeply-smitten Rock.

Thou draw'st him, Spotless One!
So doth he swiftly run
In those dear blood-marked footprints after Thee;
With all of life inwrought
Art Thou, and every thought
Brought into Thy divine captivity.

Thou sett'st him on the height
Of mountains of delight,
With rapturous odours surging round his feet;
While deep his ravished brain
Drinks the ecstatic strain
Of bird-shrined seraphim, supremely sweet.

Oh bliss beyond all dreams—
Through rifted skies there streams
The dawn of that great glory that shall be,
And wraps and folds him round
And all is hallowed ground
Where he, the pure in heart, his God doth see.

And all with God doth blend,
Even when he must descend—
O God! all sweetness doubly sweet in Thee!
Each smile and tears shall prove
The diverse forms of love—
Each common meal a very Agape.

The sacrifice of Christ
In him is realized—
Life—Christ—he knows the holy synonym;
And treading where He trod
He sees his Saviour-God
Where souls less white can but feel after Him.

He, whose earth's glory is,
Reads type of the deep bliss
Of splendid beauty in the Father's home;
The while another's gaze
Sees in the scarlet blaze
Only the mystic Harlot's cursed chrome.

For, breathing clearer air
Than grosser souls can bear,
Of hills he clomb unsobbing, undistressed,
He bathes his eagle-sight
In the all-perfect light
Of His bright Face, who is The Loveliest.

His fervid charity
As golden bands must be
For the lost found, lest any more he rove;
Holding in holy bliss
This fellowship of his
With the All-pure, All-strong, whose name is Love.

Where passion's storms unchecked
The Baptism-hope have wrecked,
And the Cross-banner smirched and torn may be,
His help outstretched will prove
In grand, unshrinking love,
Even here the pure in heart his God doth see.

Yet in deep self-distrust
He counts himself unjust,
Unholy, in His eyes, by Whom is prized,
Above all offerings,
The lowly heart that clings
To the dear Cross that took the life of Christ.

Blessed through this little while
That faith through tears must smile,
And patience keep her stately, sweet control;
Love's eager feet a space
Be hindered in the race,
And but in part the knowledge of the soul:

Till He, the Strong and True,
Who maketh all things new,
In His best, wisest season, set the child
Who is beloved of Him
Beyond His cherubim,
In the dear kingdom of the undefiled.

Oh fellowship divine,
For which we pant and pine!
Oh blessedness beyond the angels' ken!
Oh prayer, whose strength and sum
Is *Come, thou Bridegroom, come;*
Even so, come quickly, JESUS CHRIST. AMEN.

DEDICATIONS.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

DR. JOHNSON performed two gigantic works in his life: he wrote a dictionary and killed the dedication. The demolition of that odious institution, the *patron*, was perhaps only practicable to the sagacious, muscular, and ponderous intellect of one who achieved single-handed what was not to be achieved by the "co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians" and the fifty years' labour of "the embodied critics of France." In the celebrated question he put to Lord Chesterfield may be witnessed the first stone slung by the Goliath of letters at the ginger-bread fabric which impudent flattery had raised over affluent and titled imbecility. "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?" The whole letter, indeed, is the intellectual mausoleum of the dedication. Its ghost, it is true, sometimes stalked abroad, inspired the Scotch dramatist, or encouraged the dreams of mediocrity; but Johnson's keen query for ever pursued it; hunted it to Caledonia, and from Caledonia to Grub Street; chased it from the mimetic mind of Shaw to the thick head of Dodsley, where it may be said to have died from inanition.

It may be supposed that in the days of the second Charles and Queen Anne there was not an author who could have heard the term, "the republic of letters," applied to his craft, without the humiliating sense upon him of the absolute irony of the phrase. Reading those periods in the history of English letters by the light of the dedication, one witnesses among all classes of authors nothing but the most abject, the most pitiful, the most degrading voluntariness of servitude. There was something more than shocking in the adulation, the praise, the lick-spittling of the period. It amounted at times to blasphemy; and there is hardly a dedication of two pages long where the flattery is not indecent. Take the pious Young's dedication to "The Last Day."

He addresses Queen Anne. Bewildering himself by the magnitude of his praise, yet unwilling to allow its enormity to remain uncapped by profanity, he bursts forth thus: "It is, madam, a prospect truly great to behold you seated on your throne, surrounded with your faithful counsellors, and mighty men of war, issuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the great princes and powerful rulers of the earth. But why should we confine your glory here? I am pleased to see you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixed stars behind you; nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation in your journey towards eternal bliss, until I behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my imagination, which tires in her pursuit and falls back again to the earth!" Of course the English of this miserable stuff is the hope of Church preferment; but that Young in writing this wrote what he meant, or that he knew, having written it, the sense of it, is utterly improbable. But hyperbolical praise was the fashion; he was bound moreover as a poet addressing his monarch to say more than other poets had said in addressing noblemen. The task was not an easy one. Praise that related to the earth was exhausted. There was nothing to do but to carry the queen to heaven. The translation was effected and the dedication was complete.

Young, though he wrote few dedications, wrote them in a strain that may fairly have excited the envy of the brotherhood of poets. For high-sounding, unparsable praise, he was matchless. To say that he rendered his patrons faultless but poorly indicates the amazing process of sublimation by which he exalted them. Of Sir Spencer Compton, he says,—

> Nor dost thou scorn amidst sublimer views
> To listen to the labours of the muse;
> Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
> And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

A piece of laudation that, fairly considered, claims for its object either the highest conceivable perfection of physical charms or a Miltonic power of mental suggestiveness. How could such men of wit have descended to such littleness, to such imbecilities? Their mental calibre is not to be weighed by their contempt or disregard for Shakspere; and if Young imagined he had im-

proved "Othello" in "The Revenge," we must still remember that he is author of the "Night Thoughts," and the briskest series of satires on women in the language. What could have made such a man grin like an idiot before a poem which pronounced him a man of genius? Searching the ranks of a lower order of intellect, the flattery of the dedication becomes a comprehensible performance. Here we may find men wanting bread, and to whom the patron is a condition of publication. But could this be said of Addison, who, in the zenith of his fame, and in the independence of a governmental sinecure, could write or sanction such dedications as those which preface the volumes of "The Spectator," where hyperbole of praise makes ironical or contemptible the numerous passages in the papers which exalt independence as a virtue, and praise those who refuse from others what heaven has enabled them to do for themselves?

The poet Burns, incited by the example of Johnson, protested in 1787 against the dedication as "a path so hackneyed by prostituted learning that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I," he continues, "present this address with the venal soul of a servile author looking for a continuation of those favours; I was bred to the plough and am independent." A noble declaration. Mr. Theophilus Cibber, comedian, in a dedication to his wife, prefacing the very weak comedy of "The Lover," says, "I never could find out what authors mean by imploring great persons to protect their plays after the town has condemned them." But his ignorance is that of a player; prettily enough simulated, but rendered very transparent too, by the whole tone of this dedication, which, though addressed to his wife, breathes the most intimate acquaintance with the art of composing these inanities. He has his eye on the "great," for, says he, "so extended are the liberties of Great Britain that three or four rude people have it in their power to insult three or four hundred persons of quality by disturbing their public diversion with impunity." The playwrights were, perhaps, on the whole the most uniformly offensive in the servility of these prefatory addresses. One Joseph Mitchell, addressing the Duke of Hamilton, says, "when I reflect on your dignity as first Peer of Scotland, the oldest monarchy of Europe, I address you with dread; and consider my own ambition of throwing myself and my first essay in tragedy under the protection of your illustrious name as a presumption which no apology can excuse unless I seek it in your goodness." You would think Sawney would

stop here. Not he. He continues for three pages more outraging the sentiment of human dignity by such praise as could only be the right translation of the whining of the cur you flog for its ineffable fawning. Another poet, William Havard, the author of "Scandaberg," if he does not surpass at least equals Mitchell in his abject servility. To the Earl of Portmore he says, "Greatness has ever been the asylum of literature; I fly to your lordship's wing for shelter, whose grandeur is your smallest distinction, whose title your least excellence." In a dedication to a mutilated version of "King John," Colley Cibber says, "If I could have found a judge more learned in the dramatic laws, your lordship (Lord Chesterfield) had not been troubled with this appeal." Having said, "I now, my lord, take my leave without the laboured compliments of a modern dedicator," Pope's enemy proceeds to bespatter his lordship with praise gross and indecent enough to provoke a horsewhipping from any modern nobleman. Dryden's dedications were not less disgusting than those of his meaner brethren. But comprehending his wants and his troubles, we can pardon much to the spirit of servility which disgraces his prefaces and excites our indignation in the dedications of others. Moreover Dryden's dedications are mostly prefaces, and all these prefaces are good. His most elaborate and most admired essay is his dedication to the Earl of Dorset, before his translations of Juvenal. Dorset was a wit and a poet, and merited to be praised. He was a universal and a liberal patron, and really merited better verses and wiser admiration than he got for his munificence. But such was Dryden's anxiety to please, that the only poet of the time who could have fairly done justice to Dorset's abilities and virtues, renders them ridiculous by excess of praise. He compares him to the sun, "which all who have the benefit of sight can look up to and see." He is "more the delight of humankind than Titus Vespasian was." To him "factions, though irreconcilable to one another, are united in their affections." "I was inspired," says the unfortunate Dryden, "to foretell you to mankind as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron." There may be something of an anti-climax here; something of Pope's

So loved, so honoured in the House of Lords.

But it is one of genius's commercial strokes; and undoubtedly Dryden was anxious to have his lordship believe that though

it was a great deal to be a genius, a judge, and a restorer of poetry, there was nothing so truly great in the eyes of mankind and the Muses as the being the Best Patron.

Fielding was no light offender as a dedicator. He seems to have known but not to have practised the truth. Addressing Ralph Allen in his dedication of "Amelia," he says, "Nor will I assume the fulsome style of common dedicators. I have not their usual design in this epistle, nor will I borrow their language." And yet in addressing Lady Mary Wortley Montague in "Love in Several Masques," he exclaims, "I would not insinuate to the world that this play passed free from your censure; since I knew it not free from faults, not one of which escaped your immediate penetration. Immediate indeed! for your judgment keeps pace with your eye, and you comprehend almost faster than others overlook." He tells her that she can instruct the pedant, and is a living confutation of morose schoolmen; and is, moreover, a shining instance of all those perfections and softer graces which nature has confided to the female. In "The Modern Husband" we have another outrageous sally addressed to Sir Robert Walpole. He calls upon the minister to protect an art from which he may promise himself many notable advantages. Walpole might have given Pitt's reply to Southey—"Literature, sir, will take care of itself"—Southey's answer to which, "Yes, and take care of you too," might have been suggested by Fielding. With Fielding the dedications to his works did not die; for after that great man's decease we find an officious relative confiding "The Fathers, or the Good-natured Man," to the generosity of the Duke of Northumberland in an epistle in which the chief claims put forward on behalf of the father of English romance are that "he was an upright, useful, and distinguished magistrate"!!

There is a good satire on dedications in "Tristram Shandy." Whether it preceded or followed Johnson's letter to Chesterfield we have no dates by us to determine; but that it should have no effect whatever on the dedication may easily be believed, the humour not only not being half earnest enough, but the life of the author being as emphatic a contradiction to his words as a long career of toadying could make it.

Reviews of the works of the period of which we more directly treat are presented to us, generally speaking, without their dedications; but it may safely be asserted that there was barely a poem—though it were the silliest eclogue or the wretchedest ode on music—and barely a play, though the flimsiest tragedy or the

most perishable comedy, that was not confided by the author to the care of a person of quality, who, for the miserable honour conferred upon him of one to ten pages of adulation, sometimes sent the poet a guinea, and sometimes nothing. Here is a volume of plays by our side. It begins with Dryden's "Spanish Fryar," of which the dedication is omitted. Then comes "Phædra and Hippolitus," by Edmund Smith, a writer of no mean pretensions, who addresses Lord Halifax as "the nicest judge of poetry," and as one "who excels all the present age as a poet," and "surpasses all the preceding ones as a patron." Here Smith improves upon Dryden. Of this stuff there are four pages. To Pastoral Phillips's "Distressed Mother" there are two sickening pages addressed to the "Duchess of Montague," of "when I consider the great and shining qualities," &c., &c., *ad nauseam.* "The charms," says this miserable blower of oaten reeds, "that shine out in the person of your grace may convince every one that there is nothing unnatural in the power which is ascribed to the beauty of Andromache." Then comes Dr. Young creeping with his "Revenge" before the Duke of Wharton. There are five pages of dedication, every other sentence of which tells an unmeaning lie. It is a hard task to preserve one's respect for writers who are classics after a course of reading them in their original form. The publishers certainly exhibit a meritorious skill in removing from their pages these disgusting stains, not only on their characters as authors, but on the history of English literature.

Dr. Johnson we have to thank for obliterating from the compositions of his own and succeeding periods these ignominious illlustrations of lettered servility. A pure taste quickly imitated what a vigorous love of independence had exemplified. We may search in vain the pages of Goldsmith, of Hume, of Gibbon, of Robertson, of Crabbe, of Beattie, and of those others who rendered the end of the last and the commencement of the present century illustrious by their genius, for any of these adulatory effusions. In our own day the dedication as an epistle has ceased to exist, and the privilege of admiration or friendship demands no greater exercise than the inscription of a name or a sentence. Two illustrious exceptions occur: an English and a French example. But shall we be charged with an excess of nationality if we prefer Mr. Mill's simple and pathetic dedication to his wife to M. Renan's florid and elaborate address to his sister?

THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER IX.

NELLA'S PROMOTION.

NELLA did not by any means realize her sanguine expectations on first arriving at Bedford Lodge.

The door was opened by a very pompous and splendid footman, who seemed prepared to be civil when she first addressed him, but who changed his mind when he saw the fly and the trunk behind her, and recognised her as the "young person" who was to be Miss Hughes's successor. He called one of his subalterns to look after her box, bade her laconically "Come this way," and ushered her into the drawing-room with a manifest effort, staring hard into her face the while.

Mrs. Marshall was in the drawing-room, enjoying afternoon tea and gossip with half a dozen visitors, and did not seem at all overjoyed at the interruption of her niece's entrance.

"Well, my dear," she said, carelessly, without rising from her seat, "so you're here at last. Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, aunt, thank you," responded Nella, hot and embarrassed, as she shook hands. And then Mrs. Smith and Miss Carter nodded coldly, scarcely pausing in their conversation; and the rest of the ladies leisurely looked her up and down, and never thought of moving to make a place for her near the tea-table. Evidently they quite understood that she was not to be asked to join them.

"You'd better go and take off your things," said Mrs. Marshall. "I'll have a talk with you by and by."

And Nella bowed and retraced her steps across the room, with tears of mortification in her beautiful eyes.

A buzz of conversation followed her as she closed the door. "I thought I would take one of them, poor things!" she heard her aunt say.

"I should have fancied the other would have been most useful," Miss Carter responded.

And then something was said about "Hughes"—which was the last straw on poor Nella's fortitude. She stood in the hall, and clenched her delicate hands, and stamped with indignation, and declared to herself that she would go straight home again, without another hour's delay.

As she looked about her, however, lonely and lost, a rosy-faced maidservant put in an appearance, and of her she inquired, with as much dignity as she could muster, where she might find her room.

"Oh, it's Miss Montresor," the girl answered, brightly. "I'll show you, Miss, if you'll follow me."

And Nella found herself led along numerous passages and up numerous flights of stairs, and lodged in a small attic chamber not too luxuriously appointed, which she was told had been tenanted by Miss Hughes.

"I think you'll find all you want, Miss," said her conductress, bustling about; "but if not, there's a bell at the bed's head. I'll come in a minute if you ring."

And she began to undo the straps of Nella's box, and to give her various pieces of information respecting the ways of the house. They dined at seven, she said, and Mrs. Marshall always dressed. Miss Hughes did not dine with her mistress when there was company, but of course, as Miss Montresor was her own niece, it would be different now.

Yes, she could have a bath regularly. Miss Hughes used not to have a bath, but that didn't matter,—*she* should have one night and morning, if she liked. Finally she departed, with an assurance that she would come up again before dinner-time; and Nella was left alone, somewhat soothed by her cordiality, but still with a terrible longing for Molly and home.

She had a good cry to begin with; then she unpacked her things, and arranged them in the empty drawers and cupboards, then she heard the clock strike six, and bethought her of dressing herself while she was about it for dinner. This latter operation afforded her considerable comfort. She had a cool, refreshing wash, and rearranged her beautiful hair in a delicate little chignon, crowned with thick golden braids. And she put on Molly's black silk dress, with a low body prettily trimmed with tulle and lace, *against* which her fair throat and bust *looked as white as the petals* of a lily,—to which she added a

few slender jet ornaments and a gorgeous Oriental fan. Susan, when she came up-stairs to summon her to her aunt's room, looked at her with open-mouthed admiration; though evidently the information that Miss Hughes never wore full dress trembled on the tip of her tongue.

As it happened, her aunt was pleased with her appearance when she presented herself. Mrs. Marshall had been persuaded during the afternoon to think she had been to blame in not choosing the younger sister for her companion. Molly had been represented to her as one who would have been so much more serviceable, more easily managed, more willing to hide her head meekly in the background, less exacting and self-asserting, —one who would turn her hand to anything, and never mind what,—who was just the person to fill poor Hughes's place in the household. On leaving the drawing-room, and toiling heavily up-stairs to dress for dinner, she had felt quite annoyed with herself for making so ill-judged a choice, and had begun to consider ways and means for effecting an exchange—not reckoning on the possibility of objection on Molly's part. But when Nella swept into her bedchamber, she pondered for a second or two, and entirely changed her mind.

She had never before seen either of them in evening dress, and now Nella's beauty and elegance struck her forcibly and for the first time. She was getting an old woman herself, past being jealous, and she had no daughter to represent her. This girl was her own flesh and blood,—was considered, she had heard, the prettiest girl in Castlegate,—was undeniably stylish and accomplished, and fitted to shine, under favourable auspices, in Castlegate society. She would not make a drudge of her. She would dress her and display her—would give her all the advantages of her own wealth and social standing—make her an ornament to her drawing-room, and an attraction to eligible men. She should share and promote her ambition and worldly consequence. She should take the rank of a daughter.

Nella's elation was great when she discovered, as she was not slow to do, the change in her aunt's sentiments. Home and Molly went quite out of her head, and she straightway filled it with the wildest dreams of future prosperity and greatness.

Mrs. Marshall turned her round and round and examined her, in the first place,—appraising her various personal qualities with the air of a slave trader making a choice purchase. The examination was satisfactory, as she took no trouble to hide,

and she followed it up with suggestions for improvement that fell pleasantly on Nella's ears.

"You look very nice, my dear—very nice indeed. I shouldn't have thought you could dress so well. But you want a longer train, and more trimming about you. Trimmings are worn so much now. I wish you weren't in mourning—black is so dull and dowdy. I should think you might wear lavender sometimes for evenings. I shall send for my dressmaker to-morrow, and we'll take you in hand and furbish you up between us."

"You're very kind, aunt," murmured Nella, colouring with gratification.

"I want my niece to do me credit," Mrs. Marshall responded, patting her white shoulder with a fat, jewelled hand. Can you speak French well?"

"Yes," said Nella; "Molly and I studied in France for some years."

"Say something to me in French, will you?"

Nella repeated a fragment of one of Racine's tragedies, which happened to come into her head, and Mrs. Marshall nodded approval.

"A very pretty accent indeed. You must talk French to Emily Carter; it will take down her consequence a little."

Nella thought she would like nothing better. She could speak French with perfect ease and purity, and she knew that Miss Carter, while priding herself on her knowledge of the language, could not.

"Do you know German?" continued Mrs. Marshall.

"Yes, and something of Italian," Nella replied, promptly.

"Can you play well?"

"Pretty well, I believe. Papa taught me."

"And sing?"

"Yes, I sing a little." Here Nella smiled a faint complacent smile.

"You shall sing and play to me after dinner," said Mrs. Marshall. And then she rose from her chair and took Nella's arm, and the two went down-stairs in the most amicable fashion. The splendid footman, when he saw them, shook in his shoes.

At dinner Nella was waited upon with all possible attention; and Mrs. Marshall, watching her, seemed pleased with the little airs of *hauteur* and indifference which she assumed with her new position, and on no account resented the humiliation which

was undergone by the important James. As her adopted daughter she could not make herself too grand. After dinner the piano was opened, and Nella played and sang for an hour. She was in the highest spirits, and consequently did her best. Her style was brilliant and ornate—not soft and sweet like Molly's,—and suited Mrs. Marshall's taste entirely. She nodded her head, and counted time with her fat hand on the arm of her chair, and expressed her appreciation of the performance in her own loud, emphatic fashion, causing Nella's heart to beat high with hope and triumph. Then, after tea, the card-table was brought out, and they played whist until past midnight. Mrs. Marshall counted out a handful of loose silver, and divided it with Nella, and then set to work to win it back again with her keen and dexterous play. She was a noted whist player—watchful and cautious as a cat, and as eager to win every advantage as if her whole fortune depended upon it. Nella had never known such sharp practice before, but she rose to the occasion, and for the first time felt in her shallow brain the heat of the gambling fever. She left off reluctantly to go to bed at last, when the little clock on the chimney-piece had struck half-past one—having lost all her money, but having won golden opinions from her aunt.

"We shall get on together famously, I can see," said Mrs. Marshall. "Hughes was such a slovenly, careless player—worse than any dummy. You will get quite expert with a little more practice. Good night, my dear. I hope you'll sleep well. Ring for everything you want, and make the servants attend to you. I shall have the rooms next to mine got ready to-morrow and proper accommodation for you. I wish you to forget all your old ways and habits, you know, and be quite like my daughter."

How Molly would have cried out under this! Nella, on the contrary, kissed her aunt, and thanked her delightedly, and went to bed in the most extravagant spirits.

There were no family prayers in Mrs. Marshall's household. Nella could not have remembered the night when she had gone to rest without having observed this sacred custom, but now she was too tired and distracted to think or care about it. When they were in their own room, too, she and Molly had always read their Bible before going to sleep. Generally Molly used to read a chapter aloud while she sat by the fire or the dressing-table and brushed her hair; and Molly had begged her on

parting to keep to their regular course—wished them to read the same words at the same time,—and she had promised, if possible, to do so. But she forgot both the wish and the promise now. She hurried off her clothes and rolled up her hair, said her prayers mechanically, with her head full of worldly thoughts, and went to bed at two o'clock, and to a heavy sleep, without touching her Bible. And somehow she never could remember afterwards where Molly's little illuminated marker should lie.

Tom Masters came back to Castlegate about a week after, and was dismayed to find what a great and grand lady she had become. He went to a party at Bedford Lodge, miserably in love, and saw her the centre of a circle of new friends, caressed and flattered as the beauty and the richest heiress of the town, with diamonds and pearls in her golden hair, and rich draperies about her, fit for a queen. He humbly sued, as of old, for her favour and love, and she snubbed him, and turned her back upon him, and almost broke his heart.

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny!" he exclaimed, in despair, flinging himself on one of Mrs. Marshall's gay ottomans by his sister's side, "she is beyond my reach now."

"She's a horrid little cat!" Jenny responded, viciously. "She has no heart in her. I wish she may never know what it is to want honest love, that's all. And there's Molly slaving herself to skin and bone all by herself! Molly isn't grand enough to come to her parties, you know—not at all fit to associate with such an elegant fine lady! Not that she need envy her sister, grand as she is. Mrs. Marshall always takes care to get her money's worth; and she has thrown her generosity in Nella's teeth more than once in my hearing."

"Oh, how mean of her!" growled Tom.

"And Nella is mean to stand it. Molly wouldn't stoop for a moment to take such treatment."

"I wonder whether Molly has a fault at all?" said Tom, with a short, hard laugh. And then he got up, kicked a chair that stood near away from him, and slouched off, sour, and cross, and unhappy as he could be.

CHAPTER X.

RIVALRY.

JENNY often went to help Molly, and to atone a little for the ill-usage she was suffering at her sister's hands. Molly had hard work to restrain her rampant zeal for teaching. She went at it in her own clumsy, vehement way, and turned the school-room topsy-turvy,—hindering, in reality, more than she helped. But the love and kindness were sweet to Molly nevertheless.

After school one day she took her friend into the sitting-room, put her in an arm-chair, and coaxed her hair with her small, soft hands. Jenny subsided abruptly into silence, and her face became grave and meditative beyond its wont.

"You've tired yourself quite out," said Molly, kissing her.

"No, I haven't. It does me good to be at work," Jenny replied, heaving an unintentional sigh. "You've no idea how restless I get when I haven't anything to do. I wish I could come and help you always. By the way, I think I will."

"Can't you find plenty of work at home?"

"No," said Jenny, "not work that suits me. They won't let me make the beds and scrub the floors. There's nothing left but to arrange the flowers, and I haven't any taste for that. Besides, Cordy likes to do it."

"But there's needlework, dear, and books, and drawing, and music,—lots of things."

"Not in my line," persisted Jenny, shaking her head. "I can't sit still enough."

"Then why don't you get Mr. Macintyre to give you a district, or a class in the Sunday school?"

"Yes,—and have all the town say I run after the curates. No, thank you."

"But I used to have a district before I kept school, and I don't think anybody accused me of running after the curates."

"Don't be too sure of that. I dare say a good many people did."

"Well, never mind. I didn't run after them, and no more will you. We shall have enough to do if we mind what people say, Jenny."

"I don't mind what they say," retorted Jenny, incon-

sequently. "They may tell any lies they please, if it amuses them. But I am not good enough to have a district, or to teach in the Sunday school either. I am not like you, Molly. I only do for week days and common week-day work. I'm sure I was intended for a washerwoman or a dairy-maid, and was born at the wrong time."

"Nonsense!" said Molly.

"Well, look at me," continued Jenny, lifting her head, and gazing straight into Molly's face with her large bright eyes. "Look at me, and then look at Mrs. Charteris. Look how big and coarse and clumsy I am beside her! She is like a beautiful bit of china, and I'm like a brown earthen pot. Look at my great paws,"—holding out her hands and surveying them scornfully. "They are not made of the same stuff at all. They were made for washing and scouring, and digging potatoes—evidently they were; and hers were made for diamond rings before she was born."

"We may none of us hope to match Mrs. Charteris," said Molly, "she's quite one by herself."

"I always think of the fable of the lap-dog and the ass," continued Jenny, staring intently at her knees, which she was hugging with the objectionable hands. "Mrs. Charteris does everything so naturally and gracefully,—as if she were set to music somehow; but it's no use for me to try to be a lady. I can't do it. No donkey was ever more blundering and uncouth."

She lifted up her eyes as she spoke, and Molly saw, to her astonishment, that they were wet with tears.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, sitting on the arm of the chair, and drawing the melancholy face close to her breast. "I never heard you rail at yourself in such a way before. What ails you, Jenny? You used not to be so discontented."

"I'm older than I used to be," answered Jenny, gulping down a sob, "and I begin to feel what it is to be ugly and horrid."

"You aren't ugly and horrid, Jenny. Nobody thinks so who has an atom of real taste. Who could be ugly with such sweet eyes as yours?"

"Eyes aren't everything," Jenny remarked.

"Eyes are a great deal; and you've got other beauty besides if you did but know it."

"Ah, just so!—*if I did but know it*, and if anybody else *knew it. But it's invisible to all* but you, Molly."

"No, it isn't; Mr. Lepell knows it, or why should he like you so much?"

"I don't believe he does like me much."

"Don't tell stories,—you know he does."

"Has he said so?" inquired Jenny, eagerly.

"He has said so to me often and often. There's more than one sort of beauty, you know. Look at Nella!—lovely as she is, I believe he quite dislikes her. She has no attraction for him."

"I know she hasn't," assented Jenny, in a tone of triumph. "He takes her down awfully. It makes one's blood run cold to see him."

"I'm afraid he's prejudiced against Nella," Molly continued. "But she is not to his taste. Now you are to his taste, Jenny; therefore I think you ought to be satisfied."

Jenny sat still a second or two, holding Molly down in her arms. Then she said hesitatingly, "You wouldn't believe what a fool I have been making of myself, Molly dear."

"What about?" inquired Molly, stroking her face.

Jenny paused again, and then drew back the words that trembled on her tongue's end, shook herself roughly, and answered, "About everything. I really don't seem to have a grain of sense left. It's all idleness, I suppose. I must try if I can't turn over a new leaf, and make myself of some sort of use in the world. Shall I come and help you in the school-room to-morrow?"

"If you like," said Molly.

And Jenny abruptly kissed her and marched off, with her hair all rumpled and her face as red as a peony. Molly, who knew she was odd, had a dim notion that she was rather odder than usual.

When she was gone, Molly ran up-stairs to put on her bonnet; and presently Mrs. Charteris, in her pony carriage, drove up to the door, and she was whirled away through the green lanes and naked woods to Bedingfield. It was one of the music lesson days,—one of the days when Molly threw off her cares and anxieties, and enjoyed life to the utmost. Mrs. Charteris and she were fast friends by this time. No woman probably, in all Castlegate could have sympathized with either of them as they sympathized with one another. Molly shrunk away from Castlegate vulgarity, wincing in silence at every rude touch. Mrs. Charteris haughtily held herself above it, and

calmly forbade contact in a fashion that every one understood. But to one another they opened their hearts freely. Molly was not awed by Mrs. Charteris as she was by Miss Emily Carter and the Masters, and her aunt; and Mrs. Charteris made no account of money in her choice of friends, but much—indeed, all, of blue blood and gentle culture. The people of the neighbourhood were astonished afterwards that she had shown such condescension to the girl, and still more that she had taken so little care to keep her out of her brother's way; but those who were less ignorant of the creeds of her order, and of her sentiments in particular, did not wonder at all.

When they reached the house they went together into Mrs. Charteris's bedroom to take off their things. Such a simple bedroom, Castlegate would have considered it, for such a very fine lady. No ponderous four-posted catafalque, carved and gilded, and hung with silk or satin; no magnificent upholstery, as might have been expected. A little white bed on a light iron bedstead stood in one corner, and the centre of the room was empty space. But the wash-stand and dressing-tables were immense; and all their appliances, when you came to look at them, luxurious and dainty as they could be. Mrs. Charteris sat down on a huge dimity-covered couch, and Molly washed and brushed herself, and then tripped off to her music lesson.

"Come to me in my room when you have done with Edie," Mrs. Charteris called after her.

And an hour later little Edith was sent back to her nurse, and Molly was fetched by Mr. Lepell to his sister's tea-table.

"Do you know, Molly," the latter began, "Howard wants to take you and me to a concert at the Assembly Rooms to-night. Will you go?"

"Can I?" questioned Molly, looking from one to the other with a crimsoning face. "I have never been anywhere but here since papa died. And besides, I haven't anything to wear."

"Do try and manage it," urged Mr. Lepell. "I took the liberty of securing a place for you, and Hilda and I will be so disappointed if you refuse us. Your sister goes out, you know, two or three nights a week. She is sure to be there."

"Silence gives consent," said Mrs. Charteris, as Molly pondered over her decision a second or two. "I shan't let you go home, Molly, for fear you should change your mind. You shall *stay and be dressed up here.*"

"You are very good to me," murmured Molly, looking half inclined to cry.

"*You* are good," responded Mr. Lepell. "You know we want you to go more than you want yourself."

Indeed, Molly was not at all aware how much he wanted her to go. He was bitterly resenting the contemptuous indifference with which she was treated by the Castlegate fashionables, and was longing for such an opportunity to turn the tables upon them, —longing to set her high above their presumption and impertinence. In fact, he had never troubled himself to long for anything so much before.

After tea they chatted by the fire, and Mrs. Charteris sang in the twilight; and Molly listened, with her head on her hand; and Mr. Lepell sat in the shadow of the chimney-piece, and gnawed his moustache, and looked at her. Then the two ladies went to dress. Molly's crape-trimmed merino was exchanged for a black silk, and Mrs. Charteris put some delicate white flowers into her hair, and wrapped a soft white cloak over her bare shoulders. And the three sat down to dinner; and after dinner Mr. Lepell went to the conservatory to cut two bouquets, instead of staying over his wine; and then the carriage was ordered, and they went to the concert.

Molly was human, and her heart fluttered with pleasure and pride that night. The room was nearly full when they arrived. All the "upper ten" of Castlegate were there; the ladies—notably Mrs. Marshall and Nella—in gorgeous array. In front of them, in the place of honour always reserved for the Bedingfield family, stood three empty chairs. Molly was led up the room on Mr. Lepell's arm, and placed in the centre of these much-envied seats. Mr. Lepell arranged her cloak, and gave her a programme, with as much courtesy as if she had been a princess; and then he sat down on her right hand, and Mrs. Charteris on her left, and the two talked to her in familiar whispers, not seeming aware of the presence of any other person.

The audience opened mouth and eyes in astonishment. Nella sat nearest to them, and Nella was devoured with jealousy. Since she had gone to live with Mrs. Marshall, she had become ashamed of her sister and the little cottage and the school, and had excused herself, on various pretences, from keeping up such a regular intercourse with them as she had promised. She had not paid them a visit for many weeks, and

had not chanced to discover the footing on which Molly stood with the Bedingfield household till now. Mr. Lepell had treated her—even her—with a galling indifference and neglect, and Mrs. Charteris had not deigned to notice her at all; and it was like a dream to her that they were chatting to Molly as to an intimate friend, and exalting her over her head in that way. She looked hard at Molly, and for the first time she was envious of her personal appearance. Her hair was done so gracefully,—Mrs. Charteris's maid had given it certain soft turns and twists that country fingers could never accomplish. Her flowers were rare and costly, and put in with perfect taste; her cloak was of a rich whiteness and fineness and aristocratic simplicity, and contrasted harmoniously with her brown-tinted face. Generally there was a look of Mrs. Charteris's world about her, which instinct told her was not in herself.

Then she looked at Mr. Lepell, lounging familiarly by her side, unbending so strangely from his chill dignity and reserve. She had a new lover of her own, a gentleman with a big moustache, whose father had been knighted,—he was at her side now, paying her conspicuous attention, and she had been very proud of him hitherto. But all her exultation turned to envy when she contemplated Mr. Lepell acting escort and cavalier to Molly, who sat enthroned like a queen at the top of the room.

There was, perhaps, only one girl present who was not suspected of jealousy, and that one was more jealous than Nella,—more jealous than all. Jenny Masters had seen Molly sweep up the room with Mr. Lepell and Mrs. Charteris, and she had lost sight even of her dear Tom's misery in her satisfaction and triumph. But afterwards—for she had grown quick-sighted of late—she discovered that Molly was viewed by the squire of Bedingfield in another light than that of a friend, and all her soul rose up within her suddenly in a passion of grief and wrath. For Jenny had managed somehow, despite her strong common sense and her correct apprehension of the fitness of things, to blunder into love with Mr. Lepell herself; and her love was emphatic, like all the rest of her, and of unwieldy proportions. It made her hate Molly for an hour or two with the most blind and bitter hatred.

Poor Jenny! She bullied them all round when she got home again, with an intense irony and maliciousness that they could not at all account for. Then she sat in her bedroom, and let

her candle burn out, while she railed at herself mercilessly for being a dolt and a fool. Then she dragged off her clothes in the dark and threw herself into bed, and cried all night long in a piteous undertone. And then she got up, dressed herself energetically, and went down to breakfast with a composed and business-like face, and set off to help Molly with her monotonous school work as if nothing more than usual had happened to her. And so her little romance was at an end.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

A WEEK or two after the concert, Mrs. Masters gave a dance. But, notwithstanding the example which Bedingfield had set her, she had not courage enough to ask Molly to meet her more wealthy and fashionable guests. Jenny railed and Tom grumbled in vain. It was no use to remonstrate while Molly lived in a cottage, taught tradespeople's children, and kept no servant, even though she associated in so remarkable a manner with the great Mrs. Charteris and Mr. Howard Lepell. Mrs. Masters dared not do it. She felt sure that, if she did, Mrs. Marshall, and the Carters, and the rest of them would be offended, and her party would be spoiled.

"If we once begin to do that sort of thing," she said to her daughters, with the air of a mediæval baroness, "we shall have nobody knows who at the house." Nella was invited without any hesitation, though she was a much more offensive person. Nella outshone the daughters of Castlegate House, and beguiled the son and heir, and attracted to herself the homage and attention of the most distinguished male guests—notably of Mr. Lawson, the new and popular lion, for whom Mrs. Masters was setting traps on Cordelia's behalf. But she was invited, as a matter of course.

And, what is more, she accepted the invitation as a matter of course, though she knew well that Molly was not considered worthy to associate with the people whom she was to meet. She had ceased to identify her interests with those of her family. She would have liked to ignore her mother and Molly altogether, *in fact;* and she did ignore them where she could,—satisfying

her conscience by being very affectionate and caressing when she made them a stolen visit now and then. Ill weeds grow apace, and Nella's inherent vulgarity and meanness had grown and flourished in the atmosphere of Bedford Lodge. She would talk of her ancestors now, in season and out of season, until every one hated the name of them. She would wince and blush at the mention of Molly's pupils; she was ashamed of Molly's homely garments when she met her in the street, and would have given her heaps of cast-off silks and velvets if she would have consented to accept them—which she wouldn't. Indeed, there were times, when she was driving in her aunt's carriage, or walking with her gay friends, that she knew her sister was on an opposite pavement, and would not turn to look. She endeavoured to justify herself in the ordinary way. "It is too bad of Molly to keep on with that wretched school now I am here, and to let us all down so when we might get on in the world." She had deteriorated in every way. She had lost her religious scruples, and fallen away from her religious habits by little and little. She never touched her Bible now. She said her prayers when she was not particularly tired, but rarely prayed. Her heart was too full of the cares, and pleasures, and interests of this world to find room for meditation and speech with God. She had been a constant communicant while living at home, but now she never went to the Lord's table at all, and her conscience had been so roughly stifled that it had ceased to trouble her with her neglect and sin. Mrs. Marshall was not a communicant, and was wont to complain if she were kept waiting for her luncheon; and Nella, for love of her wealth and favour, preferred to please her aunt and offend God. Sunday now was a day for lying in bed late, and reading novels on sofas, and writing letters, and talking of fashions and parties, and dressing prodigiously. There were no hymns sung in the twilight, as there used to be in the old vicarage house, no reading aloud of the dear familiar books that Molly treasured so much; no sweet home chats, no airing of pious and poetic thoughts and fancies by the fireside. Nella thought sometimes that those old days would be very slow and uninteresting to her now.

She was not looking so well, or so pretty either, as she had done. Her life, luxurious as it appeared, was by no means easy in reality. She had not only to show and shine in her aunt's drawing-room and amongst her aunt's friends, to talk and play and sing so as to eclipse all others, whether she were in heart

for it or not; behind the scenes she was housekeeper, and secretary, and lady's-maid in chief—the slave of a most exacting and selfish mistress. Mrs. Marshall kept her hard at work from morning till night, ministering to her personal comfort and social interests. Any symptom of weariness or neglect she promptly punished by reminding Nella of the obligations under which she had been put by her unprecedented generosity, and by vague threats of disinheritance. And this treatment was effectual, for Nella was ready to give her soul for the hope of succession to her aunt's property. Her life was a hard one, and the wear and tear was apparent in her delicate face, the beauty of which was naturally of a fragile and perishable nature. The rose-leaf bloom was faded, and the soft outlines were sharpened, and she looked generally harder and thinner than she should have looked in so short a time. Studying her face now, one could form a tolerably correct notion as to what it would be like when she was old. She made herself very handsome and fashionable, however, as she stood in her bedroom—a grand bedroom now, with a ponderous four-poster, and huge mirrors and silver candlesticks, befitting an acknowledged relation of Mrs. Marshall's—dressing for the ball at Castlegate House. Her maid was putting the finishing touches to a costume of gauze and lace of the daintiest Parisian manufacture; and her jewels lent her by her aunt, were of the newest pattern, and had real diamonds in them. She had a great work to accomplish that night, and she armed herself accordingly.

"Are you never coming?" called her aunt at the foot of the stairs. "The carriage is waiting, Nella."

Nella fastened her cloak hurriedly, clutched her gloves and fan, and ran down-stairs in a fright, expecting a scolding for being late. But Mrs. Marshall smiled when she saw her, patted her shoulder, and told her she looked very pretty and nice.

"Ah," she said, as Nella gave her an arm and they went out to the carriage, "you mean to captivate Mr. Lawson to-night I expect."

"I do," replied Nella, laughing.

"That's right, my dear. Get him to propose, if you can. He has been dangling after you long enough. I don't want to see you cut out by Cordy Masters or Emily Carter."

"I won't be cut out by them," responded Nella.

"No, you are as good as they any day," Mrs. Marshall went on,—and Nella thought she had never known her so confidential

and affectionate. "Cordy Masters won't have such a deal of money, there's so many to divide amongst; and Emily he doesn't like, which is not at all to be wondered at. Though her property is at her own disposal, she is really so very vulgar and plain."

"I think he likes me," remarked Nella, smiling.

"I know he does, my dear. And I've no doubt he will propose if he finds I mean to leave you anything. Of course a man must consider those things."

Nella pricked her ears, and her blue eyes brightened. Her aunt had never spoken to her so definitely about "those things" before.

"If you marry him," said Mrs. Marshall, after a long pause, "I will take care he isn't a loser. Indeed, I shall tell him so myself if I see him hanging back. It would be a very nice thing for you, Nella. Lady Lawson would present you at court, and you could ruffle it with the best of them, if you used your opportunities. And I will say you are a clever girl," she added, patting Nella's knee.

"You are very good to me, dear aunt," murmured Nella, with her pulses beating very fast. "I hope I shall always do you credit."

She walked into Mrs. Masters' ball-room with an elation of heart that it would be hard to describe. She was to realize all her dreams then,—to marry a handsome man of (what she and her friends considered) good family and position, and to be rich and prosperous to the end of her days. She built a thousand air castles as she stood about with the rest of the guests before dancing began. She looked blooming and smiling, and her beauty was alive and alight, and drew all eyes to it wherever she went. But she scarcely seemed to know what she was talking about, or to hear what people said to her.

The first person who roused her to decided action was Tom. Poor Tom! He hovered round and round for several minutes, drawing his circles closer by small degrees, before he dared to approach near enough to speak to her, absorbing her all the while into his wistful, honest eyes.

"Why don't you ask her to dance?" growled Jenny, impatiently, nudging his elbow. "Her card will be filled in no time." And so he made a plunge.

Nella saw him coming, and instantly determined to avoid him. Tom must be made to know his place now, and not presume upon an old friendship to pester her with lover's attentions. It

was necessary that he should be repressed at the outset of the evening, and in a way that he could not mistake. She was sorry to be unkind, but she felt herself obliged to bow haughtily and sweep past him, without seeing his outstretched hand, or hearing the eager commencement of his petition—"Miss Montresor, may I have the honour——"

"It was the best thing to do," she said to herself, complacently, heedless of the blaze of passion in Jenny's face.

As she crossed the room she was met by Mr. Lawson, on whom she smiled in a way that made her poor discarded lover nearly choke himself.

"I was looking for you," exclaimed Mr. Lawson, familiarly, making an elaborate bow and twirling the point of his moustache. "May I have the pleasure of dancing the first quadrille with you?"

"Certainly," replied Nella, sweetly, producing her programme.

And he claimed her for the dance soon after; and Tom had to be *vis-à-vis* to her right-hand neighbour, compelled to see and hear how she laughed and chatted, and poured her smiles and witcheries upon a stranger, as if that savage, melancholy face of his had been a hundred miles off.

"I do think," he said to Jenny, when he passed her again, that I shall wring that Lawson fellow's neck yet."

"Let her have him," replied Jenny, grimly. "She'll find out her mistake before she's done."

"I know he's no good," said Tom. "He makes a deal of show, and I suppose that's what girls like. But they say Mr. Lepell won't meet him, and so there must be something wrong about him somewhere. I know he's no good," he reiterated gloomily. "And I wish somebody would tell her so."

"You'd better tell her yourself," suggested Jenny, who could not help being sarcastic, try as she might.

"I will," said Tom after a pause, in a tone of quiet determination. And he walked away before Jenny could recover her breath to detain him, and tell him not to be so foolish.

About the middle of the night he found Nella sitting on a couch in the hall, where her partner, Mr. Smith, had deposited her while he fetched her an ice. She was watching the players in the card-room through an open door,—watching in particular the face of her aunt, which fronted her, fascinated by its set expression of intense vigilance, and eagerness, and miserly interest,—and did not see him until he was close to her side.

"Nella," he said, in his sudden, blundering way, "have I done anything to offend you?"

She turned and looked at him with an embarrassed attempt at carelessness. "Oh, I didn't know you were there, Tom. What did you say? Have you offended me? No, of course not. Whatever made you think of such nonsense? *Do* look at those people in there," pointing to the card-players. "How absorbed they are in their game!"

"Never mind about them," answered Tom. "Tell me what makes you so different now from what you used to be. Are you too grand for me, Nella?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, colouring and drawing herself up.

"You do know," retorted Tom, clutching her cloak lest she should rise and go away. "You know you used to be kind to me, and let me love you, once. You liked me to love you, and so I did, and so I always have done, and so I always shall. And you turn round and change, and never give me any reason. Nella, dear," he pleaded hurriedly, as he heard steps approaching, "tell me before I go, isn't there any hope for me?"

"No," said Nella, promptly, "I have never given you any hope."

Tom's face clouded over darkly, and there was a painful pause. "Anyhow, don't go and marry that Lawson," said he—and he might have known better than to have said it, stupid as he was,—"you'll repent it if you do."

She rose up with the air of a tragedy queen, and swept out of the hall. At the door of the ball-room Mr. Lawson met her, and she took his arm, and presently began to dance with him again, and to show him more favour than she had ever done before. Tom stood like a sentinel, with his back against the wall, and his arms crossed, and heard his flattering speeches, and her gay and gentle replies, and thought to be sure they would be engaged before the night was out. Nella thought so herself, and Mr. Lawson thought so too. And so, in all probability, they would have been, if Cordelia Masters had not come rushing through the dancers, with a face full of dismay and horror, to upset it all.

"Nella Montresor—where is Nella Montresor? Her aunt is in a fit."

And Nella heard some one near her say, "Apoplexy, I think. She has shown signs of it some time."

THE LATE REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A.[1]

BY A. C. HAYWARD.

It is perhaps consistent with the tenor of John Keble's life that his biography should be given to the public in a style of unpretending simplicity. The holder of high honours at the university, and a leader in the great Church movement of the day, he died Vicar of Hursley. And the portrait, drawn from the recollections of a life-long friendship, is the representation of the quiet home existence of a hard-working parish priest, only varied by incidental allusions to the struggles and victories in which he had taken such an important part.

It is a pleasant picture, a holy and peaceful one, that remembrance of the country vicarage; holy enough to be expressed in words of his own:—"Happy?.that's no word for it; I seemed to myself to be saying all day long, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!'"

But before the *Te Deum* sung for victories won and rest attained, there must be times of strife, and fatigue of battle, and sounds of defeat, it may be; and those restful years of parish work at Hursley were, to Keble, the sequel of a long series of mental labours and severe conflict that now it is difficult to realize, and the history of which would be among the most valued memories of his life.

Sir John Coleridge had doubtless powerful reasons for suppressing the letters which must have revealed much of the inner life of a crisis so eventful not only to Keble himself, but to the whole Church,—those to the friends most intimately associated with him, Newman and Pusey. Yet it is impossible not to regret their omission on more important grounds than the mere loss of most interesting details. The very book that has made Keble's name universally known has tended to give a partial idea of himself and his work. Thousands loving and respecting his memory, know him only as the writer of "The Christian

[1] "A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M A., late Vicar of Hursley." By the *Right Hon.* Sir J. T. Coleridge, D.C L.

Year;" and the lapse of time makes it difficult for them to at all realize all that was implied in the publication of those hymns forty years ago. Expressions of Church doctrine and discipline are met with now as a matter of course, often the mere repetition of acknowledged truths that have grown into truisms; it is difficult to remember that such expressions, in Keble's verses, are the exponents of the mental struggle of years, the results of long patient researches into the treasures of catholicity, hidden, as they then were, under the neglect and ignorance of two centuries. The full record of those labours would be required to give anything like a faithful transcript of the poet's inner life; a record that, in Coleridge's words, would include "a history of our Church for the last forty years." The very greatness of the task involved proves the necessity for its accomplishment; and Sir John Coleridge's humble distrust of his powers of undertaking it will, as he suggests, cause considerable disappointment to many of his readers.

Apart from that mental training which made the real history of Keble, the story of his life as told by his friend is simple and uneventful, almost unusually so. He was born at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, on St. Mark's day, 1792, his father being Vicar of Coln St. Aldwin's, the adjoining parish.

His education was strictly a home one, the father's own tuition qualifying him to take, at fourteen, a Corpus Christi scholarship, and in December, 1806, he went into residence at Oxford. During his undergraduateship he wrote, unsuccessfully, for the "English Verse" and other prizes, devoting himself chiefly to the preparation for his degree, both his tutors urging him to try for honours in mathematics as well as classics. At Easter, 1810, he passed his examination, taking a double first-class, a success never yet attained except by Sir Robert Peel, two years before. These honours led the way to the distinction of an Oriel Fellowship; and in April, 1811, in his biographer's words, Keble "took his place at the High Table and in the Senior Common-room among that body which even then gave the tone to the intellectual pursuits of the university, and which within a few years, by the gradual accession of remarkable men, was to acquire name and celebrity far and wide, and to originate a movement of which the effects are still felt through every part of the Church of England. Whately entered it with him, and they found Copleston and Davison in the lead of it."

Two years later he won both prizes for the Bachelors' Essays,

at that time an unheard-of success; and in 1814 accepted the office of examining master, which he continued to hold after his ordination and appointment to the sole charge of East Leach and Burthorpe, two small parishes near his father's home at Fairford.

A letter written a few days before the ordination gives some idea of the deep feeling with which he looked forward to his life-work:—

"Without any foolish affectation of modesty I can truly say, that the nearer the time approaches the more strongly I feel my own unfitness and unworthiness for the ministry; yet as I hope it is not such but that it may be removed in time by earnest and constant use of the means of grace, I do not think it needful to defer my ordination; but I want all the help I can get in the awful and difficult preparation; do not therefore forget me in your prayers. . . . Pray that He would give me His grace; that I may not be altogether unworthy of the sacred office on which I am, rashly I fear, even now entering, but that some souls hereafter may have cause to bless me."

He took the holy orders of deacon on Trinity Sunday, 1815,—of priest in the following year. Twelve years later he writes, "To-day I have been to an ordination, for the first time since I was ordained myself, and I have almost made a vow to be present at one every year. I think it would do one a great deal of good, *like going back to one's native air after long intervals*,"—a touching remembrance of the impression made upon his mind by the service of dedication.

In 1817, Keble resigned his duty as examiner, leaving Oxford, as he believed, permanently; but returning to it after a year's absence, as college tutor, his brother taking his place in his two small parishes in Gloucestershire.

The five following years seem to have passed as uneventfully as any part of John Keble's life—*outwardly*. The real unrecorded history of that time must have been far different. In 1821 he again served as examining master till 1823, when he resigned his tutorship, and left Oxford, taking his place in the home at Fairford at his mother's death, and resuming the clerical duties that he had unwillingly laid aside, sharing with his brother the work of his former parishes, in addition to the curacy of Southrop, a small village closely adjoining East Leach and Burthorpe.

"*It* was while he was thus engaged," Sir J. Coleridge writes,

"that he received, I believe, the only offer that was ever made him of a dignity in the Church."

This was the Archdeaconry of Barbadoes, offered him by the first bishop of the newly formed diocese. Keble was evidently much gratified by the proposal. "I might have been dazzled by it," he writes to his friend Dyson. But his father's health seemed to be failing, and in Keble's own words, "this left me of course no choice." A letter to Dyson shows the way in which the decision, so important to him, was made :—

"Talking of archdeacons, what do you think? What say you to my going out archdeacon to Barbadoes under W. Coleridge?—would you advise me to go out or not? (N.B.—I am ripe for asking advice.) But do you remember some of the conversations we had on things in general, when we last met at Oxford? I have often thought of them since; indeed, I may say the subject of them is hardly ever out of my mind for half an hour together. And in my cogitations on this matter I thought of them more than usual, because they helped to confirm me in the resolution I knew I must come to. Thinks I to myself, one cannot surely think of a W. Indian archdeaconry with £2,000 a year, &c., &c., as a sort of primitive mission to which everything must give way. In short, thinks I to myself, 'tis a mere political thing, and I'm sure Dyson would say the same. Nevertheless, I do not say I should not have been dazzled by it if my father had not been so decided as he was, not so much by what he said as by his looks and manner. We were all agreed that it was quite out of the question."

It was in the year after the refusal of the foreign preferment that the publication of "The Christian Year" was first seriously contemplated. The book had been in progress through the most eventful part of his life, the years at Oxford. "Silently, or only with communications to his home circle and some very few others, poem had been added to poem; but his notion did not as yet go beyond a posthumous publication at most, when he had given the work as much perfection as he was capable of giving it."

Those who knew Keble personally tell how these silently written verses were to him recollections of the quiet home life of his earlier years; how the pictures of natural objects, of "woodland height" or "deepening glen," were gathered up among his own hills, or on the excursions that were his great relaxation from Oxford labours; how the sorrows and joys of

the course of each mortal year were told of in truer and more touching words because existing for him in the memory-histories of the past.

The well-known lines read on many a funeral day since that time recalled to him the day when "over the grave" *he* "met his Lord face to face:"—

> "The fitful sweep
> Of winds across the steep
> Through withered bents—romantic note and clear,
> Meet for a hermit's ear,"

came to him on the Malvern Hills, when, "sitting under the shelter of one of the rocks, he heard the wind sweeping with that peculiar kind of strong moaning sigh which it practises on the bent-grass." The hymn for the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary was a memorial of his mother's death. While the tone of sadness that passes through the whole book, gathering the music of each various holy day into one plaintive sound, the cry of the "Church left tearful and alone," is but the expression of the difficulties and the mental conflicts of those unrecorded years; as the words of "trembling hope" that looks forward, past all failing and all sadness to the light that shall break upon all darkness, "when from the east the eternal morning moves," tell how at last those struggles ended for him in the confidence of victory.

Extracts from letters written early in 1825 give his own ideas and wishes about the publication.

He writes to Sir J. Coleridge, "Now they are all gone to bed I will tell you a secret, which is that after all my backwardness (which I suppose was chiefly affectation) on such subjects, I am in a fair way to commence *author*. 'Only think,' as Ellison says. Mr. Jeremiah Dyson, whose opinion on such a matter I take to be as safe as anybody's can be, strongly recommends me to publish some of the hymns you wot of. It is against my original plan, which was to complete the series if I could, go on improving it all my life, and leave it to come out, if judged useful, when I shall be fairly out of the way; and this is still my favourite plan, only I am afraid I am in a way of being persuaded out of it."

To Dyson he says, "The more I think of it, the more my fancy would lead me to wait till it might be posthumous. But *I must* see what Johnny Davison says. I have sent him most *of them*, leaving out some which I thought paltry, and others

which come as it were too near home for me to like to show them much; some also on account of their going rather more than might be approved of upon that notion of decay in the Church, which you know I have for some time entertained."

It was at this time that Keble first went to Hursley, as curate with sole charge. There seem to have been many attractions for him in the change of life. "The vicinity of Winchester Cathedral, the college, and school; the society of Hursley itself, and especially that which would of course gather from time to time at Hursley Park; the renewal of his familiar intercourse with his favourite old pupil (Sir William Heathcote); the country around, a pleasant interchange of breezy down and picturesque woodland, hill and valley, the New Forest, Southampton, and the sea at a convenient distance," &c. "And," writes Sir John Coleridge, "the year which Keble passed as curate of Hursley I should characterize as, if not the most happy, yet the brightest and most sunshiny period of his life."

It ended, sadly, in his recal to Fairford on the death of his sister Mary Anne, after which he remained in the old home, working as curate of Coln during the remainder of his father's lifetime. A few months after this unexpected return "The Christian Year" was published, Keble's own disinclination and the opinion of many of his friends having been overcome by his father's natural wish of seeing the work completed before his death.

Looking back as we do now on the results of that publication, and knowing by experience the untold influence for good exercised by the unpretending hymnal, it is strange to read of the unconsciousness of its merits, and the very moderate expectations of success with which it was sent to press.

"We who had watched the work from the beginning," Coleridge writes, "were somewhat more enlightened [than Keble], perhaps; but we had not, I think, fully comprehended the importance of the volume; we had, indeed, a very high opinion of it: we thought it would gradually win its way, and would exercise a great influence on its readers; but we were none of us prepared for its immediate success, still less for such a success as befell it."

The author's own opinion of its merits is only another expression of the self-distrust and humility of feeling that are evident in every page of his writings. In a letter to Mr. Pruen he writes, "I had long ago *considered* about printing the dedication you *speak of; but somehow* or *other* (though Davison recommended

it) I could not bring myself to it; it seemed too much like printing one's own private confessions; and so, to be sure, is half the book; and many times when I consider what my friends would think of me if I were to print the other nine-tenths of my thoughts, I really feel quite ashamed of having printed the book at all; for though I am not blind enough to see all the good in it that you do, I am well aware there is quite good enough to make it on the whole a considerable fib on my part. But this will not do to talk and laugh about."

"This feeling of sadness and dissatisfaction," his biographer tells us, "increased rather than diminished by the popularity of the book." And, almost twenty years after, Keble writes, "I feel so painfully more and more the deceitfulness of the 'C. Y.'"—a feeling that explains Coleridge's remark, "He seems as if he half wished to disconnect himself from it, and as if he would rather it had been the work of some one else than himself."

The verses on the State Services were added in the third edition. In alluding to the alteration in one of these hymns, after the author's death, Sir John Coleridge publishes a letter from Keble to the Rev. Samuel Walker on the subject, which explains his own interpretation of the disputed passage, and effectually contradicts the absurd imputation cast on his executors of having perverted the sense of the original words by the correction.

"*February*, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am obliged by your kind suggestion regarding the passage in 'The Christian Year.' For many years it has been a matter which I have thought of at odd times, and you will find in my dear friend Hurrell Froude's 'Remains' that complaints were made of it near thirty years ago. I thought of an alteration, but other friends overruled it. Nor am I at present disposed to make any. Yours I fear would hardly come up to what is wanted in the way of doctrine. In a note to the preface of the second edition of a book of mine, which nobody reads, on 'Eucharistical Adoration,' I have given my own commentary on it; that it is to be understood 'Not in the hands *only*,' as against a carnal presence,—*vide* St. John vi. 63; and the same idiom recurs elsewhere.

"I have been shown a passage in St. Bernard, but cannot now recall it, which seemed to me to justify the expression.

"Do you not think that if it *can* be justified it had best be retained, were it only to help in showing that such sayings do not

necessarily bear such a meaning, and must be interpreted consistently with the writer's sentiments known unquestionably in other ways?"

The apparent disregard of the writer's wish as to non-alteration was caused by the quotation of the lines in question a few weeks before his death, in the meaning that at first sight certainly seems to belong to them, when, as an important doctrine seemed likely to be misrepresented, Keble yielded his own wishes, and left a note authorizing the change which has been carried out in all later editions. The ambiguity of expression was unfortunate; but no one reading "Eucharistical Adoration" can doubt that Keble's original meaning is only more plainly rendered in the corrected verse,—

> "O come to our communion feast!
> There present in the heart,
> As in the hands, th' eternal Priest
> Will His true Self impart."

Only a few months after the completion of "The Christian Year" Keble's name was mentioned as candidate for the Provostship of Oriel, vacant by the appointment of Copleston to the Bishopric of Llandaff. There was much to make the position an attractive one, and Keble's letter seems to show great but repressed inclination for it. Family reasons, as well as a strong feeling that the other candidate (Hawkins) had superior claims on the distinction, resulted in the decision expressed to Froude:—

"*St. John's day*, 1827.

"Since you went away I have been endeavouring (for without any proem I think fit to enter at once into the selfish part of this letter) to look this matter of the provostship clearly in the face, and find out exactly what I had best do. All being brought into a sum, to the best of my poor judgment I think I must, with all possible love and thanks to you and others who think as you do, decline it altogether.

* * * * * *

"I have great doubts whether I should be so comfortable there as I am now, and I don't suppose he has any doubts at all. I have calls, as you know, elsewhere of a more pressing nature than he. . . .

"Now although these objections might all give way, and *ought to do so, if one's college* absolutely called upon one as the

only person, they come in with what I feel to be decisive force, when there is a difference of opinion, to encourage one's natural wish of getting over things as quietly as possible. In case any unpleasant feeling should arise, one should immediately say, 'Now this is my fault;' and in a college, and among clergymen, a great deal should surely be given up to insure freedom from factions and envy. . . .

"Therefore, my dear fellow, don't think of me any more, but let good old Hawkins walk over the course.

* * * * * *

"I feel myself *safe* in this resolution, which I should not by any means in the opposite one. For indeed I don't imagine my constitution at all charmed against the Oxford epidemic,—rather, I should say, the doctorial epidemic, everywhere, if you know what that is."

Writing to Coleridge after the election, he says, "I hope you don't think I did wrong in the Oriel affair. . . . I felt that I was taking the safe side in declining all thoughts of the thing; it was not a clear *call*, and I hold it under such circumstances always best to let well alone. . . . I have made up my mind to keep contented with my father and Elizabeth until I have, as I said, a clear *call* elsewhere."

For his father's and sister's sake he had to refuse two other offers of preferment. In the following year Sir William Heathcote pressed him to accept the vicarage of Hursley, and the temptation to do so was evidently a strong one. "But," he writes, "after a good deal of doubt and some anxiety, I have written to decline it finally." And in 1831 the valuable and important living of Paignton in Devonshire, offered by the late Bishop of Exeter as to "the most eminently good man in the Church," was declined on the same grounds.

A letter to Dyson in December, 1830, gives the first mention of what was to be one of his greatest works.

"I heard from Cardwell the other day that a new edition of Hooker is in contemplation at the Clarendon, and he wants me to undertake it; I don't very well know what such an undertaking implies; but he says it will be a mere reprint, he thinks, if I decline it; so I think of trying it, if I can get you and Tom to help; or rather, I should like for you, most venerable, to be *the* editor, and for Tom and me to be understrappers."

"I have no doubt," Coleridge says, "it was a delight to him

to be invited by the delegates of the press, through Cardwell, one of them, to undertake the office of editor. He had been an enthusiast about Hooker from his early youth; the great man's connection with Corpus, and the relics relating to him, preserved in our archives (as a certain special portion of our library was called), with which Keble and his brother as early as 1816 had busied themselves, helped to increase this feeling; partly it was what may be called political; partly, and I think for the greater part, it was religious: if he could have been bitter in anything, it would have been in his condemnation of the old Puritanical spirit, which seemed to him alien from the better spirit of the Church of England, as he shaped her to his own imagination."

Preparations for the new edition were at once begun.

"It would be pleasant work," Keble writes, "if one had the command of libraries; but as I have been forced to do it by fits and snatches, it is anything but satisfactory."

This difficulty of obtaining materials for reference was a considerable drawback to its progress; and it was not till August, 1835, that the editor wrote to Froude of its near completion:—

"I am now all through Hooker, except about half a dozen references in some of the Opuscula, and must begin forthwith to discuss the preliminary dissertation, in which N. says I must give a grain of Hooker's views. But this will go terribly against the grain; and, indeed, I sometimes feel as though I were utterly incapable of it. . . . I am more and more satisfied that Richard was in most things a middle term between Laud and Cranmer, but nearer the former; and also that he was in a transition state when he was taken from us; and there is no saying how much nearer he might have got to Laud if he had lived twenty years longer. His notion of regal, or rather state power, would rather have stood in the way, and *perhaps* would his dislike to anything approaching to justification by inherent grace. But in the great point of the sacraments, as I conceive, he was almost or entirely with us, if such an expression be not ludicrously presumptive."

"The importance of this labour," in Coleridge's words, "can scarcely be over-estimated. All will agree, I presume, in the advantage of having the test of this great work diligently collated with the best editions, briefly and carefully annotated with a verification of the references, and made more conveniently readable by the breaking it up into numbered paragraphs and sections, with a running title of the chief topics. . . . When one

considers the difficulties under which Keble wrote his preface, it is a really astonishing work; and it shows how much knowledge, and in how many various ways, he had not merely acquired, but assimilated and made his own. . . . I cannot suppress the feeling of satisfaction I have as an old scholar of Corpus, that it fell to the lot of another scholar of the same house to do this act of justice to the greatest name upon our list, and that he was enabled to do it so consummately."

Long before the completion of the Clarendon "Hooker," Keble had been elected, without opposition, to the Poetry Professorship. At the previous vacancy, in 1821, ten years before, he had withdrawn his claim on hearing that the late Dean of St. Paul's was to compete with him; "feeling," Coleridge tells us, "that Milman's talents, acquirements, and distinction, entitled him to any honour of that kind which the university could bestow. Keble was not now without scruples as to his own qualifications for the office.

He writes, "I am not very particularly sanguine about this professorship, to which my friends have been so kind as to nominate me; I feel as if the Latin wouldn't come; and what is worse, I have not yet come to any resolution on the subject to lecture on."

And later,—"I was at Oxford the beginning of this week, 'reading in;' it is uphill work to me, and you never said a much truer thing than when you told Tom I was ten years too old for the task. However, I must do my best now. My notion is, to consider poetry as a vent for overcharged feelings or a full imagination, and so account for the various classes into which poets naturally fall, by reference to the various objects which are apt to fill and overpower the mind, so as to require a sort of relief. Then there will come in a grand distinction between what I call primary and secondary poets; the first *poetising* for their own relief, the second for any other reason. Then I shall βασανίζε, one after another, each of the great ancients, whom in my royal authority I think worthy of the name of a primary poet, and show what class he belongs to, and what sort of a person I take him to have been. From which will arise certain conclusions as to the degree in which the interest of poetry depends on the character of the writer, as shown in his works; and again, as to the relation between this art and practical goodness, moral and religious."

"I must say," Coleridge comments, "that I entirely retract

the observation that he was ten years too old when he was elected to the professorship; he was not, in my opinion, a day too old. I presume I must have been thinking principally of the Latinity, and no doubt the ten years' disuse added much to the difficulty of which he complains, and the danger which he feared.

* * * * * *

The ten years of interval between the two elections had been to him years of mental enrichment, ripening, and consolidation; yet had not diminished, perhaps increased, his conscientious consideration of what he might say, and the modesty which was an inseparable part of his whole nature. They had been years, too, of considerable progress and activity, generally in poetic and artistic studies; in this he had participated, and he had seen more of Nature, and studied her intensely with a true poet's feeling. Moreover, attentive readers will not fail to perceive that all through his analysis of poems and his criticisms, and especially through the notatory parts of the lectures, there run the golden threads of a religious spirit; never obtrusively, never patchily manifested, but uniformly, and as it were imperceptibly, shedding a mellowness and glow of colour over the whole texture. Certainly he had the feeling which was the source of this in 1821 equally as in 1831; but I think it came out with more grace, consistence, and power, with the years added to his course. Such a man, especially one so diffident of himself, would be able to say at the latter age what he might perhaps have shrunk from saying, or said with less authority, at the former."

The translation of a few sentences from the close of Keble's "Prælectiones" gives a good illustration of what Coleridge calls the spirit of the whole series:—

"This would I desire most earnestly to deliver and commend to the thoughts of our young men, that it will be well with the pursuit of Poetry so long only as her lovers shall remember that she is a gift vouchsafed to man, and minister as a specially honourable handmaid to true piety; so that they should serve her, not in word, but in deed and in truth, with all reverence, constancy, chasteness of spirit. On these, indeed, will depend entirely the hope which at length we dare conceive for the future, that that grander and loftier voice of poetry, which now for several years hath been heard among us, shall have good end and issue through the happy increase of those studies which peculiarly and properly are termed divine.

"May God, best and greatest, vouchsafe that if He shall haply have ordained for us so great a blessing, it may not in the very smallest particular fail and be of none effect through the fault of any one of us."

Keble had held the professorship of poetry little more than a year, when he was called to take a leading part in the crisis of 1833. In the summer of that year he was chosen by the Vice-Chancellor to preach the Assize sermon, which he did, publishing it afterwards under the title of "National Apostasy." The subject was suggested by the state of affairs in the Church of England at that time, more especially by the measures that ended in the suppression of the bishoprics; but though the expression of strong, deep feeling, its language was moderate. Yet Dr. Newman, as he tells us in the "Apologia," dates the beginning of the religious movement of 1833 from the publication of that single sermon.

In the absence of the letters and information that Sir J. Coleridge has thought prudent to express, the few incidental allusions to this most eventful period of Keble's life are of great interest, especially the first notice to Dyson of what he calls the "quiet and unpretending association" that was to increase into such an enormous power. "If I had not hoped to see you so soon I should have sent you, I think, what I now reserve for you, if you will accept it, a sermon which I have ventured to preach and publish; and at the same time I should have asked you, What think you of a kind of association (as quiet and unpretending as may be, if possible even without a name) for the promotion of these two objects?—first, the circulation of primitive notions regarding the Apostolical Succession, &c.; and secondly, the protection of the Prayer-book against profane innovation. We have as yet only written round to a very few intimate friends, Davison, Ogilvie, Tom, &c., and, as far as they have answered me yet, they seem to think it may do good. To give you a notion of the kind of thing, the first tract we propose to print will be a *penny* account of the martyrdom of St. Ignatius, with extracts from his epistles. Pray do not blow on it as being all *ultra*."

"Such," Coleridge writes, "was the original design of the small knot of zealous Churchmen who projected this celebrated series of tracts. . . . Keble's direct contributions to the tracts were few, . . . but it is not to be doubted that his interference in regard to them went much further, not merely in

suggesting subjects, and reviewing the essays of others, but in personal influence elsewhere than in Oxford, in procuring contributions and extending the circulation."

The tracts that he wrote himself are, Nos. 4, on Apostolical Succession; 13, on the Principle of Selection of the Sunday Lessons; 40, on Marriage with Persons out of Communion with the Church; 52, 54, 57, 60, on four several Saints' Days (intended to form part of a course); and 89, an Essay on the Mysticism attributed to the Early Fathers, which remained unfinished.

"He was evidently intending to finish the essay which he had commenced in the 89th," Coleridge tells us, "when the publication of the celebrated 90th brought the whole series to an abrupt termination. . . . Some part of the anger and bitterness with which the ninetieth tract was received may fairly be traced to the feeling created, unjustly indeed, yet not unnaturally, by the publication of the 'Remains' (Hurrell Froude's Life); the one seemed to be the result of the other, and the sequence of the two was held to show a deliberate hostility to the Anglican, and an undue preference of the Roman Church."

The "Remains" were published in 1838 and 1839 in two parts, with a preface to each, written by Keble, with the interpolation of a short passage in the second, and a few pages in the first, by Newman.

This last addition was intended as a vindication of Froude from the charge of unfaithfulness to the Church of England; but it excited considerable alarm and prejudice, and Keble, having had a share in the preparation of the preface, insisted on sharing the responsibility of the writer. The feeling of distrust of the promoters of the tract movement was increased by the appearance, in the following year, of No. 90.

"The tract," writes Coleridge, "is dated 'The Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1841;' shortly after appeared what has been called the 'Letter of the Four Tutors,' reflecting upon it, addressed to the editor of the 'Tracts for the Times,' and requesting him to make known the name of the writer of the tract. Mr. Newman answered them at once, and his letter professed at least to remove one principal ground on which the censure in them was rested; he also commenced immediately the preparation of a letter to Dr. Jelf, in explanation and justification of the tract. But both these measures might for any immediate purpose have been spared, so rapid were the proceedings of the Hebdomadal Board. The Letter of the Tutors was published, I

believe, on a Monday; it was laid before the Board, with the tract, on Wednesday; a censure was agreed to on the Friday, and on the following Monday in form pronounced and published. . . .

"Keble had at once, and before the censure was determined on, communicated to the Vice-Chancellor that he held himself to be a sharer in the responsibility of publishing the tract; and he was by no means satisfied that the whole blame, whether deserved or not, should rest on Mr. Newman's shoulders. He accordingly prepared a letter—printed and largely distributed in the course of the conflicts which disturbed the university in the three or four years immediately following the printing."

Admitting that he was "as far responsible as any one besides the actual writer could be," for the tract so severely condemned, he explains the object of the publication:—

"On all these and similar points (expressions in some of the articles) explanations had been given in various works, and it seemed desirable to collect them in one as a kind of manual to assist in what was believed to be the true legitimate catholic exposition of the articles, whereby the scruples which were known to exist, and other similar ones which may be expected to arise from time to time, in the interpretation of them as of other formularies, might be removed or allayed, and an adherence to primitive antiquity so far thoroughly reconciled with our allegiance to the Anglican Church.

"Looking in another direction one seemed to perceive an additional call for some brief and popular treatise to the same effect. From various quarters the cry of insincerity has been of late more and more loudly raised against those who, subscribing these articles, professed uncompromising reverence for the ancient Church; and it was supposed neither unreasonable nor uncharitable to put within the reach of persons who might find something plausible in such an outcry, the true account of the several points of detail which at first sight would naturally tell in its favour."

This letter was widely circulated, but with little success; and the three or four years following were, in Coleridge's words, "dreary years as regarded Oxford, years of repeated conflicts, . . . in which the High Church party fared but ill against the bitter hostility and concentrated vigour of their opponents."

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ecclesia. Church Problems considered in a Series of Essays. Edited by H. R. Reynolds, D.D., President of Cheshunt College. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1870.

This is in every way a remarkable book. In idea and outer form it is a companion to such volumes as "The Church and the World," and "The Church and the Age." Amongst its writers are found some of the most thoughtful and able representatives of Congregational Dissent; and in its contents there is a stronger grasp of great truths and a wider sympathy than is commonly to be met with in essays of this description. The subjects treated of are—the primitive Church; the idea of the Church in its historical development; the religious life and Christian society; the relation of the Church to the State; the forgiveness and absolution of sins; the doctrine of the Real Presence and of the Lord's Supper; the worship of the Church; the Congregationalism of the future; and modern missions and their results. The whole of these essays are well worth reading, but especial mention must be made of Mr. Dale's on the Lord's Supper, and Mr. Allon's on worship. It is somewhat refreshing to find so great a Nonconformist authority as Mr. Dale writing as follows, in regard to the severely cold teaching of Dissenters on the doctrine of the eucharist:—

"The weakness of the extreme Protestant position lies in this, that to interpret our Lord's words when He instituted the service as meaning "This bread *represents* My body," leaves upon the mind a feeling of dissatisfaction. That the bread was broken and distributed to the apostles with a simply 'didactic' purpose, that the whole rite is only a visible memorial of the death of Christ, is a theory which has never yet been able to lay a firm hold on the mind of any considerable section of the Church. The service is felt to be an 'act,' not simply a 'picture lesson.' To invest it with the nature of an act, it has been spoken of by Congregationalists as 'a *token* of faith in the Saviour and of brotherly love;' as though the rite had been founded by the Church as an expression of its own life, instead of having been founded by our Lord himself."—(P. 385.)

Mr. Allon's essay on the Worship of the Church is beautiful exceedingly, and we cordially recommend it to our readers. Take, for example, the contrast between prayer and praise admirably worked out in p. 400:—

"As contrasted with the worship of prayer, the worship of praise is manifestly transcendent. Prayer is the pleading of our human indigence and helplessness:

praise is the laudation of divine excellency and sufficiency. Prayer supplicates the good that God may have to bestow; praise is the adoration of the good that there is in God himself. When we pray we are urged by necessities, fears, and sorrows; it is the cry of our troubled helplessness, often of our pain or our terror; we are impelled by feelings of unworthiness, memories of sin, yearnings for forgiveness and renewal. Praise brings not a cry, but a song; it does not ask, it proffers; it lifts not its hand, but its heart; it is the voice not of our woe, but of our love; not of beseeching, but of blessing. It comes before God not clothed in sackcloth, but with its 'singing robes' about it; not wailing litanies, but shouting hosannas. Prayer expresses only our lower religious moods of necessity and sorrow; praise expresses our higher religious moods of satisfaction and joy. Prayer asks God to come down to us; praise assays to go up to God. The soul that prays falls prostrate with its face to the ground, often being in an agony; the soul that praises stands with uplifted brow and transfigured countenance, ready to soar away to heaven. Moreover, the instinct of praise in the religious heart is deeper than that of prayer; song in the human soul is earlier and will be later than supplication. Prayer is the accident of our present sinful necessity; praise is the essence of all religious life and joy. The birthplace and home of prayer is on earth; the birthplace and home of praise is in heaven."

Church Doctrine, Bible Truth. By the Rev. M. F. SADLER, Rector of Honiton. Fourth Edition. London: Bell and Daldy. 1870.

WE are not at all surprised to find that Mr. Sadler's most useful book has reached a fourth edition. We know of no book likely to be of greater service, especially amongst thoughtful Dissenters, in proving that all distinctive Church doctrine is found in the Bible.

Mr. Sadler writes with singular clearness and uncommon charity, while his statements are full of force, and cannot fail to commend themselves to all who are really and earnestly seeking for the truth. We heartily wish for Mr. Sadler's treatise a much wider circulation still.

Poems. By F. W. H. MYERS. Macmillan and Co. 1870.

A THIRD edition of "St. Paul," Mr. Myers' very striking poem, reviewed in these pages some months ago, having been called for, Mr. Myers reprints in this little volume with it some poems that have appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and gives a few others entirely new. "St. Paul" is, however, the gem of the book, and is one of the very best poems that modern days have seen.

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & Family Treasury.

MARGARET:

THE STORY OF MY LIFE FROM FIVE TO TWENTY-FIVE.

BY E. M. ALFORD.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

WITH a light, happy heart I came down to breakfast on that birthday morning. The postman's knock sounded cheerily as I descended the stairs, and what was more cheering still, two thick envelopes lay on my plate bearing the loved handwriting of Miss Sedley and Lady Lettice; and not only so, but two small book parcels lay beside them, on opening which I discovered two very welcome prettily bound books, Jean Ingelow's Poems, and Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies."

Uncle Sam came down presently, looking careworn I thought, but he brightened at sight of my happy face, and putting his hand gently on my head, said, "God Almighty bless thee, my child; poor old uncle Sam has little left to give thee now but his prayers and blessings." And then, speaking in a less serious tone, he added, "but see, I have been to my bookshelves and chosen out the smartest of your old favourites for you. I gave Dr. Primrose a handsome new coat two years ago, and the good

old vicar lived so much in retirement during your absence, Maggie, that really it is not a bit the worse for wear."

"Oh thank you, dear uncle," I exclaimed. "Now I know how it was that I looked in vain for my friend in your library, I never suspected my dear old Vicar of Wakefield of putting on such handsome attire. I don't believe his wife and daughters, in all their finery, ever came up to this!"

My uncle smiled at my childish delight in my presents. But the smile quickly passed away as he read a letter that awaited him on his plate. I wondered what secret trouble he could have to affect him so, but dared not ask; he would tell me, I knew, if he thought right. We eat our meal silently, and just as I was leaving the room, my uncle said, "Maggie, we must have a good dinner to-day, it's your birthday, you know; and besides, I expect your cousin Rupert to call upon me about some business matter, and we must make your relative welcome."

"Rupert coming!" I cried, aghast. "Oh uncle, I am so sorry. You need not ask him to stay, need you? it will spoil our day."

My uncle looked at me with a surprised, questioning expression, and said, as he left the room, with more authority than usual in his voice,—

"Yes, Maggie, I need. And I wonder at your want of hospitality, what! would you send away one of the family that entertained you for months, hungry from your home? I should have thought you would have liked your cousin Rupert, he seems fond of you, and anxious for your welfare. However that may be, I beg you and Susan to do your best to provide a good repast, and I will take out a bottle of my old port to grace our guest."

So saying, uncle Sam disappeared, and I was left in a puzzle as to the means Rupert had taken thus to engratiate himself. For awhile, a little of the superstitious feeling I had felt when he told me of his intentions to make me his wife came over me, and I almost dreaded lest I should at last be compelled by this hard, clever man to bend to his will. But this wretched feeling soon passed away. I told myself that my will too was strong, and I am not sure that I was not rather pleased at the prospect of asserting it. Not only did I not love him, but I loved another, and who was he to interfere in my affairs! My spirits rose again. First I stowed away my new treasures

in my own little bookcase, and then putting on a pretty pink stomacher apron, and rolling my sleeves up to the elbows, I descended to the kitchen to carry out with Susan uncle Sam's wishes.

A long consultation we had. For in a general way our bill of fare was a very simple one, economy being the order of the day. Therefore we hardly felt equal to such a dinner even, as I knew Rupert was accustomed to every day at Denis Court. However, by the help of a cookery book and my own memory, I gave Susan some hints, which, with her practical knowledge, she easily carried out. I busied myself meantime with the sweets and pastry. Our dinner-hour was two, so we had to work hard, and I was in the midst of my pastry-making when I heard a loud ring at the door-bell. Poor Susan, who was at agony point with some of her preparations, was fairly troubled at this unwelcome interruption. It wasn't a patient, she was quite sure of that, "unless it were an accident or the like, for all master's patients knew by this time that he weren't never in from 10 till 2."

"Well Susan," said I, "don't you fluster yourself about it. I'll go myself. It's Mr. Rupert, I expect, and I should like to shock him by answering the door in a cooking apron."

So shaking the flour from my hands, and pulling down my sleeves, I went to open the door, but not before a second imperious ring had summoned me. Rupert it was, as I had surmised, looking very grand and fashionable, but with an impatient frown on his brow at the delay in his admittance. He was on the point of complaining of the same, I think, but on seeing who I was, his manner entirely changed.

"What, Margaret," he said, "this is an unexpected honour, that you should be so eager to welcome your old enemy. But wherefore this attire, my fair coz, is it the last new fashion? A becoming one, I grant you."

"I am glad you approve," I answered. "The fact is, Susan and I were both busy getting your dinner, and as I could leave work with the less inconvenience of the two, I hastened to let you in, knowing that your mightiness is not accustomed to wait. But I must hurry back to my work again, so I will show you into my uncle's library, where you will find the best of company to entertain you till he returns."

So saying, I led the way. Rupert complained of his fate. "I did not come here" he said, "to be doomed to solitary

confinement. And as to ladies interfering with the work of housemaids and cooks, I object to it on principles of political economy. What ridiculous nonsense it is, that people can't be content to keep to their own sphere! Work is life to the labouring classes, and what right have you to take the food out of their mouths? I declare I'll write an article on the subject for the *Saturday Review*. We have lady nurses, lady cooks, lady dressmakers, lady milliners, and then comes an outcry for work from the labouring classes! Men are so different. We are quite content to submit to our fate. Money being provided for us, we take life easily, and leave the work for those whose lot it is."

"Yes," I said, "and he who can do nothing with the greatest ease and elegance is the finest gentleman, I suppose. But wouldn't it be well to try real hard work for once? then you would be better able to estimate the value of what you pay for. However, you write your article while I do my work, since happily I must reckon myself as one of this same labouring class, for were I not to help dear old Susan we should never get along."

"And you mean to say that that old drone is your only domestic?"

"I mean to say that my friend Susan and I do all the work of the house."

Rupert knit his brow, and stamped his foot angrily. "And how long have you devoted yourself to menial occupations?" he asked, with his old sneer.

"I have assisted Susan ever since I came home. But it has only taken a portion of my time. I have had very good company at other parts of the day," pointing to the bookshelves.

"Margaret," he said, sternly, "this shan't go on any longer. I don't choose that my wife shall lower herself in this way; it will entirely unfit you for the place in society I intend you to grace. I have come to speak to your uncle on the subject of our marriage, and shall beg him to fix an early day. I do not anticipate any opposition from him, as I know he is anxious to see you settled. In fact, what you have been telling me only confirms me in my former conjecture, that the poor old man cannot really afford to keep you, and surely you would not deprive him in his old age of the little comforts he has been always used to?"

"I flatter myself that I am a greater comfort to him than any

of those to which you refer," I answered, with a choked voice; for there was a bitter sting of truth in his words. I could not but confess that my uncle had looked very worn and harrassed since my return. Rupert took no notice of my last words, but went on, unheeding my emotion,—

"Poor old man! I will give you, Margaret, in confidence, a hint of the trouble that weighs him down. But remember, you must not repeat even to him what I tell you. In some pecuniary difficulties consequent on his great loss in the smash of the —— Bank, he borrowed a large sum of money. He has consulted me about his affairs, so that I happen to know that he not only finds it impossible to pay off this debt by instalments, as agreed, but even to defray the interest thereon. I need not tell you, that to a man with your uncle's strict notions of honour and particularity in money matters, this is a great trial, and one which, if allowed to continue, is almost certain to undermine his health very quickly."

I sank down into a chair, and covered my face with my hands in misery. I could not question the truth of what Rupert said, it so exactly tallied with all I had observed in my dear uncle since my return—his eager desire to save, his extreme self-denial, in points too upon which he had formerly been so particular, such as a neat carriage, good horse, &c. I thought of the tumble-down old affair he now went his rounds in, and felt acutely what he must feel, in driving up to the stately houses of his country patients in such a conveyance. For, as Susan was wont to say, "Master do like to have things neat and nice about him; he don't care for no sort of finery, so long as they be tidy, that's the *main chance*." This last expression, by the way, was a great favourite of Susan's; she meant by it main point, and brought it in continually; that very morning, for instance, she had said to me, "Roll out your paste lightly, Miss Maggie, that's the main chance."

But to return from dear beaming old Susan to my sad young self. I could not bear the thought, thus brought home to me, of my uncle's being in such trouble, and sparing me the knowledge of it. If he had only confided in me I fancied I could have done something. Surely I could earn money somehow, but would he let me? and what excuse could I give for doing so, whilst he supposed me in ignorance of the need? In my despair I looked up at Rupert, and said, "Oh Rupert! what can I do for him? Can't you advise something?"

"Yes," he answered, and there was a look of triumph on his face as he said it, which I detected, and which set me on my guard. "Yes, Margaret, you have but to fulfil my wishes and those of your uncle, and all will be well. The day that sees you my wife shall see your uncle free from all difficulties, and in affluence."

"Thank you," I said, "I am not to be bought with a price. I will seek advice elsewhere. Meantime, my pastry will be spoiled." So saying, I rushed out of the room, and into the kitchen, where I threw myself into Susan's arms and wept like a child.

"It is a plot!" I exclaimed, passionately. "I am sure it is all a snare, spread out by that cruel Rupert! Oh, Susan, don't let them make me marry him, for I hate him, indeed I do!"

"Nobody shan't make you do nothing you don't want to, my dear," said Susan, soothingly. "As for that young Jackanapes up-stairs, I'll just go and walk him off in double quick time."

To the execution of which threat she immediately hastened, rolling-pin in hand, (she having taken up my neglected work for me), and with her eyes shining through her tears, and her rosy cheeks through the flour, with which a wipe from her apron had besmeared them, she marched off. I could not help smiling as I called to her to stay, telling her that my uncle would not like his guest to be turned out of doors. But she only answered,—

"Hist, hist, child! I know what I'm about, I'm no chick to be taught manners." From which unwonted rejection of my interference, I knew Susan to be angry for once, and in earnest. However, she came back ere long, crestfallen, saying,—

"I'd no call to tell him to go, for he were gone."

"But he will come back to dinner, Susan," said I, "so we must set to work."

This diversion had done me good, and by the time my uncle came in I had worked away all traces of my tears, and had dressed myself with especial care, for was it not my birthday? and had not my uncle bidden me welcome his guest? Rupert returned at dinner-time, and we both behaved as though nothing had happened. The meal passed drearily enough, I thought. My uncle exerted himself to talk, and he was a very good talker to proper listeners; but Rupert had such a supercilious patronising way of attending to and answering his remarks,

that I felt angry all the time, and my uncle I think was hurt by it, though his manner did not betray him. My health was drunk in the highly-prized bottle of port, and then I gladly retired, leaving the gentlemen to discuss their affairs.

CHAPTER XVII.

GATHERING CLOUDS.

I HASTENED to put on jacket and hat, and then slipped out at the back door, to get away from Rupert, whose very presence irritated me. Besides, it was my birthday, and I promised myself one treat, namely, a solitary walk to a pretty hill about a mile from our house, the way to which lay through refreshing green meadows. It had been a favourite walk of Sedley's and mine in our childhood's days, and in later years we had often gone thither to commemorate my birthday. When I first awoke that morning, I had hoped that I should see or hear from Sedley in some way during the day, for with the exception of the previous year, when I was in Rome, we had never missed meeting on the 20th of April. But, since the trouble of the morning, all hope seemed gone out of me, and I only longed to get away to the peaceful fields, and to the beech-crowned hill, to think quietly.

A long time I sat there on a fallen tree, gazing over the richly wooded valley in which our town lay, to the beautiful range of hills that bounded it. A soft mist lay on them now, and with the clouds and sunshine of an April day the lights and shades were lovely. A farm house, with its barns and sheds, reposed beneath me amid its budding trees, a village tower rose up near it, with clustering cottages, ploughing was going on in the field where I sat, and the rich brown colour of the upturned earth contrasted well with the delicate green of all around. A lark was trilling its lay up high in the air, and I searched into the blue deeps until I saw the tiny speck from which that music rained. I heard the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, and the distant sound of children's voices, as they chatted over their search for flowers in a lane, or rather an old bridle road, that skirted these fields. I sat quite still, and let all these sights and sounds float in upon my senses as they would. It *seemed to me as though* they were ministering spirits, sent

forth to calm my troubled soul, to strengthen me for the worries and vexations of every-day-life, by lifting me for awhile out of and above them all. And when my mind was calmed by these sweet messengers I was able to form plans. I hoped my uncle would confide his trouble to me, and then I thought I would work hard to liquidate his debt. The only plan that suggested itself at present was obtaining a situation as daily governess to some little children, and, perhaps, increasing my salary by reading French and Italian with elder sisters.

I did not think teaching my forte. It would try my patience I knew, but at all events I would do my best. As for Rupert, I resolved either to write to or speak to him as earnestly as I could, begging him to give up all idea of making me his wife. I would appeal to his generosity; I would be humble; and petition him as a favour to let me alone.

Of Sedley I would not allow myself to think. Lady Lettice had mentioned him in her letter in the highest terms; wherever he went he did good, she said. He sought out the haunts of misery and vice, at home and abroad, carrying with him a ray of sunshine everywhere. "Not that he is merry and hilarious as he used to be," she wrote. "I think I never saw so young a man with such a grave, almost sad, expression; he has something that troubles him, I am sure, but it does not hinder his work of love, any more than St. Paul's thorn in the flesh did his. In truth, I fancy that this same trouble goads him on to more earnest devotion to others, as though he felt that helping fellow-sufferers was the only way to help himself. I would comfort him if I could, but frank and unreserved as he generally is with his intimate friends, among whom Philip and I are proud to reckon ourselves, yet on this matter he is silent as the grave; not even to Philip does he give the slightest clue to the trouble that would weigh him down did he not thus fight against it. I fancy the cause must be in some way connected with his home, as he is so much away from it, which seems strange in an only son, and yet his devotion to his father is, I know, intense."

These remarks of Lady Lettice's had set me pondering when I read her letter, but now I would not let my mind dwell upon them; I loved Sedley too well already, I told myself, and though everything I heard of him increased my love and reverence, it also convinced me more and more of my own inferiority in every way, and the utter impossibility of my ever being

worthy of him, however hard I tried. But at all events, I could remember his words at the Union, and strive to live earnestly and truly in my own small walk in life.

I felt so blithe and happy as I descended the hill, almost ready to sing with the birds around me for joy at the beauty of green earth and blue sky. People call childhood the happiest time in life. I entirely disagree with them. It is a bonny sight to wayworn eyes to see the careless happiness of children in their kittenish play and lambkin gambols; but surely the happiness of youth is far greater, when with all the buoyancy and elasticity of childhood left, you feel in addition the gradual unfolding of new faculties, the appreciation of beauties, thoughts, and feelings, that were blank pages to you before; when, notwithstanding the troubles that visit you, you feel sure there will be a way out of them all, and that life has bright things in store for you, all the more bewitching for the mist of uncertainty that veils them. I think the difference is just that which there is between physical and mental enjoyment. The toddling child crows over each new achievement of walking steadily from table to chair, of shuffling down-stairs and crawling up, while the youth feels his heart beat at each new idea of his own or others that he conceives or appreciates.

I had left the fields and had gained the outskirts of the town, when I saw a figure approaching me, unmistakably Rupert's, for Beckford streets could never boast of any one as grand-looking as Mr. Marchant. His very walk was haughty and repellant, and the little boys instinctively withdrew their marbles and made way for him, an attention they would scarcely have shown to the greatest magnate in Beckford.

I was rather glad to see my cousin, and have an opportunity of saying out my say to him, although I had cherished a hope that he would be gone when I reached home.

"I have to leave by the next train, Margaret," he said, as we met, "and came here on the chance of seeing you, as your uncle thought you might have walked in this direction. I have something to say to you before I go, will you listen?"

"Yes," said I, "on one condition, that I may have my say too."

"I don't think there will be much for you to say," he answered, coolly; "but of course, I shall be happy to listen to you as long as my time will permit," consulting his watch.

His coolness riled me dreadfully, and all my newly found calmness forsaking me, I exclaimed,—

"It will not take long to tell you the truth, Rupert, which is, that I never will marry you, happen what may; that I think it very ungenerous of you to pester me so, when you know how I hate it. You don't love me one bit, I am sure, or you would not behave as you do, it is only because I thwart you that you want to conquer me. I believe if I came to you humbly and said, I love you, Rupert, you would turn on your heel and walk away; but just because I can hardly keep from hating you, you would make me bend to your will. Oh, Rupert, do be generous for once: surely I have trouble enough on my hands without this."

Rupert looked at me earnestly, and said, "You have more discrimination, Margaret, than I gave you credit for. You read me fairly well. Doubtless the novelty of opposition has some share in my perseverance in this matter. But apart from that you would suit me well. I should weary to death of an insipid wife at the head of my table. I do not ask you to love me, I am not a sentimental person, as you know; but surely if I have taken a fancy to make you mistress of Denis Court, it is no such hard lot that you should grumble at it. On my marriage my father has promised to give up the place to me, as my mother is tired of it, and wishes to live abroad for a time. And let me tell you, Miss Margaret, that many ladies of beauty, rank, and wealth, would catch at that, which a little home-bred girl with no advantages, and dependent on the work of an old uncle, declining in health and involved in money-matters, scorns. I can't understand it," he went on, warming I suppose at the remembrance of the adulation he, with his handsome person and estate, received in society; "it seems such madness. I am forced to believe that Sedley Vernon is at the root of the matter, though I confess I had thought my cousin Margaret a girl of too much spirit to give her heart, unasked, to a man who so evidently shuns and avoids her as that uncouth fanatic does. His friends are surprised that such an exemplary person should so neglect a widowed father; but you and I may guess at the cause, Margaret; if he has divined your secret, no doubt his Quixotic notions would make him feel it incumbent on him to spare your feelings by keeping away. Such men are always conceited. But talk of the—and here he comes; of course you know that he openly avows his intention not to marry."

This last remark was made in a low, confidential voice, for as Rupert had said, Sedley was approaching us. We had just

reached the street where my uncle lived, when we first caught sight of him. He did not observe us till we had nearly met, but immediately recognising us, he started as out of a reverie, and hastily lifting his hat turned abruptly up a side lane.

"The conceited coxcomb!" exclaimed Rupert. "I shall come for my answer in six months' time, Margaret," he added in taking farewell at my uncle's door. "Lady Lettice is to be married in September, and, mark my words, you will be there as my betrothed."

The assured tone in which he spoke made me shiver, but I said not a word, and without waiting for a reply he was gone.

Oh! the blank misery of that night. I pleaded the bad headache I really had for retiring early to rest, but before I went my uncle and I had a little talk, which did not tend to comfort me. He was looking very worn and pale as I came to bid him goodnight, and motioned me to sit on a stool at the side of his armchair, a favourite seat of mine.

"Can you stay a few minutes, Maggie?" he said. "I would not keep you, only we never know what may happen in the night, and I have something to say to you."

Of course I staid, startled by my dear uncle's words, and resolved to comfort him if I could.

"Did you and Rupert meet again, Maggie?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes."

"And what did you answer, child?"

"I said No."

"And what did he say then?"

"He would not take the No. I told him I almost hated him, but as he did not want my love, but only his own will, that had no effect upon him, and he says that he shall come again in six months for his answer. I wish there were a harder word than no, that I could say."

My uncle had bowed his head in his hands, and now feebly asked for some brandy, which I brought him, and scared by the whiteness of his face and lips, I could have cut out the tongue that had spoken any words to cause him pain. He recovered soon, however, and then said:—

"Maggie, I am very sorry, I will tell you why. I am very poor, I lost my all in that bank, and in my poverty and distress, *whilst you were in Rome*, and I was worrying myself night and

day how to provide for my mother's darling, your cousin Rupert called on me, was very sympathetic, and lured the old man to tell of his troubles. He then advised me to insure my life, and I caught at the idea. But I was sixty-nine; the premium would be very high, and where was the money to come from? Rupert smoothed away all difficulties. He had some money lying idle he would be glad to lend me, on the security of the insurance, at suitable interest; he was not exacting, the interest should be four per cent. He would have had me insure for £5,000, but I knew that was beyond my power; however, at his representations that such a one as you, fond of society and appreciating the luxuries of life, could not live on less than £200 per annum, at the least, I insured for £4,000, and to meet the first demand I borrowed money of Rupert.

"How much did he lend you?" I asked.

"Four hundred pounds at that time, and £300 since.

"Seven hundred pounds!" I exclaimed. "Oh! uncle, that will take a long time to save. Why did you borrow again?"

"Well, if you will be a little business woman, and attend, I will explain the whole matter. I have to pay the Assurance Company £422 per annum, in order that you may receive £4,000 at my death, the payment being at the high rate of £10 11s. per cent. in consideration of my age. I could not command this sum at the time Rupert advised me to insure, and therefore availed myself of his offer, hoping that, as I had hitherto saved largely out of my income for you, Maggie, I might, by extra work and self-denial, manage to meet this yearly demand for the short space of time still left me to live. Then, die when I might, I knew you would be safe, as you would only have to repay Rupert the £400 out of your £4,000, and that, with this old house to live in, would leave you fairly provided for, and I should die in peace with my dear mother's behest fulfilled. Of course, I should not have borrowed of Rupert at all, for you know my strong prejudice against it, had he not led me to believe that you and he mutually liked each other, and that ere long you would be his wife, in which case it would be his interest to keep up the insurance, should I by ill health be unable to do so.

"During the past year I have barely been able to save enough to pay Rupert the £16 of interest on his loan, and a portion of the annual premium which had again become due, so that I had no choice but to borrow the £300 wanting to complete the

payment. As he lent me the money on the security of the insurance, I am bound to keep it up, and with my failing health I cannot even hope to save as much this year as last; so you see, Maggie, in what toils Rupert holds me, whether spread with intent or not I cannot say. But it seems to me the best thing for you would be my death, Daisy, and I fancy it can't be far off."

"Dearest uncle," I said, "don't trouble yourself about me, I am not one bit afraid of the future. Only, if I lost you what should I do? I cannot spare you, dearest uncle. I will work for you, do anything, yes, even marry the rich man, rather than lose you. Promise to be good and not worry about it, and all will be well."

He smiled at me sadly, and said, "I will try, Maggie, but it is not so easy." Exhausted with his long talk, he lay back in his arm-chair, I sitting beside him till he fell asleep. It was still quite early in the evening, but my head was throbbing and aching to such an extent, that when I saw him sound asleep, I stole from the room, and having first crept out to Susan and begged her to take her knitting into the parlour and watch my uncle, I went to bed.

How I racked my poor brain that night, thinking over all the events of the past day, and trying to see what was best to be done. One thing was certain, that on the morrow I would ask Dr. Simpson to come and see my uncle, for I was now thoroughly alarmed about him. Then I resolved to put my plan of earning money at once into action, to save my dear uncle from overworking himself, and to help pay off Rupert, whose ungenerous double-dealing with my uncle and myself made me so angry I could hardly lie still. And to think that, after all, I might be obliged to marry him! For in my misery I began to despair, and to acknowledge the conflict between us unequal. I began to foresee that I should be driven, for the sake of others, to bend to his will. My uncle in want and distress; Sedley banished from his father's home, and I the cause of it all! Who could set up their own likings and dislikings against all this misery? At last, towards daybreak, wearied out, I fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SURRENDER.

NEXT morning my waking thoughts were full of figures. My head was clearer after the rest, and I went over it all in my mind. £700 to be paid off by degrees, interest thereon at 4 per cent. to be met every year, viz., £28 in addition to the £422 of the annual premium that would be due to the Assurance Company. Altogether £450 to be saved this year in addition to the keep of three people. How was it to be done?

My uncle's professional income had been very large some years ago, and he had then accumulated quite a little fortune, but that had all vanished with the bank failure. Now, he had not only lost the income derived from interest on those savings, but his professional receipts had dwindled down in this last year to about £400, owing to the fact of his increasing feebleness having compelled him to give up all but some favourite old patients. It looked very overwhelming, certainly, but the stimulus of having difficulties to overcome was good for me, and stirred up my young spirit from sinking into the hopeless lethargy, which might have taken possession of it, had I had time to ponder over my private troubles.

Dr. Simpson came, and gave it as his decided opinion that my uncle ought to lie by entirely, or at the most see patients only at his own house; he took a very serious view of his case, and said that any great worry or anxiety in his present state would be very likely to bring on paralysis. My uncle yielded to his persuasions, and from that time his practice was confined to seeing patients at home.

I slipped out quietly after dinner and paid visits to two or three of my uncle's patients who had young children, asking them for employment.

I was very nervous about it, and was most thankful when, after two refusals on account of my youth, the third lady, a Mrs. Fearon, gladly engaged me as daily governess to her three children at the rate of £30 per annum.

That was something accomplished, but it would not go far towards the £450 which must be forthcoming next spring. So I went to my former schoolmistress to ask her advice, and as it

most opportunely happened that she was in want of some one to teach Italian to a few of her pupils who were ambitious of learning *la bella lingua*, she at once engaged me to give an hour or two hours (according to the number of my pupils) a day to her school, promising me £4 a year for every pupil that I obtained. Happily the girls took to me and my lessons, and for a time there was quite a rage for Italian among them, so that I quickly got two classes of pupils, twelve in the first and eight in the second, and thus for my two hours a day I was earning at the rate of £80 a year.

But it was very hard work. To be engaged in hammering ideas into giddy little brains from ten till one, then to come home to dinner and try to cheer up my uncle with some merry chat, and after a *siesta* of half an hour, to be at the school from three to five, working really hard with girls nearly as old as myself at a newly acquired language, was almost too much for my poor head, and I often refreshed myself with a good cry in my bedroom before coming down to give uncle his tea.

Then in the evening I always prepared for the lessons of the next day, not being too well up in what I was teaching. However, by this means my pupils had it all fresh from me, and I think they got on. But I certainly had no vocation for instilling knowledge, it was so irksome to me; perhaps the entire freedom of my previous life made the regularity thus suddenly imposed upon me all the more trying.

In addition to my work abroad I had a good deal to do at home, for we practised most rigid economy. Susan and I mended and darned house linen, &c., till often the original fabric was almost lost to view, our handiwork taking its place. It might be all very well for Rupert to declaim against lady dressmakers, milliners, &c., but it would be no kindness to leave the work to those whose trade it was, without the means of paying them. Thus I did almost everything for myself, with Susan's help; happily she was a very "knowledgeable body," and though not over brisk was always at her work. I had talked over all my difficulties and plans with her, and so she identified her interests with mine.

But what taxed my strength more than all the hard daily toil, was my anxiety on my uncle's account. His spirits were so depressed, and almost every day I saw some fresh sign of declining strength. I tried to cheer him by telling him how much I was earning, and longed to infuse some of my sanguine nature

into his. But he knew by experience better than I did how impossible we should find it, strive as we would, to meet the money demands of the present year.

"No, Maggie," he would say, "it's no use deceiving ourselves, you can't do it, child, alone, and I feel I shall soon have to give up altogether. The only way I see out of the difficulty is my death, but the nightmare that haunts me is the fear of my being left a useless burden on your hands for years to come, and then, short of the union, I don't see what can become of us. But God's will be done," he added, reverently, leaning his weary head back on the chair.

"Yes, dear uncle," I said, feeling as though my heart would break, "and we must trust Him, mustn't we?"

But though I tried to speak cheerfully, I began to acknowledge to myself the impossible nature of the difficulties to be overcome. I had just received my first quarter's salary, and was now free for a month from my little charges, and for six weeks from the school. This unwonted leisure gave me time to think things over, and to look our troubles in the face.

Life seemed very dark to me. Surely, I thought, there was never any girl of my age so sorely bestead. But I have lived to thank God for that time of bitter trial; it taught me, as nothing but experience can teach, to feel for others in like troubles, nay, more than feel, to identify myself with them, so that in after years, when I had the power to help them, I felt that I was but lending a hand to my own flesh and blood.

I wanted this experience of the realities of life, too, more than most people, I think. Rupert spoke truly when he said I was one to appreciate the charms of society and the luxuries of life. To be mistress of a grand house, to drive in a fine carriage, to sweep about in silks and satins, and especially to charm a brilliant circle by my wit and conversation, had (though I should have been ashamed to confess it) constituted many of the airy castles of my quiet early years, and this wretched vanity had caused the first estrangement between Sedley and myself, when I shrank away from my best friend because of his unfashionable appearance, preferring the empty compliments of well-dressed acquaintance to the heartfelt greeting of a true friend.

Ever since then I had been gradually learning the relative value of manner and mind, of art and heart, of gilt and gold. But it was a hard lesson, and required still further suffering to perfect it.

Gradually, during this quiet holiday time, when I had leisure to mark how my uncle taxed his strength for every fee obtained —gradually, I say, the conviction stole over me that I must give in. It appeared to me to be a question between bending to Rupert's will, or losing my uncle; and not only so, but by anxiety and worry saddening the latter days of his not too happy life.

But even this I think would hardly have wrought upon me to act as I did, had not something occurred towards the end of my holidays which put the finishing stroke to my resolution.

My uncle had gone early to rest, wearied with the slight fatigues of the day. And I was sitting quietly, knitting him some winter socks, when Susan opened the door gently and peered in.

"I thought may be the master were here, and I shouldn't ha' said a word an' he'd been nigh to hear, for he's got pecks o' trouble enough on his head, poor dear, if nobody else han't," she said, with a mysterious shake of her head.

"I think we all have trouble enough just now, dear old Susan," said I, "but what's this new one? tell me quick."

"Well, I knowed it some days since, but I didn't say no word on it, 'cause I didn't see how it would do nobody no good. Not but what it might though, if things had been different to what they are. And not but what, for my part, I'd a deal liefer have him than that other young jackanapes, taking such airs to himsel' and looking right ower your head as if you were a nobody, instead o' coming and shaking you by the hand, so warm and natural-like that it does a body good. An' they do say that he's much the bigger man o' the two for all his airs and graces, an' that he's took no end o' honours at Oxford, and gives hi'self up to doing good, for all he's so clever like, and they do say his poor father's most 'mazed, with him so ill, and he so far away."

Here Susan stopped for breath, and I tried to make out the purport of her excited harangue, and to disentangle the his and he's from one another. I knew the jackanapes meant Rupert, whom she cordially despised, and guessed that the warm natural shake of the hand and Oxford honours must apply to her old favourite, Sedley, but whether he were ill or his father I could not possibly decide. And with a strange sinking at the heart I asked,—

"Who is ill though, Susan; you haven't told me that yet?"

"Not told you?" she exclaimed, astonished. "Why didn't I say as plain as plain could be that the rector were knocked down wi' a fever, and that the main chance for him, they say,

from her friend Susan, and I had always stood in some
her, her manner was so stately, or rather stolid. She ha
of our old domestic's gushing manner, but her heart was
enough, as I saw when I knew her better. She was the
housekeeper, had lived in his service during his brief,
married life, and I think she would have equalled Susan
self-sacrifice for master or master's son. She showed her f
by being particularly curt and abrupt in manner when the
touched.

On this occasion her answers to my anxious querie
monosyllabic; but when I asked whether I could be of a
as my uncle was unable to go to his old friend—"I coul
you nurse him, Martha," I said, "if you would let me?
answered,—

"Well, may be you might lend a hand, Miss Margaret,
maid we have is just worse than no one, and I can't hold o
and night too. And yet," she added, conscientiously,
moment's thought, "I don't know that you ought to co
it's fever they say."

"Oh, I'm not a bit afraid, Martha," I said; "and that
the battle, I expect."

So off we set on that fair summer evening, the sun si
the moon rising, all so calm and peaceful without, and
the wasted form, the hectic cheek, and the incoherent

"That's like the young folks now-a-days," said Martha, crossly, "they think nobody but themselves has a notion of what's right. Of course I wrote, three days ago, but the young master is up in Scotland wandering nobody knows where. Master sent him 'cause he looked so ill after he come from Oxford. And I've wrote each day and put 'immediate,' and 'to be forwarded,' and sent it to the most likely places I could think of; and I should like to know what any young lady of you all could do more," with an indignant jerk of the head.

"Well, Martha, you mustn't scold," said I, beginning to cry; "I can't bear it now."

Upon which the faithful creature turned away to hide the rebellious tears in her own eyes, and presently came back, bringing me a cup of tea with a taste of brandy in it. It refreshed me greatly, and we both returned to the sick room, where the patient lay quieter now; and after watching together till midnight, I induced poor worn-out Martha to lie down in a neighbouring room while I remained on duty.

Presently Mr. Vernon opened his eyes and asked wearily for something to drink. I brought it him. But he recognised the strange hand, and looking up with a puzzled expression, said, "It's not Martha, but it can't be my boy. No, his hand is large and brown, this is a little one like his mother's. Poor boy, poor Sedley, no mother to love him, and driven from his poor old father too. But he's right, my lad is right. Honour first, honour first, my boy."

And thus muttering wearily, noticing no longer the change of hands which had set him off on this train of thought, he lay back again on his pillow and fell into a fitful slumber. And yet every now and again, in the stillness of the night, would come out the startling words, "Where is my boy? my son? Margaret! yes, she was a nice little girl once, but what! is a child like that to come between me and my son. Honour? yes, but I want my boy, my boy!"

Like a death-knell to all my hopes, to all my strivings, came these heart-wrung words out of the stillness of that awful night. Yes, I thought, it shall be done at once; now, before I have time to relent. My uncle will be free and happy; father and son will be joined again, and I! well it is but for a time; perhaps I, too, shall take the fever and die. Thus, with my imagination morbidly affected, allowing no time for reflection, nor for the *calming thoughts of day*, I went to a writing-table, on which a

shaded lamp was placed, drew pen and paper from the open blotting book, and wrote thus:—

"RUPERT,—Circumstances are too strong for me. I surrender on two conditions. First, that immediately on the receipt of this you write or telegraph to Sedley Vernon (you can find out where he is from Philip Leslie), and bid him come home at once, as his father is dangerously ill of fever, and calls for him night and day. And that he may do so more willingly, tell him of our engagement. The second condition is, that you write at once to my uncle, freeing him from all monetary obligations to you, and urging him to give up the insurance. I feel no scruple in bidding you do this, as I ask no favour, but mere justice. You got him into these toils to accomplish an object, and having accomplished it, of course you are repaid in full.

"Signed, MARGARET CHILTON,
"From Mr. Vernon's sick-room,
"July 20th, 18—"

I read over my composition, and decided that it was sufficiently clear and cold. I then placed it in an envelope, which I directed, sealed, and stamped, resolving to post it on my return home in the morning. And then with a strange, calm feeling, that I had fixed my own destiny, I watched through the remainder of that night. And ever and anon, as my patient restlessly stirred and moaned for his son, I spoke softly in his ear, "Sedley will come to you now, there is no Margaret to divide you longer, he will be with you soon, very soon."

Whether the sense or the sound of my words soothed him I know not, but he fell at last into a quiet slumber, in which I left him. When at six o'clock Martha took my place, I trudged home through the nearly empty streets and clear fresh morning air, dropping my letter into the post on my way, and feeling as though it were not I myself, but quite another being, who was thus moving and acting in my name. It seemed as though life was over for me, as though I'd "had my day and ceased to be;" doubtless, I should go on outwardly much as before, mechanically performing the daily duties that came before me, but all the spring of youth seemed gone for ever, being succeeded by this dead calm.

My uncle was dreadfully distressed about the illness of Mr. Vernon, his best friend. He would go and see him, though quite unfit for the exertion. For my part I was thoroughly knocked

up, and had to go to bed to recruit my strength for another night's watch. The fever had somewhat subsided when I again took up my post as nurse, but had left its victim so weak that frequent stimulants were necessary to be administered during the long hours of the night.

The next morning's post brought me the following letter:—

"My dear Margaret,—With great satisfaction I received your note this morning. By this post you will become possessed of the betrothal ring, which I need hardly ask you to wear as a pledge of our engagement. I have written to Sedley Vernon in the North of Scotland, beyond the reach of telegrams. I have also acceded to your wishes with respect to your uncle. Hoping to see you in a few days, and hear from your own lips a confirmation of your letter,

"I remain,
"Your fiancé,
"Rupert Marchant."

To the point at all events! I opened the accompanying parcel, and a splendid ring glittering with emeralds and diamonds lay before me. How I hated it! how I rebelled at the idea of so soon putting on this pledge of my servitude! But it was part of the lot I had chosen; so placing the brilliant bauble on my finger I went across to my uncle's arm-chair, and placing my hand on his, bade him see how grandly the future Mrs. Marchant would be decked. I tried to speak very cheerily, but I suppose my manner was forced, for he raised his eyes from the letter he held in his hand, and scanned my face anxiously. "Maggie," he said at last, "are you sure this is for your happiness, and that you are not sacrificing yourself for your poor old uncle's peace of mind?"

"Nay, uncle," I answered, "your peace of mind may have weighed strongly with me, but it was something quite different which decided me in what I have done. But tell me you feel better now the money is off our minds, uncle dear?" I begged eagerly, feeling that some swift and great reward must come, or I should repent what I had done. And it came. My uncle looked up with one of his bright old smiles, and said,—

"Well, if my Maggie is content, I am. Things in general look a deal brighter *to these old* eyes than they did an hour ago. *But I can't spare you yet, little* one; we'll be brisk and bonny

again, you and uncle Sam, and will keep the young man off as long as we can, eh; what do you say to that?"

"The longer the better," I answered, heartily; and it was my one drop of comfort that my uncle seemed brighter and stronger than I had seen him since my return. He made the dear old jokes again and his step and bearing were more erect. It was just as though he had been bowed down with the feeling of disgrace which his debt gave him, and now could not rejoice enough at his release I don't think he had a notion of my feelings. He considered, I fancy, as proper in such cases, that the devotion was greatest on the gentleman's side, but that was all.

Susan's opinion I could not draw out. She was especially mysterious and oracular in her remarks, but avoided all direct allusion to the subject of my engagement. I think she saw below the surface, and disapproved of my conduct, but the only sign she gave of doing so was by remarking one day, quite inapropos of anything we were saying,—

"What poor misguided creatures they Jesuits must be, wi' their talk o' doing evil that good may come, as if it weren't right agin nature to sow thorns and look for grapes! they'd be sour ones enough in the eating, anyhow, I'm afeared."

THE NEED OF COLLEGES OF CLERGY AND LAY HELPERS IN OUR OVERGROWN TOWN PARISHES.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON, M.A., RECTOR OF TENBY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH'S WORK IN OUR LARGE TOWNS," ETC.

FEW things are more perfect in theory than the parochial system. What can be more complete as an idea than an arrangement which contemplates the existence of a town or village, grouped around its parish church, supplemented by schools and charitable institutions, the whole under the spiritual charge of a minister of religion, whose benefice is so well endowed as to secure him a position of useful and honourable independence, whilst the relations between pastor and flock are at the same time so intimate that his endeavours for the common good must be seconded by their cordial co-operation and pecuniary aid? You picture to yourself a parish of the Bemerton type, the parishioners all worshipping together at one and the same altar, the unanimity of belief and practice undivided by the erection of "Little Bethels" and "Bethesdas." You think of the church as well-filled on Sundays and holidays, and at least one member of every household going in obedience to the canon to pray and hear the word of God, at daily matins and evensong. You follow the clergyman in imagination as he goes his rounds from house to house, encouraging the good, reproving the bad—the friend, the adviser, the confidant of all. You think of the priest's household as the model-home of the parish, and how the good and gentle influences of his wife and family are brought to bear on the daily life of all.

Such is the theory of the parochial system,—a beautiful idea no doubt, a standard which churchmen should do their best to attain, but one certainly not possible in the circumstances in which multitudes of our fellow-countrymen are placed. Without, therefore, one word of disparagement of the parochial system, we shall proceed to point out various reasons why it is defective in practice, and why it must be supplemented by other agencies more specially adapted to the altered circumstances of the times.

First of all, then, what does the theory of the parochial system involve? The following conditions:—

(1.) That the whole parish belong to the same religious community. (2.) That there should be actual church accommodation for all the parishioners. (3.) That the population should bear such a proportion to the clergy that the parish priest can be personally acquainted with every individual, and be able to exercise pastoral superintendence over them all.

In rural districts, these two last conditions are not unusual,—it is questionable whether any parish exists where all the parishioners are members of the Church.

Let us now see what is the actual condition of some localities. According to Mr. Mann's census returns, the general accuracy of which has never been disproved, the Church numbers little more than one-half of the entire population of England and Wales, the proportion of Church people to Dissenters being less in Wales than in England, and in towns than in villages.

But favourable as may be the circumstances of country places when compared with manufacturing and seaport towns, the first condition of the parochial system, that all the parishioners should be members of the same religious community, may be said to fail everywhere. The parishioners hold a divided allegiance: for although the law still contemplates the incumbent as responsible for the souls of all within his cure, his pastorate is practically shared by the ministers of Little Bethel and Bethesda.

(2) Church accommodation for all the parishioners. This second condition almost as signally fails, for owing to the vast increase of population in many of our large towns, there is not church-room for one-tenth of the inhabitants. It is indeed true that great efforts have been made to meet this spiritual destitution by the erection of new churches, and the licensing of schoolrooms; but so far these additions have barely kept pace with the increase of the population.

(3) Then thirdly, as to the incumbent being personally acquainted with all his parishioners, or exercising pastoral superintendence over them all; he is not even known by sight to half of them. The vast majority do not see him in church, and he has never discharged any more direct ministerial functions for them than those of baptizing, marrying, burying, or perhaps an occasional visit in sickness—these too he shares with the ministers of Bethel and Bethesda.

It will be seen then that the failure of the parochial system arises first from the divided allegiance of the parishioners; secondly, from the disproportion existing between the means of grace and the wants of the population. Some persons are still of opinion that these defects can be remedied by the subdivision of large parishes, by increasing the church accommodation, and by adding to the numbers of the clergy. Given, they say, a fair proportion of church sittings and clergy, and our large towns will soon be brought to the happy condition of our country villages. Here, however, we think is a capital mistake—a mistake which can only have arisen from one or both of the following causes:—(1.) Ignorance of the actual state of our towns, and (2) a persuasion that the parochial system is perfect, and equally well adapted for all circumstances. We shall therefore endeavour to show that there are certain conditions which must materially modify any such notions, and that the parochial system, excellent as it is, must be supplemented by other agencies more fully adapted to the altered state of the country.

And first, as to the character of our large towns. How is it possible to carry out the parochial system where the entire population is composed of the very lowest classes, where you have no resident parishioners above the rank of costermongers,—where the greater part of the houses are low lodging-houses, or abodes of a worse description,—where numbers of the people are thieves, or the associates of thieves? Fancy the churchwardens assigning to them seats "according to their ranks!" nay, fancy your being able to get churchwardens at all! Why, they are as unused to the very notion of public worship as the aborigines of Australia, or the savages of the South Seas. The crowded courts and alleys must be the scenes of the clergyman's labours; and his congregation, if he is to have one at all, must first of all be got together in the streets, or in any place where, like the prophets of old, he must "cry aloud, and lift up his voice."

A missionary to all intents and purposes he is; and as a missionary he must regard himself. He must subdue all his finer susceptibilities, and make up his mind to be shocked at nothing. He must not expect the slightest outward tokens of respect, either to himself or his office, and he may well be satisfied if his first overtures are not met with something like insolence. He must be a pioneer and messenger of the gospel in localities

where even the police are afraid to go. He must be content to forego all social distinctions, and simply to appear before his people as the commissioned servant of Him "who came to seek and to save that which was lost." He must be under no fear of coming into contact with fevers and infectious diseases, or of carrying contagion to others.

He would be a bold man who would venture to set up his household gods under such circumstances, or to marry and bring up children in the midst of such scenes. In some localities, indeed, the death-rate is seldom much under thirty-five or forty in the thousand, and the mortality is chiefly among very young children. Though much good has been effected by sanitary improvements, there are places over which malaria hovers as with the shadow of death. In such conditions, children droop and die like withered plants. The very air they breathe is laden with pestilential effluvium, whilst even such a common, plain necessity as a playground cannot be obtained at any price. But it may be observed that if the children of the poor can live in such districts, so might the children of the clergyman. This sounds plausible; but unless any one is an enthusiastic admirer of involuntary martyrdom, we would hardly advise him to try the experiment; for every doctor will tell you that such risks as those we are hinting at, are much greater to children who are delicately born and nurtured. But waiving these physical hindrances the moral ones are even more urgent. The circumstances of many town districts are such that no one could, with any conscience, allow his family to be witnesses of the scenes going on around them every day, and every hour of the day. In such conditions all moral training would be an impossibility. But even were some faithful and zealous pastor willing to incur the responsibility, the probabilities are that he could not meet with a house fit for his family to live in. The results are, that the first elementary idea of the parochial system, that of having a resident clergyman, has been abandoned, and that the bishops are unwillingly compelled to grant licences for non-residence. But it may be said that this is only an argument against a married clergy and not against the parochial system. Against the marriage of priests we have not, of course, one word to say, provided that "they marry as they shall judge the same to serve better to godliness."

But surely, considering the improvident marriages some clergymen contract, the haste which so many curates make to get pro-

moted to a benefice in order to marry, there could be no great harm in accepting the test of ministerial call suggested some years ago by the *Saturday Review*, that of a capability of remaining single for seven years. And why should not those seven years be spent in doing God's work in some such districts as those we are speaking of? Or why should not the same restrictions be imposed on the clergy of our large town districts which are willingly submitted to by fellows of colleges? This is the very thing we are coming to. The parochial system must be supplemented by the collegiate. The single married incumbent must make way for the college of unmarried priests, deacons, and lay helpers. Wherever, for physical or moral reasons, it is not possible for a married clergyman to live in his parish, there let a community be placed, on the understanding that each member vacates his position when his intention of entering into the connubial state is known. If colleges are established for the purposes of learning, why should they not be founded to do the work of evangelists? This would, in fact, be a recurrence to something like the spirit of the old monasteries adapted to the requirements of the nineteenth century. There would be many advantages in such an arrangement. First, that of economy. In a scheme for mission colleges, set on foot by Mr. Nugee, and which obtained, we believe, the sanction of the Bishop of London, it was calculated that the cost of board and lodging would not exceed £60 for each member. We know of a Roman Catholic cathedral chapter who live together with their bishop at an expense of about £80 per annum to each clergyman. Mr. Machonochie estimates the cost of the housekeeping of St. Alban's Presbytery at £400 a year, and there are five priests in the house.

In St. Andrews, Manchester, the curates have found by experience that they can live together with much greater economy and comfort in a house taken for them by the rector than they could do in lodgings; and the same practical conclusions have been arrived at, we believe, wherever the experiment has been tried, though of course subject to some of the inconveniences which are sure to crop up when persons of uncongenial tempers and dispositions are associated under the same roof. But these are but the accidents which may happen to any communities, so long as human nature is what it is, and must not be allowed to outweigh the other material advantages, so that the work of economy seems to be settled.

Here, however, we must point out an important distinction. In all these cases the freehold of the benefices is held by the incumbents, who generally devote their incomes to the good of their respective parishes, and are content to live in the same circumstances as their curates; but the scheme which we should like to see carried out would be the *bonâ fide* endowment of a college of priests, after the fashion of the universities. If that were impracticable, the assignment of grants from general, diocesan, and local funds, supplemented by the offertory, for the express maintenance of unmarried clergymen, deacons, and lay helpers to live with the incumbent, with whom, subject to the approval of the bishop, would rest the responsibility of choice and nomination.

But in addition to the important consideration of economy, comes in that of the strength supplied by corporate union. Any one who has witnessed the practical working of both systems, if such an expression is not a misnomer, will understand the force of this argument. Think of the utter desolation of going forth alone and single-handed into the midst of the moral wildernesses of our large cities and towns. In order to judge of what those districts are like, we would recommend a pilgrimage into the east end of London, say the regions adjacent to Ratcliff Highway, to Scotland Road in Liverpool, or to Angel Meadow in Manchester. The enterprising explorer would find himself involved in perfect labyrinths of small streets branching off in all directions, the intricacies made more intricate still by whole networks of courts and alleys, some of which have no outlets or thoroughfares. If, however, such an enterprise should be thought too bold an undertaking by any of our readers, we would recommend them to peruse the very interesting reports issued by the Curates' Aid Society, entitled "The Home Mission Field of the Church of England." The writer of these pages spent a considerable time in personally investigating the state of several of our large towns, preparatory to the publication of a work on the subject, and he can testify that the descriptions, however sensational, are not in the least exaggerated. They all describe a state of things over which angels might weep—masses of people congregated together without any spiritual influences brought to bear upon them, living in ignorance and vice, housed worse than the brutes, and without any of those appliances or conveniences which are needful for the separation of the sexes, or the common decencies of life.

The utter hopelessness and helplessness of such a work as

that of attempting to carry out the parochial system under such circumstances, can only be known to a clergyman who, with the vows of ordination fresh upon him, contrasts the theory of his pastorate with his own miserable performance. With the best intentions the utmost he can do is to perform the Sunday duties, to visit the sick who send for him, and to superintend the schools. As Archdeacon Sandford says, in his deeply interesting Bampton Lectures, "The evil in every way of such a system is tremendous. You place a man with onerous and anxious duties, and with crippled means, in the midst of a dense, impoverished, and disaffected population. You overtask his physical and mental energies; you throw him into hourly contact with distress, which he can by no possibility relieve; you deprive him of the influence which the exercise of a wise benevolence would procure him; you demand from him superhuman exertions when his spirit is broken and his rest disturbed by his own domestic anxieties." How many a good and zealous clergyman has been utterly disheartened and cast down by the magnitude of his work, and has at length learned to content himself with doing the best he could, whilst leaving the parish hardly if at all influenced by his ministrations! In fact, he becomes callous to the spiritual destitution around him, from the sad certainty that he is unable to cope with it, and so at last he gets to a certain extent reconciled to a pastorate which embraces only a few tens gathered together out of as many hundreds or thousands. The parish, with its seething mass of godless poor, is hardly a sadder sight than the once hopeful priest who has got accustomed to such a state of things.

And now let us suppose that a college of priests, deacons, and lay helpers are living together in the heart of such a district as we have been describing. There is no feeling of isolation, for, instead of working single-handed, all are banded together as a brotherhood, with the one aim of coping successfully with the spiritual destitution around them. The incumbent has no necessity for taking a weary walk from a distant suburb, for the college is close to the church, so close that it may be joined to it by a covered cloister. No household or domestic duties come in to impede the work of the mission, for a middle aged and responsible housekeeper will take all serving of tables on herself, and she will prepare the frugal meals. The day will of course be begun religiously by celebrations or services, which take place early in the morning, being thereby adapted to the special cir-

cumstances of the working classes, whilst they compel the members of the college to practise the good habit of early rising.

After service we will suppose breakfast to take place, and after breakfast each one sets off to the actual duties of the day, such as the opening of the schools, catechising the children, sick and domiciliary visitation, &c. The parish will of course be divided into separate districts, and thus, by division of labour, the burden of responsibility presses equally on each individual. All the brethren, too, will take counsel together on the occurrence of any special difficulties, whilst all act under the direction of the chief pastor of the mission, who may be called the warden, or by any other appropriate title; or if thought desirable, they may go forth to their labours as our Lord sent the seventy disciples, by two and two. At certain fixed hours, possibly at the close of each service, the clergy would be at hand to be consulted by the parishioners, whilst night-schools, communicant and Bible classes, would occupy each evening.

The choristers, too, might also be inmates of the college, as at All Saints', Margaret Street, and their superintendence and education could be entrusted to some responsible member, who might discharge the duties of precentor. Contiguous, too, we might suppose a community of devout women, trained to the work of teaching the young, nursing the sick, ministering to their fallen sisters; and thus women's work would be constantly going on in a way not possible where the domestic avocations and home-duties are imperative.

Religious, however, as should be the character of the "Mission," there seems to be no reason why its *régime* should be made unnecessarily harsh or strict; and we would therefore suggest that there should be cheerful conversation at meals, a kind and genial hospitality, and a due admixture of innocent recreations so far as means and circumstances will allow. As the day begins with devotion and prayers, so of course will it close. Evensong in church, a light supper in the refectory, with cheerful conversation, followed by a private office recited in the oratory by all the members together, will mark the ending of the day.

Such are the advantages of the collegiate as auxiliary to the parochial system.

We trust that some day or other the plan may be systematized, and brought before the notice of our Diocesan Synods and Church Congresses, as preparatory to its fuller discussion by Convocation.

LANDSLIPS *VERSUS* LANDSCAPES.

BY DAVID KER.

"Of all countries," an observant traveller recently remarked to us, "Switzerland is the most visited and the least known." Whether we endorse this axiom or not, it can scarcely be denied that the follower of the "beaten track" (that distempered surface whereon the inflammation produced by the inroads of the British tourist has culminated in a copious eruption of dear hotels) loses numberless little nooks rich in picturesque scenery and historic association, infinitely more worthy of notice than the stereotyped programme of our Alcoran in red binding. Through some of these byways we now propose to conduct our readers.

A first impression of Switzerland is certainly anything but easy to describe; all the less so, moreover, from the bewildering uprooting of cherished theories with which it is usually accompanied. Vanish now the dreams of "cloud-capt towers" in impossible situations, each with a ghost and legend to match; vanish the lovely peasant maidens in the broadest of hats and most mathematical of stay-laces, who overwhelm the wayfarer with that gratuitous hospitality which ennobles the boards of our minor theatres; vanish the well-balanced guides who stand in Léotard postures upon needle-like summits, waving the national banner in one hand and applying bottles to their mouths with the other; vanish the "noble dogs" of St. Bernard, with one vast paw planted on the breast of an interesting looking traveller with nicely combed hair, for whose benefit their mighty necks are freighted with flasks of brandy and packets of sticking-plaster—while a background of monks with arms uplifted in line, after the manner of the "first extension practice," and torches held carefully in the direction where the traveller is *not*, closes the scene. Alas for preconceived ideas! they are indeed "too lovely to last!"

And yet we may safely assert that even such losses as these are fully compensated by a single spectacle—that of a Swiss sunset on a Swiss mountain—such a one as we ourselves witnessed in the valley of Les Plans, above Bex. And nowhere, save perhaps on a summer evening in Russia, have we beheld a *more splendid celestial pageant.* After a lowering and stormy

day, the sun burst forth, and from rock and wood the mist rolled away like the smoke of a hard-fought battle; while the long ranks of pines, range above range, well represented the unbroken order of the victorious army. In a moment the valley was spanned by a double rainbow of dazzling brilliancy; below lay the kindling spires of the distant Savoy range; above, the huge grey mass of the Grand Moveran deepened into crimson, and towered aloft like a pyramid of fire; behind, through an inner sky of rich dark blue, emblazoned with scutcheons of golden cloud, peeped ever and anon the clearer sky beyond. Then all melted into a broad lake of light, behind which, along the crests of the mountains, lowered a ridge of black cloud, like the shadow of death looming behind the career of a hero.

The little valley, however, affords occupation for the athlete as well as for the artist. Numberless mountain paths wind in all directions to tempt the explorer, while the surrounding peaks offer to the amateur climber "every convenience for suicide." On every side some attraction presents itself; the dark spear-point of the unconquered Argentine—the steep crumbling slope of the Dent Rouge—the bushy brows of the Tournerêt—the bare turret-like cone of the Dent le Morcles, and the vast square tower of the Grand Moveran. According to the district guides, the two last-named mountains lying somewhat out of the track of ordinary tourists, are less known than they deserve; and those who are unacquainted with M. Laharpe's valuable notes (quoted by Mr. Ball in his "Central Alps"), may perhaps not object to a few words respecting them.

From the upper end of Les Plans valley shoots off at right angles a deep gorge, flanked on the one hand by the wooded sides of the Dent Rouge, and on the other by the grey battlements of the Moveran; while the Dent le Morcles, with its attendant glaciers, shuts in the farther extremity. The gorge, sufficiently wild in itself, is rendered additionally so by the traces of a recent landslip. Uprooted trees, twisted round or split asunder, strew the ground on every side, block the course of the glacier-torrents, or lie scattered along the base of the mountains; and in the woods which fringe the Moveran is still to be seen a vast scar, extending upward for five hundred feet; for so fierce was the rush of the destroyer, that in one leap from the Dent Rouge he swept the whole breadth of the valley, and charged up the inaccessible heights beyond, leaving marks of enduring destruction. A two hours' march through this chaos

brings us to the foot of the Dent de Morcles; thence the way lies up a steep grassy slope, furrowed by small streams. Above this lies the Glacier de Martinet, in skirting which the route traverses a somewhat difficult face of *débris*, reaching at length a narrow plateau, flanked to the south by a precipice of several hundred feet. Here the "halfway halt" is usually made, and the country bread and racy mountain ham produced for the first (though by no means for the last) time; while the sharer of this *al fresco* repast may enjoy a feast of a different kind in surveying the wide green valley divided by the streak of shifting white which marks the course of the "tumbling Rhone"—the Lake of Geneva, dotted with steamers and fringed with villages—and far in the distance, the vast round dome of Mont Blanc, encircled by the glittering spires of the Aiguilles. From the plateau a narrow channel called the "Grand-vire," cut in the overhanging rock, winds along the brink of the precipice, round perilous corners, beneath tottering crags, past spots of dangerous slope and smoothness. Midway along it a kind of coffin of piled stones, used as a sleeping-place by some previous explorer, is still to be seen—a choice of quarters surpassing even the Yankee in the crowded hotel at New Orleans, who proposed to "roost on a well-secured pole stuck out of the second-floor window." The channel ends at length in a vast slope of loose stones, with huge boulders here and there, like a page of small print interspersed with capitals. Here the only mode of access is through a kind of chimney worn by dropping water, which the climber wriggles himself with the comfortable assurance that at any moment a stone from above may dash his brains out. The Grande Dent, after this slope is surmounted, presents no very formidable difficulties; but the Petite Dent (which is reached first by a series of niches cut in the very face of the precipice, and then by a narrow neck of rock broken by numerous gaps, and flanked on either side by a sheer descent of many hundred feet) is considered by the guides a decided "*mauvais pas*," to which the inverted title of "*pas mauvais*" cannot justly be applied. In our case the dangers of the ascent were increased by the dense mist on the higher ground (a rare phenomenon in July), and by the weight of a huge pole garnished with a flag and metal plate, intended to be planted on the summit of the Petite Dent (where it still remains), as an aid to some scientific observation. The height is 9,636 feet; the time required to mount from Les Plans, seven hours; three and a half sufficing for the descent.

I may mention one incident which diversified our passage along the aforesaid "niches in the face of the precipice." One of our party, while *writhing* his way round a difficult corner, caught his nether garments on a projecting spike of rock exactly at the same moment that the foremost guide seized his hand to pull him forward. The rock held its own bravely—the luckless climber, from whose memory the crisis had expunged what little French it ever contained, grimaced like the late Mr. Grimaldi. At length a stronger pull gained the day,—a loud ripping sound proclaimed the surrender of the long-suffering broadcloth, and the victim, with uninjured bones but lacerated habiliments, was once more in safety.

During the first stage of our ascent we marched in time to a song chanted by one of our party, a Swiss "pasteur," which song, as it is now a favourite in Switzerland, and has even served as a march for some of the Federal regiments, I may be pardoned for quoting at length. The subjoined translation, I fear, scarcely does it justice,—

I.

"J'avrais un camarade,
Le meilleur d'ici-bas;
Le tambour nous rassemble,
Nous partons tous ensemble,
Allant au même pas.

II.

"Vient un boulet rapide—
Est-il pour toi, pour moi?
Sur lui tombe le foudre
Qui le met dans la poudre,
Tout à coté de moi.

III.

"Il tend sa main mourante
(Nous allions faire feu)
'Autre dévoir m'appelle
Dans la vie éternelle—
Mon camarade, adieu!'"

I.

"A comrade once I had,
The bravest of our race;
The drummer beats the call,
And forward, one and all,
We march in even pace.

II.

"A bullet comes with speed—
Is it for thee, for me?
He meets the thunder's blow
In dust which lays him low—
Close by my side lies he.

III.

"He stretched his dying hand
(Just ere we fired he fell)
'Another task befals me,
To endless life it calls me—
My comrade, fare thee well!'"

The ascent of the Moveran needs little description. A long slope of turf, with patches of wooding here and there, traversed by a deep zigzag gutter filled with mud, humorously called a path, forms the first stage. Next comes a huge bluff of grey rock, round which the climber *fidgets* himself with the aid of various projections discoverable by a powerful microscope; the *invisibility* of the path at a little distance causing a very bewildering sensation! (Here chamois are often seen; we ourselves

met with two, which greeted us with a tribute of falling stones.) Thence a bare steep of *debris*, often impassable from the violence of the wind, leads up to the narrow Col joining the Grand and Petit Moveran. Here a long *détour* is necessary in order to reach the eastern side of the mountain, which consists of three terraces of rock, very steep and slippery, with a perpetual risk of falling stones. The summit rises like the centrepiece of a candelabrum, flanked right and left by massy branches of rock; indeed, the whole ascent is a good specimen of pure crag climbing, as even in winter the snow has little hold upon either it or the Dent de Morcles. Among the names at the top was that of a young Lausannoise lady of seventeen, who has already acquired some renown as a mountaineer, though the first female explorer of the Moveran was, we believe, our guide's sister. The height is 10,043 feet; the average time occupied by the ascent, six hours. The view, though very fine, is not equal to that from the Grande Dent de Morcles.

It was during this ascent that I witnessed an instance of courage and activity well worth recording. Our party of three (guide, Jean Louis Marlétaz, brother of Philippe Marlétaz of Les Plans) had just reached the top of the first terrace on the eastern side when my companion suddenly slipped; there was a rattle and a crash, and he was gone. Like lightning my guide threw himself on the slope and shot down after him. I rushed forward and looked down,—the two men were hanging on the brink of the precipice (they had slid some thirty feet), the Englishman on his back, with the guide's hand grasping his collar. (The latter had set his feet against a projecting point, and thus sustained the entire weight of the former, a strongly-built man of twelve stone, an amazing feat for a man barely five feet high and very slightly made.) Taking his axe between his teeth, the guide fixed both hands on the amateur's collar, bidding him turn on his face and plant his fingers in the crevices of the rock, availing themselves of which the two made their way up in safety. Although covered with blood from a deep wound in the hand, the brave fellow disclaimed all commendation; nor did he ever afterwards allude to the occurrence.

Before taking leave of this region, we must not omit to mention the splendid panorama of the Diablerets, the ascent of which can be made with ease in one day from Les Plans. A narrow path, skirting one of the most picturesque gorges in the Pays de Vaud, and at times overhanging a precipice of nearly a hundred

feet, brings the pedestrian in about an hour to the hamlet of Anziendaz, a little cluster of wooden huts, around which a score or two of cattle denote the occupation of the inhabitants; while above tower the twin peaks of the Diablerets—a vast castle of rock and a cone of spotless snow—sole survivors of the great catastrophe which swept away their three brethren, whose mighty ruins strew the valley for many an acre. The mountain (on which our party built a stone cabin for the accommodation of future travellers) commands from its central position one of the finest views in Switzerland; and the fine weather enabled us to enjoy it to the full. Westward lay the Lake of Geneva in all its beauty, like a diamond in a setting of ebony. At our feet, like a map, spread the green surface of the Ormont valley, dotted with chalets and crossed by the thin white lines of the mountain paths. Northward rose the peak of the Oldenhorn, encircled by a dazzling life-guard of glaciers. To the east, dimly seen, were the lower peaks of the Diablerets range, with wreaths of mist folding and sweeping around them like a fluttering mantle. But the grandest view was to the south. There glittered the summits of the Savoy range, wave behind wave, like a frozen ocean. There rose the smooth dome of Mont Blanc, and the single fang of the Grand Combin. There, like three giant brothers, towered the peaks of Monte Rosa, girdled with ghostly wreaths of cloud; and there, black and grim against the glowing summer sky, rose the dagger-like peak of the fatal Matterhorn, mournful yet defiant.

"Still she sleeps—awhile forgetting all that heavy load of care

THE SLEEP OF SORROW.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

THROUGH the dim and quiet chamber, morning sunlight faintly shines,
Tracing quaint and chequered patterns, barred with slender golden lines
O'er the walls, and on the pillow where that weary head reclines.

All night long her bitter sorrow, slumber from her eyelids kept,
All night long her brow was aching, while she sighed, and prayed, and wept;
And the dawn rose grey and holy ere the troubled watcher slept.

Lo! a light wind rises singing from the very gates of day,
Gently stirs the feathered tree-tops, shaking showers of silver spray
From the leaves and scented blossoms o'er the mossy woodland way.

All the busy world is waking fresh and joyous from its rest;
Softly coos the happy ring-dove, brooding o'er her leafy nest,
And the brown bee hovers gaily o'er the cowslip's yellow crest.

Still she sleeps,—awhile forgetting all that heavy load of care,
Dreaming of a lightened burden, dreaming of an answered prayer.
Father, watch her when she wakens, give her strength the cross *to bear.*

Send some sweet and loving token to the heart so sorely tried,
Grant Thy gift of blessed patience, that her grief be sanctified
Lead her swiftly, safely homeward, O Thou never-failing Guid

Tell her that "a rest remaineth" for each worn and weary one
Rest which comes with finished labour,—peace when this world
strife is done;
Rest for every faithful servant when the battle shall be won.

Tell her of that glorious waking on Thine own bright East
day,
When the curse of sin and sorrow from our earth shall pa
away;
And Thy Light—the Light Eternal—shines upon the soul f
aye!

CORNWALL.

BY JOHN J. DANIELL, VICAR OF LANGLEY FITZURSE, WILTS.

FROM her early traffic with the merchant princes of Tyre, and for her connection through them with the Bible and with the East; for her having been the resting-place of the early Church in the days of its persecution by the Danes and Saxons; for her intimate relations with the rest of England in some of the most eventful periods of our history; especially for her heroic struggle in defence of the Crown and Constitution in the seventeenth century; for her legends, her saints, her wells, her crosses, her cairns, her cromlechs, her logans, her fisheries, and her mines, Cornwall is beyond all contradiction the most interesting and historical portion of the Queen's dominions.

Yet Gilpin, the author of "Forest Scenery," describing his tour in the west towards the end of the last century, disposes of all Cornwall in a single paragraph. "We travelled into Cornwall as far as Bodmin, through a coarse, naked country, and in all respects as uninteresting as can be well conceived. Of wood, in every shape, it was entirely destitute. Having heard that the country beyond Bodmin was exactly like what we had already passed, we resolved to travel no further into Cornwall." Gilpin's estimate, as regards that part of the country through which he passed, was undeniably correct. The inland aspect of Cornwall is most desolate: a ridge of bare granite rocks, like a huge broken backbone, traverses its centre, with dark, rugged tors rising to nearly 1400 feet in height. These crags, indeed, in the eastern parts, give something of a wild interest to the scenery, but after passing Bodmin, the Cornish moorland appears in its true character, and the high road to the west traverses the dreariest region in the whole of England. Long barren downs, covered with wiry grass and stunted heath, which have never been broken by the plough, moors of thousands of acres, full of stagnant pools, low walls formed of great blocks of granite rudely piled in line, and no hedges; these are the characteristics of this district. Nor is the desolation that of nature alone—in many parts, both of centre and west, the bowels of the earth have been turned inside out in search of metallic ore, and the works having been abandoned, the engine-houses and other buildings are left

ruined and roofless, and vast heaps of rubbish and stones extend for miles around. These remarks refer to the central and western parts only—the appearance of the surface of the northern part of the county is much like that of any other agricultural district; and the south road, to which the Cornwall Railway now runs nearly parallel, opens a succession of valleys, sheltered, well-wooded, and well-cultivated, which display scenery of great variety and beauty.

The coast-line of Cornwall is 190 miles in length, by far the longest of any English county. This county is in the same latitude as the northern part of the island of Newfoundland, but while Newfoundland is so exposed to the piercing blasts and icy currents from the Polar Seas, that it is one of the most dreary habitations of man on the face of earth, the climate of Cornwall is so tempered by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, that the range of the thermometer in the west, in the three coldest months, is only from 44° to 50°.

But from being exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic storms, which are often terrible, the Cornish coast is broken and precipitous; the headlands are bold and dangerous; the gulfs deep, and studded with rocks. Some short time before the Norman Conquest a large tract of land, lying between the Lizard Point, Land's End, and Scilly, was submerged: it seems to have been an island, was called Lyonnese, and consisted of a wide, low plain, containing several towns and many churches. The Saxon Chronicle for 1014 relates: "This year came that mickle seaflood, widely through the land, and it ran up so far as never at any time before, and it drowned many towns, and mankind too innumerable to be computed." The arms of the family of Trevelyan are a white horse issuing from the sea, and are said to have been first given to an ancestor of that house, who, when his lands in the Lyonnese were thus suddenly overflowed, mounted his horse, and swam through the waves in safety. The fishermen profess that at very low tides they see ruins of buildings under the water.

The scenery of the north coast is grand and savage; the cliffs, shattered and craggy, go down straight like a wall into deep water, so that a frigate may safely rub her sides against the rock: where the shore is low, vast drifts of sand are thrown up, and a tremendous sea beats along the whole length. On the south coast the cliffs are low and long; jagged ranges of splintered rock project into the sea, like enormous sharks' teeth, just hid

under the waves. Such is especially the character of the Lizard Point, where the range of the famous serpentine rocks commences, and embraces the whole headland. This is a region of singular interest, from the abundance and beauty of its natural objects, and its peculiar geological features. We had a friend who visited the Lizard, and afterwards took a tour through Italy, Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. On his return, coming to visit us in Cornwall, he said, "Let us go to the Lizard." We expressed our surprise that, after he had seen the choicest scenery of earth, he should think of the Lizard. "Believe me," he said, "I have met nothing to equal it in its own special and singular beauty." The serpentine rocks are hollowed out into deep caves, and the beaches, covered with pebbles of the same stone, red, purple, green, brown, washed by the tide, sparkle in a thousand hues; the scenery varies in beauty at every turn, and cannot be described. Kynance Cove, a little bay of exquisite loveliness, studded with rocks, embedded in white glittering sand, is spoken of by Bishop Lyttleton, the celebrated antiquarian, as "the finest piece of scenery that sportive nature ever produced." But let us say no more about the Lizard: there is now a railway through Cornwall, and an excursion ticket may be taken two or three times in the summer, from Bristol to Falmouth and Penzance and back, for 21s. first-class. We would say to every one who wishes to visit a region of surpassing interest, and who can honourably spare the time and money, "Go and spend a week at the Lizard." The Land's End is composed of granite rocks, comparatively low, but piled together in vast masses, grey with lichens, solemn and sublime. At a distance of twenty-five miles from the Land's End lie the Scilly Isles; they are 145 in number; twenty-four are cultivated, but only six inhabited. The largest is St. Mary's; the second Tresco, on which is the residence of Augustus Smith, Esq., Lord of Scilly, to whom the isles were leased by William IV. Scilly was the last fortress in the British dominions held for Charles I: it surrendered to Blake, with a garrison of 800 soldiers, and officers enough to head an army. Let us be allowed to make an amusing extract from the old Cornish naturalist, Dr. Borlase: "There is no adder or venomous creature of any kind to be found in these islands. In some houses, however, they have very troublesome flies, though not poisonous, as far as I could learn; they hide themselves by *day, but come forth* in swarms by night, and (as *soon as the people are in their* beds and the rooms quiet) spread

themselves over the kitchen and pantry, and devour all the eatables they can come at. There is no other time for killing them than whilst they are thus busily employed, being exceedingly voracious, as well as prolific. It has four wings of a brown tortoise-shell colour, is about an inch long—at least such was the size of that which was brought to me—but they are sometimes much larger, and I am assured by a gentleman who has been in America, that he has seen them five inches long. It is reckoned a West Indian insect, and is supposed to have been brought into Scilly by a surgeon's chest opened here. This fly is called a cockroach" ! !

The prevailing geological formation of Cornwall is granite, often in conjunction with serpentine and greenstone, and crossed by elvans, or veins of porphyry, of extraordinary hardness: schist, or clay-slate, overlies the granite in the south-east and north. The porphyry sarcophagus in which the mortal part of the Duke of Wellington reposes was cut in the parish of Luxulian.

Somewhat similar to the Druidical piles of Salisbury Plain and Avebury, but not on so large a scale, the circles, cairns, tolmêns, cromlechs, and logans of Cornwall are in greater number and variety. The Hurlers are three circles of granite pillars, said to be men turned into stone for hurling on Sundays. Hurling is a game peculiar to Cornwall; it is played by forty or fifty men on a side, one of whom deals a large wooden ball (inlaid with silver, inscribed, *Guare wheag yw guare teag*, that is, *Fair play is good play*), which one party endeavours to carry off to a goal, often four miles distant, while the object of the other party is to prevent it. The Cheesewring consists of a pile of eight stones, the larger standing upon the smaller, and seems to have been formed by the washing away of earth on the slope of the hill. Logan or rocking stones, some of which used to rock with the wind, are numerous; the most famous is on the south coast; it weighs sixty-five tons, but is so nicely balanced that one man can move it. In 1824 the crew of a revenue cutter heaved this famous stone off its balance; complaint was made to the Admiralty, and the lieutenant in command was ordered to replace it. After repeated efforts, with the use of powerful machinery, it was raised into its old position.

Besides the large number of erected stones, which stand rough-hewn as they came from the quarry, and are probably of Druidical origin, we meet with granite pillars, bearing Latin in-

scriptions, and stone crosses. Crosses are found in all parts of the county; in churchyards, near wells, by the wayside, and on open moors. They are formed mostly of a single shaft of granite, with a circular head, which bears a small cross in relief, all of most simple character, and of very ancient date.

The churches of Cornwall in general present few features of interest; they were almost all built in the first half of the fifteenth century, solid and plain buildings, with large heavy towers. The tower of Probus Church is very fine and symmetrical, 125 feet high, built of granite, and ornamented with carving from top to bottom. Two churches in Perranzabuloe had been overwhelmed with sand; the site of the first church was forgotten, when during a violent shifting of the sands it again appeared; it was a simple structure of uncemented stone, with a round-headed doorway, and distinct nave and chancel, and round about it lay hundreds of skeletons in orderly ranks. It has again been lost in the sandy tempest.

Many of the Cornish parishes are named after saints whose history, even in Cornwall, is utterly unknown, whose names were never heard of in any other part of the world, as St. Austle, St. Breward, St. Breock, St. Clether, St. Erth, St. Issey, St. Just, St. Veep, St. Winnow, and many more. Some legends state that these saints came from Ireland, with St. Perran and St. Patrick, and converted the Cornish to Christ. St. Patrick himself is said to have swum across the Channel on an altar of stone, to have built a church at Padstow (Patrickstowe), and to have left his Irish boat in it as a legacy.

The later Romans cherished the Church in Britain; the savage heathen tribes from Germany and Jutland were its bitter persecutors, and Christianity disappeared over all the heptarchy. Cornwall was the common refuge for all the Christians of the south and west of England, and thus became densely peopled; and the multitude of small churches of that day, whose ruins remain, or which are known to have existed to the number of eight or ten in a parish, testify to the devotional character of the people. But when Augustine came and converted the Saxons, and wished to introduce some novelties in doctrine and worship, the Cornish Christians, having received their faith from the East, and having been from earliest ages governed by their own hierarchy, hesitated to submit to Augustine's authority. Now, the Saxon princes, zealous in their new faith, strove to force the Cornish Church into submission at the point of the sword,

and the *ódium theologicum* prevailed to such a degree, that at last the Cornish would not pray in the same church, nor eat at the same table with a Saxon. They would throw food which a Saxon had touched to dogs, and rinse out a cup from which a Saxon had drunk with water and ashes.

Venerable Bede, a Saxon, writing at this time, calls the Cornish "a wicked and cursed nation;" and William of Malmesbury, "a most defiled people;" yet they acknowledged that they held all the doctrines of the Christian faith. At last, Edward the Elder forced on the Cornish Church a Saxon bishop, and fixed his see at Padstow; thence it was transferred to Bodmin; but, in 981, the town and church of Bodmin being destroyed by the Danes, Athelstan removed it to St. German's. Again, in consequence of the continued ravages of those merciless marauders, it was removed to Crediton, and finally, by Edward the Confessor, fixed at Exeter, which has been the cathedral church of Cornwall for 800 years.

John Wesley visited Cornwall in 1743. He was at first coldly received, and sometimes was in want of food. "This is an excellent country," he writes, "for creating an appetite, but a very poor one for satisfying it." Afterwards his followers increased in large numbers, and when he preached for the last time in the great pit of Gwennap, "I believe," he says, "two or three and twenty thousand people were present. I think this was my largest congregation. I shall scarce see a larger till we meet in the air."

Owing to the mildness of the climate, myrtles, geraniums, fuchsias, &c., remain in the open air all the winter, and grow in hedges to a height of twelve or fourteen feet. The nightingale is never found in Cornwall. The sea-birds afford a noble study for the naturalist. The chough, rarely seen elsewhere in England, is still met with on the north and west coast. It is somewhat smaller and more elegant in shape than the crow, of black plumage, with legs, feet, and bill red. Its character is thus libelled by Camden: "In the rocks along the coast breeds the pyrrhocorax, a crow with red bill and feet, which is not therefore peculiar to the Alps, as Pliny imagined. This bird is found by the inhabitants to be an incendiary, and to be fond of theft, for it has been known to set houses on fire privately, and to steal pieces of money."

Sharks, grampuses, and porpoises frequent the Cornish waters. Seals are common in caves or unfrequented coasts; some few

turtles are taken. Pilchards are caught in countless multitudes, The pilchard is about the size of a small herring, is rather capricious in its visits, but generally appears in vast shoals from July to November. It is taken in a net called a *sean*, salted, pressed, and sent to Naples and other Mediterranean ports, for consumption in Lent. As many as 60,000 hogsheads have been caught in one season. Mackerel also are taken in great abundance.

In the north part of the moors of St. Neot is a tarn, or mountain-lake, about a mile round, called Dozmary Pool, and, from the lifeless character of its waters, the Dead Sea of Cornwall. A number of legends hover about this dreaded pool. Here Tregeagle is said to sit, doomed to dip out the pool with a limpet-shell, and when he ceases his weary task, he is hunted by wild fiends round and round the banks, up and down the moors, until at dawn he can run into the ruins of the old chapel on Roche Rock. And when the night wind is howling over land and sea, the women quiet the wailing babes with, "Hark! Tregeagle is roaring!"

But by no means must we pass over the legend of St. Neot, famed beyond all other in Cornish story. He was the brother of King Alfred, and having, for purposes of devotion, withdrawn into the wilds of Cornwall, settled in the moorland, and near a well, ever afterwards called St. Neot's. In this well he perceived three little fishes, and an angel came and told him that he might take one, and only one, of these fishes at a time for his eating, leaving always two in the well, and then on his next visit he should always find two, as at the first. Some time after, the saint fell ill, and his faithful attendant, Barius, not knowing of the angel's command, went to the well, and caught two of the fishes, one of which he boiled, and the other fried, hoping the one or the other dish might suit his master's queasy appetite. St. Neot, in great alarm, bid him instantly take back the fish into the well, and waited in nervous expectation till Barius returned with joy, and reported that the little fishes were swimming about in the water as lively and merry as if they had never felt the heat. "Now then," said the saint, "go thou, my Barius, and catch me one fish, for I feel a desire to eat." Afterwards it befel that the saint's oxen were stolen, and there were no beasts to plough the land, when many stags from the neighbouring woodlands came spontaneously, and performed all necessary labours; and henceforth these stags, and all their

fawns, bore a white mark on their bodies wherever they touched the yoke. Strange to say, these histories, and divers others of like sort, are embodied in the stained glass of the windows in the parish church, remaining to this day for the edification of worshippers.

St. Keyne's Well, near Liskeard, is famous for virtues of a different kind. Let us quote the ballad. A traveller comes to the well of St. Keyne, and drinks; a Cornishman draws nigh and tells him of the potent spell laid on its waters—

"The man that of this favoured well
  Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
  For he shall be master for life.
But if the wife shall drink it first—
  Bad luck to the husband then."
The traveller bent, as the Cornishman spoke
  And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the water, I warrant, betimes,"
  He to the Cornishman said;
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spoke,
  And sheepishly shook his head,
"I hasted as soon as the marriage was done,
  And left my wife in the porch;
But in faith she had been wiser than I,
  For she took a bottle to church."

Loe Pool, on the south coast, is separated from the sea by a broad bar of pebbles, shingle, and sand. In winter, when the valley is flooded as far as Helston, and the mills cannot work, the Mayor of Helston presents two leathern purses containing three halfpence each to the Lord of Penrose, to whom the pool belongs, and begs permission to cut the bar. This granted, the bar is cut, and the water rushes out with great violence, so that the sea is said to be discoloured for a distance of thirty miles.

The Phœnician traders from Cadiz seem to have worked the Cornish mines several centuries before the Christian era. They called Cornwall and its islands Cassiterides, or the Tin Islands, and kept their position jealously secret from other nations. Their works were open to the sky, and they obtained the metal by washings. Eventually the Romans became masters of all the trade with Britain, worked the mines themselves, as the abundance of Roman coins and inscriptions testify, and exporting the tin in blocks from an island called Ictis, probably St. Michael's Mount, a conical mass of granite 150 feet high, in Mount's Bay, or some island in the Lyonnesse, now submerged, conveyed it to

the coast of Gaul, thence on mules to Massilia (Marseilles), and so to Rome, where it was more valued than gold. Richard, king of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall, greatly encouraged the working of the tin mines, and granted the miners a charter, which was the origin of the Stannary laws. The Stannary court still sits at Truro; the Vice-warden's court is held once a month, under the authority of the Lord Warden of the Stannaries. When smelted and moulded into blocks, the tin used to be sent to one of the four coinage towns to be assayed; the block was coined, that is, a corner (Norman-French, *quoin*) was cut off, and if the metal was found pure it was stamped with the Duchy seal. By the old Stannary laws if a man adulterated the metal three spoonfuls of melted tin were poured down his throat.

Copper ore, for ages thrown aside as useless in searching for tin, afterwards became by far the most valuable mineral which Cornwall produced, and is the most abundant. Iron is found everywhere, but on account of the price of coal, of which there is none in the county, has been but little worked. Silver-lead mines of most valuable character were of late years discovered in the East, but now, owing to the large importations of foreign ore of great richness, all mining interests in Cornwall have received their death-blow, and the mining population is suffering to a lamentable degree.

The engines for pumping the water out of the Cornish mines were the most powerful in the world. The workmen used to descend the shaft by ladders, except in a very few mines, where a man-engine was erected; they remained under ground eight hours, during which time they have been known to lose five or six pounds in weight. No inflammable gases are generated in the Cornish mines, but at great depths the air becomes very impure and the heat great. There is little in a visit to a mine to gratify curiosity—a painful downward course over ladders nearly vertical, great labour, no little danger, uncertain footing, scrambling on all fours with a candle in one hand through narrow passages and over rolling rocks, water streaming like rain, repeated extinctions of the candle-lights, an atmosphere full of powder-smoke, echoes of explosions and rumblings as of an earthquake on every side, then, after two or three hours' weary wanderings, the toilsome climbing of ladder after ladder till the grasp grew feeble and the body faint—these are our recollections of a visit to a copper mine 100 fathoms deep.

Notwithstanding that vast fortunes have undoubtedly been

made by mining speculations, it is said that on a long term of years the balance-sheet of Cornish mining will show rather a loss than a gain. Some mines have returned £40,000 a year; on the other hand immense sums have been sunk in mines which have never yielded an ounce of ore.

Cornwall furnishes other metallic substances, calamine, antimony, cobalt, bismuth, and manganese; mercury and platinum have not been discovered. Of gems, rubies, amethysts, topazes, and chrysolites are met with; black and yellow jasper is common; agate and opal rare; there are some pearls in mussels and oysters of little value, as in other parts of England; yet Suetonius tells us that Cæsar invaded Britain incited by the hope of British pearls, large specimens of which he used to poise in his palm in the Forum at Rome.

The eldest son of the reigning sovereign of England is held to be Duke of Cornwall without patent of creation, and to come of age as soon as he is born; in default of an heir male, the dukedom lies dormant in the Crown. The first Duke of Cornwall was Edward the Black Prince. With the exception of a very small portion in the west, the whole of the county belonged to the duchy till the days of Charles I., who, in his great necessity, alienated a large part. Eleven manors were also sold in the reign of George III., metals and minerals being reserved to the dukes for ever. The tin dues and the duchy lands produced an income of about £15,000 a year.

The Cornish language, which was a dialect of the Gaelic, and is of the same family with the Irish and Welsh, is extinct as a spoken language, but survives in a few books and manuscripts, in names of towns, villages, and manors, in mining and fishing terms, and especially in names of families—

> "By Tre, Ros, Car, Lan, Pol, and Pen,
> You well can tell the Cornish men."

It was generally spoken up to the Reformation, but the frequent intercourse with England, and the use of the English language in forms of law and in the services of the Church, caused it rapidly to decline. In 1678 the Rector of Landewednack, the most southernly parish in the county, preached in Cornish, and this is the last account of its having been used in public worship. A hundred years later, Dolly Pentreath, an old fishwoman of Mousehole, spoke it fluently, but only a few people could understand her.

EPITAPH ON DOLLY PENTREATH IN CORNISH.

"Coth Doll Pentreath cans ha dean,
Marow ha kledys ed Paul plên
Na edan Eglos gan pobel brâs
Bes ed Egloshay coth Dolly es."

TRANSLATION.

"Old Dolly Pentreath, aged 102, died and was buried in the parish of Paul. Not in the church, with rich people, but in the churchyard old Dolly lies."

All ancient Cornish history centres round King Arthur. This great prince, as far as we can trust early records, was born in Tintagel Castle, about 500. He conquered the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and afterwards reigned as undisputed monarch over Wilts, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. In 816, Egbert invaded Cornwall, and in 936, Athelstan, by whom, after many severe struggles, the whole county, with Scilly, was subdued. It yielded a reluctant submission to William the Conqueror, who parcelled it out amongst his barons; and from this date Cornwall ceases to exist as an independent province, Cornish history becomes one with the history of England, and Cornish worthies are found prominent in all the stirring occurrences of succeeding years. During the Wars of the Roses, the great families of the county were ranged against each other in unnatural strife. Richard Edgecumbe, a supporter of Henry of Richmond, being hotly pursued by the soldiers of Richard III., ran for life, and hid himself among his own thick woods on the banks of the Tamar; but being shut in on every side, the river before him and the enemy behind, he put a stone into his cap, and threw it into the water, suddenly concealing himself under a ledge of projecting rock. They, hearing a splash, seeing his cap floating, and supposing he had desperately drowned himself, gave over the chase. Sir Henry de Bodrigan took the opposite side, and after the battle of Bosworth, his large Cornish estates were granted to Sir Richard Edgecumbe. Near the Dodman Point is a waste called Woeful Moor, on which Bodrigan made a last stand for his lands and life, but being defeated, he fled to the edge of a cliff, turned round, uttered a fearful malediction on Edgecumbe and his family, and then sprang wildly over a precipice, still called Bodrigan's Leap, into the sea. He fell on the sands, received no harm, and escaped by ship into France.

Lambert Simnel and Perkyn Warbeck both landed in Cornwall. The Cornish followed the latter adventurer to London in considerable numbers, but were speedily routed on Blackheath,

though their archers shot arrows a clothyard in length. "So strong and mighty a bow," says Lord Bacon, "did the Cornishmen draw; for these Cornish were a race of men stout of stomach, mighty of body and limb, and that lived hardly in a barren country; and many of them could for a need live underground, that were tinners."

In the reign of Edward VI., the Cornish again rose in revolt, and marched to Exeter. This city they besieged for five weeks, "until," says the old chronicler, "the famine was so sore that the people within were fain to eat horseflesh, and make bread of bran, for that otherwise it would not hold together; and the rebels from without did taunt them, saying that they would shortly measure all their silks and satins by the length of their bows." Presently, Lord Russell gave battle to the Cornish, and after much hot encounter, forced them to fly. "But when all mischief was over," pursues the writer, "it is memorable what cruel sport Sir William Kington, the provost-marshal, made upon men in misery. Master Boyer, Mayor of Bodmin, had been amongst the rebels against his will. To him, the provost sent word he would come and dine with him; thereat the mayor made great provision. A little before dinner, the provost called the mayor aside, and whispered him in the ear, that an execution must be done that day in the town, and desired that a gallows might be set up by the time dinner was over; and the mayor failed not of his charge. Presently, after dinner, the provost, taking the mayor by the hand, intreated him to lead him to the place where the gallows was, and looking at it, asked him if he thought it to be strong enough. 'Doubtless it is, Sir Provost,' said the mayor. 'Come then, friend,' said the provost with a bitter grin, 'get thee up speedily.' Whereat the mayor, trembling with fear, said, 'Surely, good sir, thou dost not mean what thou speakest.' 'In faith,' answered the provost, fiercely, 'I speak what I mean!' and so, without more ado, he was hanged to death." Near Bodmin, also, lived a miller, who had been busy in that rebellion, and he, fearing the provost would come, told a sturdy fellow, his servant, that for business' sake he must go from home, and therefore that the man must take his place for a time, and if any did come to inquire after him, he should say that he was the miller, and had been so for three years. And surely indeed the provost did come, and asked for the miller, when out comes the servant with consequence, and saith,—

"I am he."

"How long hast thou kept this mill?" asks the provost.

"Three years," saith the man.

"Lay hold on him, my men," said the provost to the officers of justice, "and hang him on this tree."

At this, the fellow, sore amazed, cries out that he is not the *miller*, but the miller's *man*.

"Nay, nay," saith the provost, "I will take thee at thy word, good friend; and if thou be'st the miller, thou know'st that thou art a rebel; and if thou be'st the miller's man, thou art a lying knave; and howsoever, thou canst never do thy master better service than to hang for him." And he was soon swinging from the nearest tree.

From Bodmin, the provost passed to St. Columb, and seized Master Mayow, who was implicated in the same revolt. Here follows the "Sad Fate of Master Mayow, Mayor of St. Columb":—

"St. Columb's town with fear is dumb;
The provost in fierce wrath is come;
Through tears and blood a pathway lies
Where'er he holds his Red Assize.

"Cruel and stern, dark as the tomb,
His look is death, his breath is doom;
And Master Mayow's eye grows dim,
And terrors shake each quivering limb.

"But Mistress Mayow's face is fair,
And she hath eyes of beauty rare;
And beauty once had power to quell
E'en savage wolves and tigers fell.

"'Haste, Mistress Mayow, haste to meet
The wrathful judge, and kiss his feet;
Tell him thou art a wedded wife,
And plead thou for thy husband's life.'

"But Mistress Mayow hath a care
To make her face look yet more fair,
And searcheth long for borrowed graces
In ribbons, satins, silks and laces.

"'Haste, Mistress Mayow, seek his face;
Thy looks are thy sufficient grace;
And women's tears and sobs intense
Plead with resistless eloquence.'

"But Mistress Mayow trifles still
O'er cap and collar, flounce and frill,
Nor dreams, midst bracelets, rings and brooches,
How near her husband's doom approaches.

"A precious hour in dressing past,
Sees Mistress Mayow drest at last;
And forth she steps in style and state,
'Ah, Mistress Mayow! 'Tis too late!'

"'Hark! hear'st thou not that passing knell?
And yonder, by the market-well,
A gibbet standeth, high in air,
And Master Mayow hangeth there.'"

We pass over the reign of Elizabeth, in whose days the names of many notable Cornishmen appear, and who said that all the Cornish gentlemen were born courtiers, with a becoming confidence, to the troubled times of the Great Rebellion. And we know of no movement in the history of any nation, of ancient or modern days, worthy of being compared for high chivalric principle, and brave heroic daring, with that noble effort which Cornwall made in defence of her injured sovereign; for whom her children freely imperilled peace, family, home, country, land, limb and life. "And all that great work," says Lord Clarendon, "which was done for the King in Cornwall, was mainly owing to the devoted loyalty and unwearied exertions of Sir Beville Grenville." Under his guidance, and that of Sir Ralph Hopton, the Cornish drove the parliamentary forces out of the county, reduced Taunton, Bridgewater, and Wells, routed Sir William Waller's cavalry on the Mendip Hills, and after further severe skirmishes with various success, and vain attempts to bring Waller to equal fight, he being comfortably lodged in Bath, moved on to Marshfield. On this, Waller drew out his forces on Lansdown, and a fierce struggle ensued, during which Sir Beville Grenville fell, and the King lost more officers and gentlemen than private soldiers. Waller, however, was compelled to retreat; but on the morrow, as Sir Ralph Hopton was riding over the field to visit the wounded, he was miserably maimed by an explosion of gunpowder.

Prince Maurice and the Cornish forces took possession of Devizes, a town open and difficult to defend; and Waller's troops, being rather surprised and confounded by the incredible boldness of the Cornish foot than weakened by the numbers slain, and having received supplies from Bristol, followed closely upon them, and assaulted the town in several places; but, as Clarendon quaintly says, "The Cornish still beat him off, and being in great want of hemp to make match, they searched the houses of the good folks in the Devizes, and took away the cords

of their beds, which they boiled, and beat, and made excellent store." On the third day help came from the King; and Lord Wilmot, with 1500 horse, fell on Haslerig's Lobsters, and after a sharp conflict, totally routed that impenetrable squadron. As yet, Walter's foot stood firm; but Lord Wilmot, turning their own cannon upon them, and the Cornish rushing out of the town, they were broken on all sides, and flying pell mell over the rocky brow of Roundway Down, were destroyed in great numbers, the Cornish retaining a very fresh memory of their late distresses. "Yet," as the same noble historian records, "when resistance was over, the Cornish soldiers were very sparing of shedding blood, having a very noble and Christian sense of the lives of their brethren; insomuch as the common men when pressed by some fiercer officer to follow the execution, answered that they could not find in their hearts to hurt men, who had nothing in their hands."

The Cornish army now fell back and rested at Bath, and afterwards, in conjunction with Prince Rupert, attacked Bristol and took it by storm; but their losses, both in officers and men, during so many severe engagements had been very great, and they desired to return to their own county. The King, in special mark of his princely gratitude, issued a letter of thanks, which is still to be seen, painted on board, in many churches in Cornwall, to perpetuate, as it is worded, "to all time the memory of their deserts, that as long as the history of these times and this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that county hath merited from Us and our Crown may be derived with it to posterity."

Sir Jonathan Trelawny, a Cornishman, was Bishop of Exeter. He was one of the seven bishops imprisoned in the Tower by James II. There is a tradition in the family that the Cornish peasantry rose and were proceeding to London—

"Ho! Cornwall to the rescue!
Let every sword be drawn,
King James detains in slavish chains
Trelawny of Trelawne.
They call Trelawny traitor—
But he hath only stood
For faith and right 'gainst tyrant might,
As a brave Bishop should.
And will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.

"And London Tower hath dungeons deep,
Its stones are stained with gore—
Those walls can tell of murders fell,
Of tortures long and sore.
In that dark Tower Trelawny lies—
And James may wildly doom
In mad despite ere morning's light
Trelawny to the tomb.
And will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.

"Ho! Cornwall to the rescue!
Up, ere Trelawny die!
And 'Cornwall for Trelawny!'
Be our defiant cry.
On, on, till crowned with conquest,
We make the tyrant flee,
And break the power of London Tower,
And set Trelawny free.
And will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why."

We will conclude this brief notice by simply mentioning the names of some famous men to whom Cornwall has given birth. Renowned, through all ages since the Conquest, have been the sons of the families of Grenville, Trelawny, Carew, Trevelyan, Godolphin, Arundel, Basset, Molesworth, Edgecumbe, Vivian, Killigrew, St. Aubyn, Buller, and Borlase.

Other Cornishmen of note were Sir W. Noye, Charles's Attorney-General; Sir J. Eliot, imprisoned by Charles I.; Hugh Peters, Cromwell's mad chaplain, hanged in chains in London; Sir Humphry Davy, inventor of the Davy Lamp; Dean Prideaux, author of "The Connection of the Old and New Testaments; Henry Martyn, a pioneer of the noble army of missionaries; Bernard Anstis, Garter King-at-arms; Captain Bligh, Commander of the Bounty; Ralph Allen, friend of Pope, a great benefactor to the charities of Bath; the two Landers, explorers of the course of the Niger; Opie, the historical painter; Foote, the comedian; Polwhele, an historian; Drew, a writer on the Immortality of the Soul; Adams, discoverer with Le Verrier of the planet Neptune.

THE END OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

BY T. B. ORMEROD.

AMONG the most interesting events of the fourteenth century, an era of great change in the history of France and of the Papacy, the two powers with which the subject of this paper is most concerned, stands the suppression of the Knights Templars. Never was design so bold and so vast in extent accomplished with greater completeness and success; never perhaps was extirpation carried out with more unrelenting cruelty, unless in the Albigensian crusade of the preceding century; never perhaps has lapse of time more thoroughly exposed the base reasons which really actuated the chief persecutor, or more completely fixed the mind of an unprejudiced posterity in a firm belief of the innocence of the victims from the charges on which they suffered. Of the great knightly orders to which the crusades gave birth, that is to say, the Templars, the Hospitallers, and the Teutonic order, the first have always taken the chief place in men's minds, to an extent, indeed, that is almost unfair to their old rivals in arms, the Knights of St. John. The tragic fate of the Templars has in itself no doubt a good deal to do with this, but there are other and stronger bonds which keep their memory fresh, for their chief stronghold in this country remains among us to this day unaltered in name, though strangely so in the character of its denizens, and the peculiar circle of the Templar churches still reminds us of the builders in more than one district of England.

What reader of Walter Scott—and who is not such?—does not remember the figure of Brian de Bois Guilbert, a type that was unfortunately for the Templars but too deeply impressed on the mind of the world at the approach of the storm which was to destroy the very existence of the proud and magnificent order? At the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Templars who had originated about the year 1119 in a few knights sworn to associate for the protection of those undertaking pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a journey which had again become perilous after the spirit of the first crusade had died away, formed a body which might well rouse fear and ill-will in the mind of a king, especially such a far-sighted prince as Philip the Fair. With the fall of

Acre in 1291, the last vestiges of the crusades had disappeared in Palestine, and men already jealous of the riches, the magnificence, and the independence of the military orders might well ask what useful object was promoted by the continued existence of the Templars, now released from all service against the infidel, the condition imposed by the charters under which their power had originated. The rivals of the Templars, the Knights of St. John and the Teutonic order, had proved, it seemed, more faithful to their vows: the one had conquered the isle of Rhodes, and were bravely holding it as a bulwark against the Moslem; the other were extending by their swords the dominion of Christianity among the wild regions of the Eastern Baltic. The Templars alone of the three orders lived in apparent forgetfulness of their vows; they now numbered some 15,000 men, powerful in every state of Europe, and owning no allegiance to any one but the Grand Masters of their respective societies, to whom all had sworn the most implicit obedience; as corporations they owned extensive lands, and had accumulated enormous wealth; their luxury was apparent to all whom their pride at the same time exasperated; the order had been released by the Popes from obedience to the bishops, and endowed with many other privileges; in the time of interdict, when the whole country groaned under the dreariness of spiritual desolation, the bells rang and the mass went on as usual in the churches of the Templars; their conventual houses were the strongest fortresses of the kingdom, and Philip himself had only a few years before found refuge in the Temple at Paris from a tumult against which the Louvre was unable to protect him, and doubtless this service made him feel the more strongly the danger of such a body of soldiers, strong enough to vanquish any army that Philip could have placed in the field, and so perhaps to overthrow the whole fabric of despotism that the house of Capet had erected with so much toil and cunning. There was, too, another danger which doubtless suggested itself to Philip's mind, that if another Hildebrand or Innocent should arise, he might well form the Templars into a sort of papal militia, more formidable even than the old Normans of Apulia, whose arms had rendered great services to Rome, and this from a temporal point of view might threaten more danger to the monarchies of Europe than even the old schemes for the isolation of the ecclesiastical order from the lay power; and one like Philip, who had but just emerged successful from his dire struggle with Boniface VIII.,

was not likely to suffer such a possible danger to arise in the future, even though it might seem unlikely in the then position of the Papacy.

Clement V., the unfortunate tool of Philip, to a secret compact with whom he owed his elevation, was at this time involved in peculiarly difficult relations with his patron; he had scarcely succeeded in baffling Philip's wish to place his brother Charles of Valois on the imperial throne by the election of Henry of Luxemburg in 1308, and was using every means that he could to elude Philip's demand for the condemnation of the memory of Boniface, a proceeding which Clement saw must entirely destroy the reputation of the Papacy: affairs being in this position, it was impossible for Clement to cross his master in a third wish, and the skilful Philip saw his opportunity, and used it with consummate adroitness. Philip had, moreover, the assistance of officers well fitted for such services as this; men like William of Nogaret, the persecutor and captor, if not the murderer, of Pope Boniface, a lawyer endowed with the professional subtlety of his class, then beginning to make their influence felt in France, and burning with the fierce desire of vengeance on the ecclesiastical power, which was, alas! but too natural in the descendant of the persecuted Albigensian. On the 14th of October, 1307, the blow fell with startling suddenness; on that day, in execution of previous secret orders from the king, the Templars were arrested throughout the length and breadth of France, and their lands seized into the royal possession, an invasion of ecclesiastical rights which but a few years before would have drawn down on the offender the sharpest censure of the Church. Into the iniquitous proceedings that mocked the name of justice during the three following years it is not necessary to go at length; everywhere in France confessions of guilt were obtained by the application of torture, at once of the most painful and degrading nature, to men mostly of high rank and noble breeding, whose spirits were broken with hopeless confinement in foul and lonely dungeons, and tempted by the hope of escape, if they were willing to criminate their order while excusing themselves personally. The only willing evidence adduced was that of worthless wretches, renegades from the order, and whose assertions proved in all cases of the loose and inaccurate description characteristic of such testimony. In England, where Edward II. was long unwilling to take steps against the order, and only yielded to the

influence of his father-in-law, Philip, backed by the remonstrances of the Pope, torture was unfrequent, and the proceedings of a far more equitable nature, and consequently the revelations obtained were insignificant; the same was the case in all states where, under Ghibelline influences, the knights obtained a fair hearing, while in Germany and Arragon—in the latter after a searching inquiry conducted by a Grand Inquisitor belonging to the Dominicans, who, together with the Franciscans, were bitter against the Templars—the knights were solemnly acquitted. At one time it seemed as if a fairer course of trial was about to be adopted, and the spirits of the knights revived, and almost unanimously they declared that their confessions were false, and such as they would never have uttered except under the terrors of the torture and the dungeon; they were permitted to choose proctors and to organize a defence, when suddenly came news that Philip de Marigny, who at the demand of the king had just been placed in the metropolitan see of Sens, was burning all who had retracted their confessions as relapsed heretics; this example was widely followed, and it is no wonder that one after another the knights who had been nominated proctors declined the defence. The avarice of the king was so far baffled that he was unable to retain the seized lands of the Templars, though of their vast moveable wealth he made complete prize: the lands were eventually made over to the Hospitallers, though at such a fine that the order was impoverished by the acquisition. Finally, at the Council of Vienna in 1312, Pope Clement, in spite of some outward resistance, totally abolished the order of the Temple, "if not by way of justice, by way of expediency, lest we offend our dear son the King of France." But one dark scene still remains to be told.

In the next year, A.D. 1313, on a little island in the Seine, were brought to the stake Jacques du Molay, Grand Master of France, with Guy, the Prior of Normandy; there, in the presence of Philip himself, the hideous scene was acted out; both the old men, in the midst of their agonies, bravely asserting the innocence of their order. That they were believed is shown not only by the fact that their bones and ashes were carried away as reliques, but by the common story that the dying Du Molay summoned both Clement and Philip to meet him within forty days before the throne of God. The particularity of the number of days has probably been taken from other stories of the sort, but within a year both Clement and Philip had passed to their

account; the latter was only forty-six, and in the difficulties of the end of his reign, the hideous domestic shame of his own children, and the miseries of war and defeat that came upon France in the next generation, many saw the curse brought down by his double persecution of Pope Boniface and the Templars. The accusations brought against the order are a repulsive subject, but a little must be said more particularly concerning them. The falsehood of the charge of foul practices brought against the order generally is tolerably clear from the means through which the confessions were extracted, and from the unanimity with which all the better class of the knights, directly that the first pressure on them was relaxed, retracted their confessions, and persevered in these recantations even to death, and from the improbability that so many noble recruits would have joined the order if such practices as were charged had been common, or that the secret could have been preserved so closely; still it is not unlikely that individual members might, in the polluted society of Syria, have contracted many vicious habits, especially in an order the monastic asceticism of which had been to a great extent lost in the licence of military life. The more lettered knights may also have become tinged with the gnesticism which spread so widely after the crusades had introduced Europe to Oriental and Mahometan learning, and the prevalence of which is illustrated by the views which the presence of Mahometans at his court caused to be imputed to the accomplished Frederick II. But though individuals may have been guilty, most minds will at the present day confirm the verdict of innocence which, even then, some were bold enough to hint at, and find the real cause of the suppression of the Templars in the exigencies of the avarice and statecraft of Philip the Fair.

PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA.[1]

By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., Vicar of North Marston.

VI. SERMONS AND SERVICES.—PART I.

It is well that these papers are called Plans and *Practices*. If they were called Plans alone, they would have a look of invention and discovery about them, a Captain Cook and an Amerigo Vespucci appearance, which by no means belongs to them of right. Not that "Plans" means necessarily undiscovered or even undeveloped plans; but yet the expression, "I know a plan," has a futurist bearing, a mare's-nest aspect, which, by the addition of the more modest word "Practice," implies that other people know it too, and have known it long before, that no new thing, no fresh discovery, is announced.

Several writers have written books upon preaching. It is a subject discussed also, at dull times of the year, in newspapers, and discussed at both dull and lively times of the year, and of every year in all parishes—country parishes especially, perhaps—and in all places of Her Majesty's dominions. Just now the feeling about what sermons ought to be, and even, though to a less extent, upon what they ought not to be, is a restless, an uncertain, a varying, an utterly unsettled feeling. There is the unsettlement, pervading all parties, of whether sermons should be short or long, doctrinal or practical, or both doctrinal and practical; upon when, where, and how controversial points should be (educationally) introduced; and, upon a variety of other matters, irrespectively and independently of all party feeling. As in upper education no one has yet shown what is to take the headship vacated by Latin and Greek, so in sermons and sermonizing, the public has not as yet given any distinct utterance of what it wants in place of the dry moral and equally dry doctrinal discourses of other days. Most people know when they have heard "a capital sermon," but few would be able to define wherein the excellence consisted. Liddon's long High Church sermons, and McNeile's long Low Church sermons, listened to by crowds, show

[1] No. VII. will be "Sermons and Services."—Part 2.

plainly enough that brevity is only an element of popularity when the preacher, though "very good," and "very much above the average," is not striking and powerful enough to hold the attention for more than five-and-twenty minutes. "That was an excellent sermon, *and not too long*," could not fairly be used after one of Canon Liddon's powerful addresses; "What a sermon! I could have listened willingly even longer," would express the general feeling better.

But although, even in the question as between long and short sermons, the public does not know what it wants exactly, or partly perhaps because of all this restless uncertainty, all parties in the Church, and out of the Church too, seem to be agreed that preaching is become, whether more or less legitimately, one of the most important agencies of the day. What used to be the mark of the Evangelical party chiefly, if not solely, this great value set upon preaching,—characterizes, in these days, the Church in general.

Dissent has long thriven and prospered upon, and is still partly kept afloat by, "the foolishness of preaching." Mr. Spurgeon has given the Baptist community a new lease of vigorous life by his constant originality and his occasional eloquence. And after spreading from Dissent outside the Church to Evangelicalism within the Church, the practice of preaching as a prime mean of power for good, and also a prime influence for the propagation of the opinions of those who use it, has been utilized by not only the High Church party, which used to scorn it, but by Ritualists who so early gauged its potency.

The remarks which follow will relate to both Sermons and Services, and are the result of some varied and careful observation, and even—if I might presume to say so—some earnest study of the subject, in its present aspects and relationships. Many of those remarks formed portions of a paper, read at the house of the Rev. W. Gresley, to a clerical society which met, as clerical societies now-a-days mostly do meet, at the houses of its beneficed members by turns.

There is one "Practice" in sermonizing, and among Anglican clergy—I know of no other Christian body but the Church of England spotted by the practice—which is decidedly not *pro Ecclesiâ*, but only *pro segnitiâ, pro fraude, pro ignorantia*, and (if one may pun in Latin) *proh pudor!* The practice I speak of is —not the practice of preaching other men's sermons, nor even of preaching other men's sermons without confession and without

acknowledgment. For the diaconate year it is certainly not a bad plan, if the deacon be unhappily called to preach more than twice or thrice in a month, to make liberal use of good printed or of a friend's good written sermons, after due public explanation. And it is not merely because, on the advice of my own most scrupulous first rector, I did so myself, that I advocate the so doing. It is not that having lost my own tail I recommend others to cut off theirs. It is rather after taking what every clergyman finds to be a most humiliating review of his earlier productions in the way of sermonising, that I would venture to reproduce my first incumbent's wise admonitions, given earnestly and consistently, in favour of preaching from some of the many printed volumes of pulpit divinity now in existence. "If a man cannot preach he should not take holy orders" is not a fair argument. Some have "got it in them," and only want time and practice to bring it out; while others, more or less unfitted for the preaching part of ministerial work, are already embarked, with fortune, family, and all that stands between themselves and want, in the clerical vocation. There are also cases of emergency in which excellent preachers, not gifted with the power of extemporaneous effusion, are right glad and rightfully glad to take down a known and trusted volume from the corner of a study shelf, and to walk into the pulpit, volume in hand, with grave, earnest solemnity and sincerity, and there and then to read a sermon written by as good a man, for as good a congregation, elsewhere.

But the lithograph sermon is a very different, a *toto cœlo* different thing. "Thing" is, indeed, exactly the right word to apply to it.

It is said in one of the reviews—the "thing," I mean, is said—to have a "solemn, silver ring upon the heart;" and as regards the latter adjective all may be true enough, for the thing is generally advertised for a couple of shillings, and guaranteed not to be sold to anybody else within a circuit of ten miles or so; but as regards the solemn!—well, it is a solemn farce, and a solemn responsibility it involves, and that is about all the truth, a truth never intended to be taught, which the compliment conveys. The *English Churchman*, in reviewing some years ago five or six volumes of printed sermons, thus expresses its justly severe judgment upon the use of lithographed sermons:—

"The second reason for our regretting the diminution of published sermons is that it is a sign that the young clergy who used to preach, in many cases with great advantage to themselves and to their congregations, the published sermons of

their more experienced brethren, are now having, in too many instances, recourse to the lithographed discourses so largely advertised, which are so framed as to have neither doctrine, nor edification, nor learning in them, being written in many cases by indigent laymen, and which, therefore, cannot profit in any conceivable way those who are unhappily compelled to listen to them. Surely it is far better that a young clergyman, if he cannot compose for himself, should borrow a sermon (which, by the fact of its being published, is probably above the average, and is written by an older and better preacher than himself) than that he should (for one or two shillings per Sunday) provide himself with these lithographed inanities, and present himself to his people, so furnished, in the pulpit—a vivid representation of 'the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not.' "

An advertisement once appeared in the *Record*, and doubtless in the other Church papers also, asking for manuscript sermons for the furtherance of a "good object." Somebody—I do not say whether or not it was "this present"—replied, and enclosed a specimen, stipulating that it should not be printed unless the "good object" were approved, and stating the price per sermon for which one hundred such sermons might be purchased. Back came winged reply, accepting terms, enclosing post-office order for the "most excellent" sermon, and explaining that the good object was the "relief of overworked dignitaries and other clergy" by the supply of lithographed sermons, at so much per quarter of a year. Back again went poor curate's replication, declining to supply sermons for such an object, returning money and demanding sermon. *Lithographed*, poor curate received it, and learned that two hundred copies were traversing the country, to be preached in two hundred pulpits forthwith. "Sir," said poor curate, "if you do not return my MS., the sermon will be printed shortly, with an explanatory preface." "Sir," replied Lithographicus, "if you print my copyright, I shall sue you for damage—it is *a poor sermon*, and won't sell printed—I advise you to take care." Cruelty added to injury! Strange to say, the curate never printed the sermon. It lies, lithographed, in his box of MSS. at this moment, and perhaps people who have heard it, and do not know its history, have remarked, "Poor curate doesn't preach his own sermons—I have heard that sermon before." Lithographicus is now, I believe, in the convict settlements "for his country's good." He was a graduate of Oxford, had held good curacies, was rather (I have been told) a fast young gentleman in appearance, wrote a well-bred handwriting, and "went in for" dash and splash and pretence generally. I have often wondered why the "Church dignitaries" left to his fate one who had manifested such kind interest in their "overworked estate."

A few remarks will not perhaps be unseasonable here, upon the practice of printing average sermons. Poor Thackeray wrote somewhere, of one of his parsons, that "he duly published his volume of sermons, and went down to his grave in peace." It ought rather to have been said, "he was duly *solicited* to publish his volume of sermons, he duly complied with such solicitation, and went down to his grave in sore disquietude." The little formality, "published by request," always, either expressed or understood in regard to the printing of sermons, implies nothing more than kindly feeling, regard, respect, complaisance, on the part of attached members of congregations. It is an elevated form of "I drink your health, Mr. Rector." If only the flushed and eager curate or new rector could know how still fewer of the astonishingly few sold copies are read through from beginning to end, he would value the goodwill implied in being told "you must print that sermon, Mr. Smith," as much as, perhaps more than, before, but he would be in no haste to "repeat the offence." It is as well perhaps that he cannot, as it is that other people cannot, look behind the scenes which conventionality puts up before the heart of society. Who would like to hear what his servants, in moments of anger, say about his doings? Who would willingly have his ear nailed to the keyhole, while his dearest friends discuss his "weaknesses, poor thing"? Curates and incumbents are, like other mortals, complimented often very kindly, and with no deliberate hypocrisy, with every thought of goodwill and friendship, and yet with little thought of action being taken upon the strength of the compliments.

There are, however, reasons which tell in palliation, and with regard to some clergymen in favour, of printing sermons, especially where loss is no matter, where loss can be comfortably borne, I mean. A charity is often helped by the printing of a sermon, of which the proceeds are to be applied towards the restoration of a church, the purchase of an organ, the inauguration of a parish library, the erection of a reredos, the insertion of a window, the starting of a village hospital, or whatsoever else a parish needs or would like. The title page is a constant memento, and suffers not the plan to drop. Dozens of people say, "What I give, I like to give, and I don't like to buy a sermon for a shilling which is not worth fourpence, for the sake of the organ;" but they do buy the three-pennyworth of preaching for one shilling, and do take it home, and put it on the table, and show it to friends, and if it is attacked speak up for it, and for the parson,

and for his plan of a new organ. It may be that the printing of sermons at a shilling a copy has had its day, and is giving way to more direct schemes of parochial money-getting; but it has very recently been in the habit of doing great things, as could easily be proven, and if it is to die, or to give place to sixpenny or threepenny sermons "for building a parsonage in the parish of Rusticity-next-Urbanity," let us confess that it has worked well while its day lasted.

There is another very lawful and commendable reason why sermons should now and then aim at bringing in the additional "hearers" which printer's ink will give. Every earnest man who looks from his pulpit week after week upon the same faces, not discontentedly, not in disheartenment by any means, not with eyes saddened, like Alexander's, by disappointed ambition, not in heart-sick weariness—but with now and then a yearning for a wider world to speak to, and an instinct telling him that his words are pouring out from his heart into his hearers' hearts —every such man would be glad to enlarge his auditory, "to compel them" (the multitudes elsewhere) "to come in." Printed sermons find their way "by chance" to hearts that, but for such chance, would have been still untouched. Printed sermons also find their way to sick-rooms, hospitals, barracks, colonies, and ships. None can divine the history of a printed book or pamphlet, be it only a sermon book or sermon. Granted that thousands of such sermon volumes and pamphlets find their way, as find their way they do, to wastepaper baskets and old bookstalls, such is not their invariable destination. Here and there a "Plain Word" or a "Common-life Sermon" steals into previously closed hearts, ministers to diseased minds, consoles stricken souls, binds up wounds, pours in wine and oil, allays fevered thoughts, and does good that outweighs hundreds of failures.

A clergyman enlarges and multiplies his congregation, and that without infringing upon the parochial system of our Church, by printing, when occasion seems to call, some of his "bettermost" sermons. He casts bread upon new seas and oceans, which haply the tide of Providence shall wash in upon the desert shore of some forsaken heart, where, after many days, perhaps not till after the trumpet-call of the general resurrection, he shall find it again, the savour of life unto life. If called upon, as so many preachers are, to lend a MS. sermon which had struck some hearer, a clergyman could give it in type with far more effect and impartiality to all such applicants

as seem really to desire it. There is also, among the reading public, a small army of sermon readers and sermon distributors The latter class of persons often single out suitable sermons fo the doubter, the halter, the backslider, the penitent, the despair ing, the presumptuous; and lend them to such characters.

In this and other ways the printed sermon does good, howeve limited its sale, and however distasteful it may be to booksellers publishers, and reviewers.

To the preacher himself the printing of his sermons does un questionable service, and that is one chief reason why the publi ought to encourage it. Sermons are, unhappily, too often pre pared with less care for the people than for the press, but th habit of preparing them for the press would induce the habit c generally greater care. Critics find their way into congregation with which most clergymen have casual acquaintance or regula connection. Those of us who have not to face literary critic have had, in past experience perhaps, university men and public school men among our people, also stern self-educated artisan women who read "Ecce Homo," and even "Tom Brown" youth who cannot settle down attentively to listen to slipshod. An if we come to have only simple rustics, plain truth may as well b clothed in careful and correct language as in thoughtless and neg lectful language. Now, when the sermon is written, delivere and safely returned to the writer's desk, adverse criticism is nc likely to reach him. His inaccuracies, solecisms, rambling feeblenesses, starched pulpitisms, and too commonplace fami liarities, are buried in the drawer, burned in the fire, or pre served for future use or misuse. A sermon writer may go o for years, however weak and careless he may be, withou being met with violent fault-finding or very severe criticisn especially if he be "a good gentleman to the poor," agreeable t the rich, and sociable with the middling, so long as he keep free from printer's ink.[1] But meanwhile time passes, and whe conscience begins to pinch him, as it will do when he one da remarks the greater earnestness, care, accuracy, simplicity, an

[1] Said one hearer to three or four other hearers, "Really, it *is* a trial to listen t Mr. Unsatisfactory; I feel quite bad when he gets into the pulpit. Why does tl rector let him preach?" "Poor gentleman," remarked No. 2, "he can't he preaching like that; he does his best, don't he? They're his old sermons, that l wrote years and years ago, when he was young and careless." "Yes, that's tru perhaps, and he certainly is a very kind gentleman, and his daughters do visit tl poor, and he's connected with the archbishop, folks do say—but he might pres once a quarter, on a wet Sunday, like." What a *Concio ad Clerum!*

true dignity of some occasional preacher, his junior alike in years and orders perhaps; or on meeting some sharp and sudden reminder of the comfortable, matter-of-course absent-mindedness of an increasing proportion of his congregation who—

"Thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' comed awaäy,"

Or on some annual review, during the midnight hour when the church bells ring out an old year of lost opportunities and ring in a new year of grace and recovery, review of his past year's work, what it was and what it might have been;—when conscience, excited by these or similar causes, begins to work upon him, he finds that some of his best years of comparative leisure, when habits were pliable and improvement easily attainable, are gone entirely. Sermon-printing and conscience-quieting may seem not to be near of kin, but it is certain that sermon-printing tends to make earnest and careful preaching, and earnest and careful preaching is one of the demands of the age. Without going so far as the already quoted *English Churchman* newspaper, which asserts that "no one can be a really good preacher who has not seen his sermons in print," I feel persuaded that no young clergyman would fail to become a *better* preacher by seeing his sermons in print. He will so gain a better opportunity of knowing and correcting his faults. Sharp criticism from one source, calm contempt from another, and measured approbation from another, will speedily disabuse him of the idea that he delivered what some village Hotspur had declared to be "the best sermon that was ever heard in Dunderhead." He will learn to look carefully, if not coldly, upon indiscriminate praise, to take a meeker measure of his own and a higher measure of other men's abilities. Without learning to despise encouragement, which would be indeed a vicious lesson he will learn to disregard mere idle flattery and empty compliment upon the manner of his exercise of the solemn function of preaching God's truth. He will be taught by the enemy,—as is right. He will contract habits of self-criticism, composing as if for the eye and ear of some stray critic, or literary vacationist, or occasional public-school man, or whomsoever else: not therefore robbing his sermon of its heart-searching fervour, not cutting down one single homeliness or plainness, not aiming at "high art," or grandiloquence, or Spurgeonic liveliness, or egotism; but avoiding bad grammar, which is not necessarily forcible; slovenliness, which is not necessarily solemn; and dulness, which is

not necessarily devout; avoiding, if not philosophy, yet certainly unsound philosophy; if not science, yet surely exploded and falsely called science; if not astronomy, at least inaccurate, antique astronomy; if not geology, yet always bigoted and bygone geology, as well as hazy and dubious geography. All this the—I will not say regular practice, but the occasional indulgence of sermon-printing propensities, would help to effect this avoidance of giving occasion for ridicule in conversation and ridicule in respectable newspapers. A printed sermon is likely to be good of its kind, and to induce the habit of preparing sermons good of their kind. And a good plain sermon, vigorous, grammatical, and sound, is not only better in itself, but would more surely escape adverse criticism, than an overdressed, or underdressed, or too highly spiced, or unseasonable, or unreasonable flow of rude and undigested written or spoken talk.

Before leaving this branch of my subject, and proceeding to the discussion of the question as between—if there is a question as between—written and spoken sermons, and popular services generally, there is still another argument I would cite in favour of the now and then publication of a sermon which instinct and the congregation tell you is better than your usual run. The first sermon I ever printed, though (for other reasons) I have never ceased to regret the printing of it, was printed because some depreciative hearers said, "It was not his own." Now you may deny as stoutly as you please, and with the most perfect truth, that you preach other men's sermons, but if you once get the name, or even the suspicion of so doing, there is only one way of putting a stop to the scandal,—print the sermon or the sermons. After that you are safe as the Bank of England. No one would ever print an alien sermon as his own, however many would preach one. The sermon I speak of was, as regards literary merit, of an inferior cast, and I am not even sure the text was rightly interpreted; but the printing of it was well received, and in that particular curacy I was never charged with preaching other men's sermons as my own again. In my next curacy I printed no sermons, and when my furniture was removed, having written sharply to the man who removed it, respecting the imagined loss of some of my MS. discourses, I was told, roundly enough, that if he "had wanted sermons," he "could have bought them easily enough, as parsons did," evidently meaning, as *I* did. He was a Dissenter, and the people in general did not, it is hoped, think that I had preached "bought sermons," but I re-

solved to print a sermon in connection with my subsequent curacy as soon as might be, and hailed a "request" from the vicar and churchwardens with the greatest joy.

Such are some of the good ends served by sermon-printing. There are, besides the warnings already adduced, objections varying in intensity and soundness with the preaching power of the—I had almost said "victim." The practice does not, as it is said to do, feed vanity. It rather, in a healthy character, sobers arrogance, tones down conceit. It has just the effect upon a clergyman which London has upon a rustic potentate or a provincial mayor, and such as Parliament has upon an ardent reform leaguer, and would have upon a "genuine working class candidate." It brings him into competition with his (*quoad* wisdom and experience) betters, and under the criticism of friends, enemies, and observers. It compels him to do his best. It tries with tolerable severity his love of money, which, though it is the root of all evil, is assuredly not the root of sermon-printing. It tends to make him careful, guarded, moderate, accurate in expression, and, as a consequence, more accurate in thought. And it enlarges his congregation by the addition of reviewers, bedridden sick folk, distant friends and acquaintance, waifs and strays, Dissenters, and (as I know by experience) anti-infallibilist Roman Catholics.

A few words ought to be said to the laity upon this point. To ask a clergyman to print his sermons involves responsibility. It was, I think, the Dean of Canterbury at Wells, who, to a request for his sermon to be printed, replied that sermons so printed were not always bought, and that he hoped when the sermon *was* printed, persons would "take a few copies." It would be a real kindness to many a clerical beginner if his rector and churchwardens, or squire, or principal hearers, would undertake the expense of printing one hundred copies of his first notably superior sermon. Such sermon would act as a guarantee alike of his own preaching power, and of the people's good-will; it would convince the poorest parishioners that his sermons "was what he wrote his-self;" it would become a legitimate spur to legitimate ambition, and would be altogether a more beneficent act and deed than if the preacher were merely bidden to make an experiment at his own expense, for the people at large either to smile upon or to slight, as the case might be. Either lay people should be more chary of their requests to print "your excellent last Sunday's sermon, Mr. Dash," or else they should be less

chary of their shillings and sixpences after the request has bee complied with. And if they not only desire good preaching i the Church, but are willing to do their best to promote an increase such preaching, they will seek out a promising curat as eagerly as a sergeant casts his eye upon the making of a bol recruit, and will consider the printing of his sermon as a enlistment in the cause of Church and earnestness. "Printe at the expense" is far more significant than "printed at th request."

Reviewers are sometimes severe upon the printing of sermon It is too bad, some of them may think, to make them rea sermons which they would never think of going to hear—havin the luxurious choice of the best preaching which Rome an England, Independency and Wesleyanism, can offer. But as th speech of a "new member" is listened to with indulgence, s should be the volume of a new sermon-writer. He may becom a Liddon or a Wilberforce, as the new member may become Disraeli or a Gladstone, a Bright or a Salisbury, a Cairns or Hardy, or a Roundell Palmer. "If he may so, then nothing ca stop him." Granted that nothing can. He may yet be dis couraged and delayed. I do not for one moment believe tha reviewers can do what Mrs. Wood, in "Roland Yorke," say they did to Hamish Channing. The course of a writer treate as he was said to be treated, would usually be to feel stung an hurt for a short time, humiliated for a longer time, then caln and tolerant, and finally smiling and serene. But in th interests of the Church, of courtesy, of kindness, and of th church-going public at large, reviewers of printed sermons shoul point out faults in such a spirit as that the preacher might without loss or diminution of self-respect, amend and improve.

"THEY CANNOT RECOMPENSE THEE."

BY REV. H. TODD, M.A.

SOILED with life's miry ways,
  Rough-handed, rough of heart;
Whom never effort can avail to raise;
  Of whose sad being want doth seem a part,
So readily they sink e'en to the verge
Of bare starvation. Them pain cannot urge
To wider wisdom; but their mind is dull
And their soul dark. O thou of strength more full,
Pause thou not to condemn,
They cannot recompense thee. Give to them.

Stained with the slime of guilt,
  A leprous multitude;
Look through the weary earth where'er Thou wilt,
  May not such souls be viewed?
Brothers who have renounced life's holy crown,
And dare not even on the beasts look down;
And sisters who have robed their souls with shame,
And wear of all sad names the saddest name;
Shrink not in scorn from such,
Give of Thy heart's wealth, for they need it much.

See, there are others still,
  Who, whether rich or poor,
Have pauper souls; for they no generous thrill
  Have ever felt. Their nature is the boor
Of our humanity. Their very love
Springs from a calculating wish to move.

Their hearts are pulseless as machines. Their smile
Is but a garment to conceal their guile.
Stay, stay not to contemn,
They cannot recompense Thee, give to them.

Ah, unto all that need,
  Whate'er their poverty,
The empty hands, the hearts that cannot bleed,
  Give of thine own full store abundantly.
Yea, they are poor; and all thy wealth may be
As treasures flung into the hungry sea.
For thee no smile upon their lips may shine,
Nay, not one word of thanks be ever thine;
Yet give thou to them still,
They cannot recompense thee—and God will.

THE LATE REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A.[1]

BY A. C. HAYWARD.

PART II.

THE year 1835 was one of many changes to Keble. The death of his father in January decided him to leave Fairford with his only remaining sister Elizabeth, and left him free to accept the renewed offer of the living of Hursley, which had unexpectedly become vacant. He took possession of the vicarage towards the end of the year, shortly after his marriage with Miss Clarke, and then began the restful life that lasted for thirty years, associating every recollection of Keble with the name of the village church of Hursley.

That home life was in itself so simple and uneventful, that the details of parish work are interesting only as showing much of his personal characteristics, and of the manner in which he applied the doctrines that he had struggled so incessantly to vindicate, to the practical working of every day's parish duties.

There was nothing marked or demonstrative in the earnestness with which every parochial work was carried out in strict adherence with the orders of the Prayer-book. "The daily services were among his greatest delights and refreshments; . . . and in the hope that labourers would attend, he tried having an early Litany on Wednesdays and Fridays; also, as many believe from the longing to be himself more instant in penitential prayer the more the gathering troubles of the Church and the doubts, and perplexities of many souls weighed upon his spirit. It was begun in 1850, at five o'clock in summer and half-past five in winter, and continued three years."

Much of his time was given to the schools, attending daily through the week, and catechising in church on Sundays. His preparation of candidates for confirmation was most careful and studied, and extended sometimes over the space of a whole year before the celebration of the rite. The sick in Hursley were visited constantly by himself, and where it was wished for he

[1] "A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A., late Vicar of Hursley." By the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, D.C.L.

administered the Holy Communion, though "he never *proposed*," we are told, "to give the Holy Communion privately; he said the request ought to come from the sick person, but he was always ready to take the slightest hint; and if he thought that shyness prevented the desire for it being expressed, he used to get some one else to speak to the sick person and find out his wishes."

With regard to the personal direction and guidance of those who came to him in difficulties of conscience—and many beyond his own parish asked his help in this way—Keble was somewhat backward in giving advice, saying that "he was incapable of guiding any one well;" but he observed in such cases the strictest obedience to the Prayer-book, never using the special Absolution without asking "if it were humbly and heartily desired;" and "continued exhorting those whom he taught to take all from our Lord as personally present."

Yet, in spite of efforts that his friends know to have been unceasing, Keble could never feel satisfied with the state of his parish. His own excessive humility made him underrate the influence he had gained, and the laxity of discipline in the Church was in his opinion a perpetual hindrance to success. "The lack of a regular system of discipline he tried to supply in such ways as he could;" yet, in his own words, "after all my care I am, in fact, in darkness as to the moral and religious condition of my people, and I am so for want of being able to use the arm of confession." "We go on working in the dark," he writes again, "and in the dark it will be until the rule of systematic confession is revived in our Church."

Sir John Coleridge tells us that "he acted habitually on the present rule which allows confession as a voluntary act; he found it in his own case a comfort and guide, and resorted to it; and when he was desired he did not refuse to use it as such to others." He seems to have treated the subject of fasting with the same discretion; he "used abstinence" to a great extent himself, but would not urge it strictly on others. Such are some of the features of that picture of pastoral work which, in the words of his fellow-worker, Mr. Young, "if drawn to the life, might have so much influence for good."

The literary works of the first year at Hursley were the completion of his poetical version of the Psalms, and the preparation of the library of the Fathers, in which he was associated with Newman and Pusey, in editing "translations of the whole or of selected works of certain of the Fathers who had flourished

previously to the division of Christendom into East and West, and also in certain cases of the original texts,"—an undertaking that has never been completed. His version of the Psalms proved a failure. In his preface he gives his own opinion of his attempt:—"The version was undertaken in the first instance with a serious apprehension, which has since grown into a full conviction, that the thing attempted is, strictly speaking, *impossible;*" an opinion confirmed by Archbishop Howley's criticism,—"Mr. Keble's work demonstrates the truth of his position."

Some years later he mentions the intended publication of the "Lyra Innocentia," as "a scheme for raising money for the Church."

Hursley church, "in good substantial repair, and arranged and furnished within after the fashion of the eighteenth century, was painfully unsatisfactory to Keble. . . . Nothing that was appropriate could be to his mind too beautiful or rich for God's house."

He determined to rebuild it, and to rebuild it entirely at his own cost, from the proceeds of "The Christian Year." It was to make up for some deficiency in the funds that he resolved to publish "a set of things which," he writes, 26th May, 1845, "have been accumulating for the last three or four years, under the title of 'Lyra Innocentium, or Thoughts in Verse on the Sayings and Doings of Little Children, and the Revelations of God's Will concerning them,' or something to that effect. . . . It will be nearly, but not perhaps quite as big as the 'C. Y.,' and will admit, I think, more easily of illustration by the pencil. It has been a great comfort to me in the desolating anxiety of the last two years, and I wish I could settle at once to some other such task."

The "desolating anxiety" he alludes to might have been the anticipation of what Coleridge calls "the sorrow of his life"—Newman's secession from the Anglican communion. But those two years, as well as many earlier ones, must have brought, besides, incalculable anxiety to himself in the effect on his own mind of the causes that had led Newman into the Church of Rome. The few extracts from Keble's letters of that most critical time show the intense sorrow with which he saw the laxity of Church discipline,—even the fear lest he should discover, like Newman, that England's communion had, in his own words, "incurably fallen from being a church." "I cannot go to Rome," he writes in 1841, "till Rome be much changed indeed; but I may be driven out of the English Church, should that adopt the present

set of changes and programmes; and many will, I fear, not be content to be nowhere, as I should feel it my duty to try to be."

* * * * * *

"As to Rome," he writes again, "I thought I had said in my letter to you that, come what will, it would be impossible [twice underscored] for me to join it until it is other than at present. Archbishop Laud's saying as I think; and I suppose you would not yourself say that if Rome altered her terms of communion to a certain extent such communion ought not to be sought. The contingency that I contemplate—a very dreary one, but such a one as I ought not to think it strange if I incur it—is not going to Rome, but being driven out of all communion whatever. I cannot hide it from myself that two prelates have distinctly denied an article of the Apostles' Creed, the H. C. Ch.; and that while no notice is taken of them, attempts are being made in Oxford, and in many dioceses at once, to enforce a view equivalent to theirs, which view, if it were adopted, would drive me, and, as I suppose, all Catholic Christians, out of communion."

The conflict of principle—so severe that, in writing a letter of condolence on the death of a child, he speaks with a feeling almost of envy of "the joy and comfort of those who are in peace out of sight"—must have reached the crisis when, in the autumn of 1845, the expected separation came; and two friends, friends through many years, were parted,—Newman to go into the Roman Church, Keble to do all that one man could do to heal the divisions that he grieved for by the influence of his life-long labour in the Church of England.

Letters written at the time tell of the conclusion he had himself arrived at—a conclusion unmoved by the shock of what he calls the "thunderbolt" of that intelligence.

"These are great mercies indeed, and most mercifully are they given, as if on purpose to keep one's heart from quite breaking at the bad news from Oxford. I thought I was quite prepared for it, but it came on me like a thunderbolt at last. I had not expected it so soon, and I clung to the respite of a few weeks or months. And yet, though I talk in this tragical way, I go on eating, drinking, and sleeping, just as if nothing had happened or was happening. It is my reason that tells me now how I ought to live; my whole self keeps as hard and as cold as ever. It has been a sort of relief to write to ——, and tell him how unchanged I hope to be both toward him and the Church of England; but

sometimes I feel as if I could do nothing but sit astonied for the rest of my life."

"One can but be still and pray; I scarce know anything else that can be done. I have written to him to express as well as I could two feelings: one, continued love and affection towards him; the other that every day things are happening, especially in our two sick rooms, which make it more and more impossible for me to do as he has done. . . . I have some fear whether —— himself will not be unsettled again before long. He wrote now to —— to announce his profession, and the tone of the note seemed to me a little excited. God bless him wherever and with whomsoever he is."

The poems of the "Lyra" had been the work of the years of suspense that had ended so mournfully, and, as might be expected, they tell much of the history of that time. The preface, dated February 8, 1846, seems to include in a few lines, almost painful in their earnestness, the result of the long mental agitation:—

"There are who love upon their knees
  To linger when their prayers are said,
And lengthen out their Litanies
  In duteous care for quick and dead.
Thou of all love the source and guide!
  O may some hovering thought of theirs,
Where I am kneeling, gently glide,
  And higher waft these earth-bound prayers."

So his new volume opens: with direct allusion to that doctrine, always received by him as a matter of conviction, and made doubtless dearer to him by many deaths of the last ten years, the doctrine of Prayers for the Dead, as being an important part of that intercommunion between the visible and invisible Church, so prominent in every mention by him of the sadness of open graves.

"One surely feels more and more the privilege of being allowed to remember one's departed friends in private prayer and secretly at the altar," he had written years before; and the belief in the efficacy of the unceasing intercession stands on the front of his work, a confident expression of his convictions, characteristic as the lines that follow, and that speak of the baptismal grace, which is, more than any other doctrine, the subject of the book:—

"There are who, gazing on the stars,
  Love tokens read from worlds of light,
Not as dim seen through prison bars,
  But as with angels' welcome bright.

Oh, had we kept entire the vow
And covenant of our infant eyes,
We too might trace untrembling now
Glad lessons in the moonlight skies."

That verse gives the key-note of the whole; poem after poem enlarges on the prevailing idea of the hallowing power of baptismal waters, more strongly shown in the earliest childhood hours, when "fresh from th' Eternal arms," the little ones rise from the threefold "plunge in love's boundless sea," yet strong, too, to make—

"That happy hours long spells endure,"

even through the "passion hours" of life's "glorious warfare," till—

"With the cold pale shroud the font's pure beam
Shall blend, and o'er all hues of death prevail."

The three next stanzas read strangely to us, characteristic as they are of the one who wrote them, and who wrote also—with a different application—some words that are recalled by the bitterness of self-depreciation.

"Still the nearest to His grace
Know least of their own glorious place,"

Keble said of others. Of himself he speaks,—

"There are to whom the gay green earth
Might seem a mournful penance cave;
For they have marred their holy birth,
Have rent the bowers that o'er them wave.
Where underneath Thy cross they lie,
Mark me a place: Thy mercy's ray
Is healing e'en to such as I,
Else wherefore bid us hope and pray?

"What if there were who laid one hand
Upon the Lyre of Innocence,
While the other, o'er sea and land
Beckoned foul shapes, in dream intense
Of earthly passion? Whoso reads,
In pity kneel for him, and pour
A deep heart-prayer (oh, much it needs!)
That lies may be his hope no more.

"Pray that the mist, by sin and shame
Left on his soul, may fleet; that he
A true and timely word may frame
For weary hearts, that ask to see
Their way in our dim twilight hour;
His lips so purged with penance fire,
That he may guide them, in Christ's power
Along the path of their desire."

The humbleness of entreaty ends in the confident assurance of the truth of the poet's teaching—the assurance that was the triumphant result of all the years of agitation:—

> "And with no faint nor erring voice
> May to the wanderer whisper, 'Stay,
> God chooses for thee: seal His choice,
> Nor from thy mother's shadow stray,
> For sure thy holy Mother's shade
> Rests yet upon thine ancient home.
> No voice from heaven hath clearly said,
> 'Let us depart;' then fear to roam."

And the conclusion of the whole seems but an expression of the closing articles of the Apostolic Creed,—"The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints,"—

> "Pray that the prayer of innocents
> On earth, of saints in heaven above,
> Guard, as of old, our lonely tents,
> Till, as one faith is ours, in love
> We own all churches, and are owned;—
> Pray Him to save, by chastenings keen,
> The harps that hail His Bride enthroned
> From wayward touch of hands unclean."

The hymns that follow carry out the prevailing idea of the preface so fully as to have alarmed many of Keble's friends. "We all agreed in our admiration of them," Coleridge writes, "and also in the token they gave that Keble had advanced considerably in his religious opinions. On grounds partly of actual disagreements and partly of the imprudence, at all events, of publishing them at that critical time, we objected to the insertion of two or three of the poems."

Keble yielded unwillingly to the general opinion, and suppressed the three hymns chiefly objected to. "But," he writes of the objection, "it makes me even sadder than I was before. . . . No doubt there would be the difference in tone which you take notice of between this and the former book, for when I wrote that I did not understand (to mention no more points) either the doctrine of repentance or that of the Holy Eucharist as held, *e. g.*, by Bishop Ken, nor that of justification; and such points as these must surely make a great difference. But may it please God to preserve me from writing as unreally and as deceitfully as I did then; and if I could tell you the whole of my shameful history, you would join with all your heart in this prayer. Pray do so, dear friend, for indeed there is great need."

The most important of the three suppressed poems spoken of

by Sir J. Coleridge as "perhaps the most beautiful of the whole," has been published, since Keble's death, under the name of "Mother out of Sight."

It was suggested, we are told, by a trifling incident during a tour in the Highlands. "Dugald, the host's son, came suddenly into the room where he was, and looking all about him, sorrowfully exclaimed, "My mother is not here!" There is no doubt that the lines founded on this simple topic are amongst the most decided expressions of Keble's "advanced opinions" on the subject of the honour due to the Blessed Virgin. And it was on *this* ground alone that other verses were substituted for them in the "Lyra." Cautious friends feared the effect of publishing, with the authority of Keble's name, so strong an admission of belief in that dogma, to deny or doubt which is—in his own words—"to touch a very vital part of the faith;" and with intense unwillingness he withdrew the verses in which he had written,—

* * * *

"Mother of God, oh, not in vain
We learned of old thy lowly strain,
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest.
With thee would magnify the Lord,
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we day by day the love and fear
Which brings thee with all saints near and more near.

"What glory thou above hast won
By special grace of thy dear Son
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crowned form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,
Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
Hailed thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

* * * * *

"Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore,
He calls thee mother evermore;
Angel nor saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee.'
How may we choose but name thy name,
Echoing below their high acclaim
In holy creeds? since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there;—

"How but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?
Nay every day, each suppliant hour,
Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,

Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed,—
'Hail, Mary, full of grace!' O welcome sweet
Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!

* * * * *

"Therefore as kneeling day by day
We to our Father duteous pray,
So unforbidden may we speak
An Ave to Christ's mother meek
(As children with 'good morrow' come
To elders in some happy home),
Inviting so the saintly hosts above,
With our unworthiness to pray in love."

A greater apparent danger might have been found in the earlier verses of the poem, where the half-formed doubts of England's catholicity that had harassed Keble found a sad expression:—

"Perchance some burthened heart was nigh,
To echo back that yearning cry
In deeper chords than may be known
To the dull outward ear alone.
What if our English air be stirred
With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,
On penitents to leaning angels dear,
'Our own, our only Mother is not here!'"

Words such as these might have had a dangerous influence at that critical time; superficially understood, they might have seemed to justify the fears that were causing important secessions from the Anglican Church; but published now, after the lapse of twenty years, they are a strong evidence of the truth that Keble feared to lose sight of in the saddest days of the Church's perplexities. They prove that the inherent power of apostolic life has been found strong enough to exist through all the darkness and deadness of a perilous time; since he who felt those difficulties and doubts so painfully lived in the full communion of England's Church, and died her true and faithful servant, the royal Mother's face seen no longer dimly as "a white-robed angel in a dream," but "in her robes, a glorious bride" of Christ.

The restoration of Hursley church, which had been in part the cause of the publication of the "Lyra Innocentium," was completed in 1848. With a remembrance of the associations of his old home, Keble had "wished to fill all the windows with a connected series" of paintings, "according to the general design of that at Fairford. His idea was to carry a kind of sacred

history all round the church from the Fall to the Day of Judgment."

And his wish was carried out, partly by gifts of stained windows from individuals, partly by a subscription raised by "some of his friends as a right mode of testifying their love for him and admiration of his character."

"Happy and thankful" as Keble felt at the completion of the work, the difficulties in the Church were oppressing him heavily at the time with exaggerated fears. His determination was fixed as to his own course of action, but he looked forward to the possibility of being compelled to give up his parish; writing in 1848, "Meantime I try to make up my mind to that which seems to me, considering all things, every day more and more likely, viz., that I shall not myself ever do duty in that church [Hursley]; at least, so it seems to be agreed by those who are at present in authority, and nobody speaks a word against it. Nevertheless, I suppose it is one's duty to go just as if all were encouraging. I know at least whose fault it chiefly is, if one could but have the heart so to take it; and *that* I hope one's friends will be so good as to ask for one. But enough of that." That year he had to take part in opposing the confirmation of Dr. Hampden to the bishopric of Hereford; a very painful duty, not only as obliging him to act against an old acquaintance and brother Fellow, but as realizing some of his forebodings as to the result of the lax discipline of the Church.[1]

Two years later Keble alludes to a work that had been in progress for some time,—a complete edition of Bishop Wilson's works, with a life of the author, to form part of the library of Anglo-Catholic Theology:—

"God grant that when one's own turn comes (who knows how soon?) one may leave as little cause of anxiety to those who shall survive as she has now left,"—the letter was written on the occasion of the death of his friend George Cornish's daughter;—"and if pain like hers be needful to prepare us, may He in His mercy send it, and give us grace to bear it. . . . It is comfortable to think of your being so many, so loving and dutiful,

[1] A strong expression of Keble's well-known feelings on such cases has been called forth by the somewhat similar appointment to the See of Exeter; the Rev. J. Keble, having forwarded his donation to Bishop Trower for the support of the opposition to Dr. Temple, with the assurance that he has done so "most readily, feeling how deeply his late brother would have been grieved by such an appointment."

and of the help you will be to one another; and I need not say to you, because you know it full well, how desirable it is to lose no time in using yourselves to speak freely and calmly to one another of those who are out of sight, as though they were, as they are, *only* out of sight. . . . We hope to get back to England to-morrow, and to Bisley or Hursley by the end of next week. Here we have been living, as it were, under the shadow of Bishop Wilson's wing; and surely it is a thing for which we ought to be the better. . . . May we all love one another the better for each one of us who is taken to the home of Love."

"To procure information on the spot, and see the places in which the bishop lived and acted for so many years," Keble made more than one excursion to the Isle of Man.

"If one had skill," he writes, on a later visit, "the information gathered might be made very profitable, partly as to the good bishop's personal character and opinions, but still more as to the discipline of the island as a fragment of former days, and perhaps as furnishing hints for the future."

The biography of Wilson, for which he was thus preparing materials, was published in 1863, forming two of seven volumes of the A. C. Library, which contain the whole of the bishop's works. It was while engaged in editing these writings that Keble learned of the secession of Archdeacon Wilberforce. "I hope to go to Oxford," he writes in September, 1854, "among other things, to put the *Sacra Privata* to the press. Poor dear R. W., I own I was surprised at last; for the last report I had heard was an improved one. * * * It disappoints and mortifies one to see one who used to be so truthful and candid lending himself to the violent contradictions of fact, and *petitiones principii*, which are quite necessary to every part almost of the Roman theory."

Later, he writes of "poor dear R. W., whose departure touches *me* almost more nearly than any one's, except, perhaps, that of Newman himself. I did not until very lately think that he would really go *there*. I thought he was too good-tempered, beside his learning and truthfulness. But he had got into a Utopian dream, and rather than give it up he shut his eyes and made a jump; and now he must, and I suppose will, keep his eyes shut all his life long."

These extracts prove that Keble's convictions of the errors of the Roman communion remained as firm as ever. They were strengthened by the promulgation of the new dogma of the

Immaculate Conception, which, Coleridge says, "pained him much; it constituted in his opinion, so long as it remained unrevoked, an absolute bar to the unity of Christendom."

"Your letter," Keble writes in 1855, in answer to a correspondent in Italy, "does but confirm the impression which one is daily receiving from all one can read or hear of the matter, that Rome so far as she is *distinctive*, builds not only upon falsehood, but upon falsehood of which she has a certain consciousness; only she has made up her mind that it is her duty to back up her system (being, she says, substantially true) with any amount of needful or very profitable deception. . . . . A standing instance of this . . . will this new doctrine be, in whatever degree they allege antiquity for it." And later in the same year he writes, "No doubt, as you say, there is a tendency in all this [the Westerton and Liddell judgment] to drive unstable minds to Rome. The souls, however, must be very unstable,—indeed, less settled than the loosest possible tooth, if such a matter can cough them out from among us. For what is it to the proof or disproof of the Pope's supremacy, or the *ruling* powers of the B. V. M., whether I have a cross on the altar table or no? Though I must own I do expect that when these outward signs of the truth are suppressed, the truth itself which they symbolize will be openly persecuted, and probably forbidden to be taught in the Established Church; but not a bit the nearer should one be to Rome for that, as I understand the matter." This subject of the difficulty of submitting to legal decisions in church discipline was the motive of the publication of "The Eucharistical Adoration."

"I have been too much taken up since we came home with a little book I have been trying to write, on Eucharistical Adoration," he writes in 1857. "The subject, I fear, will be very disturbing to us again; and I want, if I could, to quiet people, or at least show those who wish to be quiet that they are not wrong in being so."

The object of the essay is described as intended to "allay, and if possible to quiet the troublesome thoughts which may at times, and now especially, occur to men's minds on this awful subject, so as even to disturb them in the highest act of devotion."

Keble treats the subject in a fourfold way. Firstly, as suggested by natural piety. Secondly, as sanctioned by Holy Scripture. Thirdly, as regarded by the Primitive Church. Fourthly, as recommended by the Church of England.

A fifth and important chapter is added, on the duty of Churchmen in regard to the Denison judgment, appropriate and valuable now as then.

Keble's view of the right course of action for those who look upon such lay judgments as not only illegal but heretical, is a satisfactory one at a time when so many earnest men are suffering from such convictions. No such decision, even if without appeal, can be in his opinion sufficient reason for leaving the Church. The temporary penalty of refusing to act in obedience to an erroneous decision must be borne, with protest and with appeal. But the appeal that Keble would advise was, "not to any other English tribunal, but to an œcumenical council."

"Here it was," says Coleridge, "that many have considered his course an unreal and chimerical one. . . . But his opinion was not hastily taken up, nor, as he thought, without the sanction of the great authorities. . . . He had had occasion more than once in his life to consider the matter deeply, and it had quieted his conscience, and made him easy in a loyal adherence to his Church."

In Keble's own words he considered it "of the very last importance that we should keep in our own minds, and before all Christendom, the fact that we stand as Orthodox Catholics upon a constant virtual appeal to the œcumenical voice of the Church, expressed by the four great councils, and by general consent in all the ages during which she continued undivided. . . . . If that voice be disputed, is there any conceivable way of bringing the dispute to an issue, except only by another true œcumenical council when such God's grace may be had?

* * * * * * *

"The question may well be asked—much more easily asked than answered,—whether in the present divided state of Christendom, all who believe in the Holy Catholic Church must not in reality, however unconsciously, be going on under this very appeal, at least as against other claimants. The Greek will say, 'I go by the voice of the present Church diffusive;' the Latin, 'I go by the infallible voice of the See of St. Peter;' the English, 'I go by what has been held fundamental everywhere, always, and by all;' but who is to decide between them which of these measures is right? Yet all, one may hope, would agree to defer to the decision of such a council as has been specified, were it attainable. It is our common position, and we in England

have so much the more reason to acquiesce in it, as it does not force us to 'unchurch' (as it is termed) either of the other great sections of Christendom, as they do mutually one another and us."

In the conclusion of the treatise Keble gives comfort and encouragement to the many who were suffering then, and who suffer now, from the difficulties involved in such judgments.

"Many a devout and loving heart, I well know, will rise up against this view of our case. To be on this conditional temporary footing will strike them as something so unsatisfactory, so miserably poor and meagre, so unlike the glorious vision which they have been used to gaze on, of the one Catholic Apostolic Church. And poor, indeed, and disappointing it undoubtedly is, but not otherwise than as the aspect of Christianity itself in the world is poor and disappointing compared with what we read of it in the gospel.

"Men will not escape from this state of decay by going elsewhere, though they may shut their eyes to the reality of it. Rather, whatever be our position in the church, since God Almighty has assigned it to us for our trial, shall we not accept it, and make the best of it, in humble confidence that according to our faith it will be to us?

"This, please God, is the way of truth and peace, and therefore in it we may hope for a blessing, the rather if it should prove the way of the cross also. But to engage one's self by a strong act of the will, to the whole system of a body new to us, not upon the proper evidence of that system, but because some in temporary authority among ourselves have denied our holy doctrine,—this has something in it so very unreal, that it can hardly agree with truth, and so like ill-temper, that it gives but a bad omen for peace."

These principles were applied by Keble to his own course of action, when he was called upon for advice by the Bishop of Brechin in the division of the Scottish Church on the same subject, the Holy Eucharist. "He had always regarded the Scottish Episcopalian Church with deep reverence," we are told; "he had accepted with pleasure a titular canonry in the college at Cumbrae;" and when, in 1858, Bishop Forbes' charge had been condemned by a special synod, Keble had taken part in the controversy by the publication of a pamphlet on the subject.

He writes of it in a letter of that time; "I have been harping on a string which I fancy might be pacific if people would be

so minded, between the two champions, Brechin and St. Andrews. My firm belief is that they both agree in *this*, that there is in the Holy Eucharist a Presence real in the utmost degree of reality, and that they only differ about the question, What degree is possible? *i.e.*, of course, possible to God. And about this, since no paramount Church authority has expressly decided it, the right course is to allow each side to hold and teach their own opinion with express toleration of the other."

Later, in February, 1860, he speaks of the legal trial which ended the controversy, with an incidental allusion to the continued pecuniary success of "The Christian Year. "I am rather frightened at the returns of the C. Y.; what shall I do with it all? Of late all one's spare time has been taken up with turning over indices of Anglo-Catholic divines, Benedictine fathers, &c., on behalf of our dear Lord of Brechin; moreover, I actually ran down to Dunedin., and was there the week before last, from Tuesday morning till Friday afternoon, *i. e.*, during the whole of the pleadings; but I was in court only on the Thursday to hear Mr. Henderson; for I lay *perdu* until I had ascertained that my presence would not provoke the bishops. I fraternized with Moray, Argyll, and St. A.; and whatever they mean to do as judges, they were personally very kind."

The judgment, though unfavourable, was more lenient than had been expected. "Keble's opinion was that the bishop should not stand out on what he might consider his strict rights, but act charitably and submit."

"His course," he says, "I apprehend should be to submit to his suspension, and remain in Dundee, visiting and school-keeping, and doing works of mercy, but refraining from any episcopal act. Then his clergy, whom he thinks very much of, might keep their places, and his witness would be borne to the truth."

Dr. Forbes acted on this advice, and the dreaded schism was avoided.

A few years later legal interference with sacred things came in a form that gave Keble, and those who thought with him, far deeper pain than the Scottish division could have caused. In January, 1863, he writes of what he calls "these miserable Essay and Review cases."

"DEAREST COLERIDGE,—"Thank you for your kind letter and patience in explaining to me all the difficulties of the case. I have

no doubt it *is* full of difficulty, but then I consider that lawyers and statesmen are the very people to whom one is to complain of one's difficulties, as one tells a doctor when one is ill. I do hope that our friends in those professions will believe that we are really ill (so to speak), and not mere valetudinarians. I hope they will give themselves no rest till they have thoroughly looked into the matter, and *either* devised something which will not positively hinder the Church from executing its commission, as the present law does, *or* ascertained and reported that no such course can be adopted consistently with the present relations of the Church to the State. Until one of these two things is done, there must be perpetual 'fears and jealousies,' until we waked up some morning and found ourselves without creed or discipline,—without discipline we are indeed at present.

"Don't suppose that I am setting up my judgment on the legal and political view; I am really thinking, or trying to think, of the souls which, I believe, are daily and hourly perishing through disregard of our Lord's ordinance. I would thankfully make use of qualified laymen to any extent, consistently with the 'discipline of Christ,' to which we are all sworn, and the grace for which is given us, if we are worthy, at our ordination, in our several degrees. These miserable Essay and Review cases, more, I think, than anything which has happened, have brought out the fact that the present law of England absolutely quashes that discipline, and also that other fact, that acquiescence in such a state of things is fast tending, as I said, to nullify our creed. I should think *something* might be done; your reference to the bishops, for instance; or what was it that Bishop Blomfield proposed? But do you really think that a clergyman aware of all this should not complain of it unless he can suggest the forms of a parliamentary remedy? Among other effects of things as they are, Dr. Wiseman, &c., are making a good deal of gain, as you doubtless know better than I."

And writing about the same time, and on the same subject, he gives an explanation of his opinions, singularly appropriate to the present time, when so many of his "forebodings" have been realized:—

"I want to explain one or two things in which I fear I seem to you and other legal friends more absurd than I need. One is, that it is not only nor chiefly for want of theological learning that one objects to laymen as final judges in questions of doctrine and spiritual discipline, but because one believes that such

judgments are divinely entrusted to the apostles and their successors, even as the powers or order; and that they are specially endowed for the work; not so, of course, as to exclude the duty of availing themselves of all providential helps, of which one of the greatest will be the advice and instruction which I quite believe nothing but a legal education can supply. Just as in interpreting the language of Scripture, they are bound to avail themselves of the opinions of the best scholars; but they cannot transfer to them the right of *authoritative* interpretation, because they cannot transfer the responsibility. It is a burthen laid upon them, and they must bear it."

Two years later he had to give his opinion on another and even more distressing case of the same nature.

The issue between the Bishop of Capetown and Bishop Colenso had been submitted to the Judicial Committee, and, in Coleridge's words, "he looked on that submission in the first instance on the part of the Government, and the question being entertained by the committee at all, as grievances. . . . The decision of the appeal, it is right to add, satisfied him, as he understood it."

Keble writes in March, 1865, "I see most thankfully that decision annuls Colenso's episcopate" (meaning, of course, his territorial jurisdiction), and if I understand it rightly, almost all the colonial Sees as much as it does the metropolitan's claim, and therefore virtually leaves the matter to be settled by the churchmen of the two dioceses. And what I pray and hope may be done is,—

"1. That this may be thoroughly and openly recognised by the authorities in England.

"2. That the will of Natal may be fairly and fully ascertained (that of Capetown is ascertained without a doubt).

"3. That so much of Natal as may wish to continue (what it has supposed itself hitherto) a See in the province of Capetown may be allowed to elect its own bishop, and Capetown to consecrate him.

"4. That the metropolitan, with his suffragans, may freely exercise the prerogative inherent in them, of consuring, and, if need be, excommunicating any heretic, bishop or other, who may be molesting the faithful within the province.

"5. All, of course, subject to the correction of the courts temporal, in respect of any temporal wrong sustained."

In mentioning Keble's views on this most unhappy difficulty,

Sir John Coleridge adds, "There is no doubt that the general subject formed to the end of his life one of the sources of distress which helped to break down his strength, and accelerated its close."

The illness that at last ended his life had already shown itself. On St. Andrew's day, 1864, Keble was struck with palsy, though the attack was so comparatively slight as to leave hopes of almost complete recovery. Entire mental rest was declared essential, and he conscientiously tried to his utmost to carry out the medical orders; but Mrs. Keble's increasing ill-health was a perpetual anxiety that must have had a serious effect on his own state. The story of the following eighteen months reads sadly to us, with the enforced absence from Hursley and parish work, and the fluctuating accounts of some more or less severe attacks of Mrs. Keble; and through it all the perceptible consciousness that he himself was passing from our sight.

Sir John Coleridge tells of a visit from him in May, 1865, the last:—

"He seemed to me much recovered, looking better, and he was stronger and far more helpful than I had ventured to hope for,—and 'his mind' I say in my memorandum at the time, 'seems perfect; and we conversed much, sometimes on subjects which must have taxed his memory a good deal.' . . . He had less command of himself when his tender affections were stirred. We talked of old and departed friends; in speaking of Cornish, he suddenly turned away, covered his face with both hands, and shed a torrent of tears; but he soon recovered his calmness. It is impossible adequately to describe his sweetness and affectionate manner; it seemed to them as now, that the thought of his departed friends, and the consideration of his own state, about which I am sure he never deceived himself, made him cling only the more closely to the very few who remained. . . . . Keble and I parted at this time, not to meet again in this world."

A last parting, even more touching, is related by Dr. Newman. In September, 1865, the three friends whose names have become associated together through the labours and sorrows of many years, met once more, after long and painful separation.

"It was remarkable, certainly," Dr. Newman writes, "that three friends—he, Doctor Pusey, and myself—who had been so intimately united for so many years, and then for so many years had been separated, at least one of them from the other two,

should meet together just once again; and for the first and last time dine together simply by themselves. And the more remarkable, because not only by chance they met all three together, but there were positive chances against the meeting.

". . . . Hearing from Pusey that he too was going to Hursley on the very day I had named, I wrote to Keble to put off my visit. I told him, as I think, my reason. I had not seen either of them for twenty years, and to see both of them at once would be more, I feared, than I could bear. . . . But I felt it was like cowardice to shrink from the meeting, and I changed my mind again. In spite of my having put off my visit to him, I slept at Southampton, and made my appearance at Hursley next morning without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend (the Rev. Harvey Marriott). He did not know me, and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other, he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollected so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack of her complaint that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do; nor, indeed, had he expected me, for 'Pusey,' he whispered, 'is in the house, as you are aware.'

"Then he brought me into his study, and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey and send him to me. . . .

"I recollect very little of the conversation that passed at dinner. Pusey was full of the question of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and Keble expressed his joy that it was a common cause, in which I could not substantially differ from them; and he caught at such words of mine as seemed to show agreement. Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford was talked of, and I said that I really thought that had I been still a member of the university, I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear (I cannot recollect the exact words, but I took them to be), 'And is not that just?' It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment, and was favourable to the Church of the Irish.

"Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the Even-

ing Service in church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. . . . We walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the church and churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with me in more than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted, and soon I was obliged to go."

This letter ends with a mention of a quotation from "Macbeth," strangely touching in the depth of meaning that must have been for those three friends, in the well-known words, when Keble wrote to Newman,—

> "When shall we three meet again?
> When the hurly-burly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won."

For Keble himself, the end of the battle was drawing very near. The work that had been the object of his life labours was being laid aside, with a quiet regret not less deep because entirely submissive.

"It is a real grief to me that I am not able to be with you on this as on former Confirmation days," he wrote, when, in that year, 1865, his preparation for the rite had been interrupted by his attack of illness, and the personal teaching that he had delighted in giving was exchanged for the "Address to the Newly Confirmed," inserted by Sir J. Coleridge as "characteristic of him."

"You will abide in Christ, and be sure He will abide in you. There may be sorrow on the road, but all will go right in the end, for you will see His face with joy." Those words are the key-note of the farewell address, and reading them now, they seem an epitome of the life that had seen so much sorrow, and that was so soon to pass into the joy of His Presence.

The change at last came suddenly. The winter of 1865-6 was spent at Bournemouth, where Mrs. Keble grew increasingly ill, Keble himself continuing well enough to watch over her, in his own words, "from hour to hour."

"As for myself," he writes, March 19, 1860, "I eat, drink, and sleep heartily; so you need be in no care about me, so far."

In three days he was seized with a more severe atttack of his old illness; on the 29th of March, Thursday in Holy Week, he died.

During those intervening days, the biographer tells us, "he was sometimes wandering, sometimes conscious, sometimes clear-

minded; whether wandering or clear-minded he was constantly intent on holy things, or in actual prayer: he uttered fragments of ejaculations in the former case which showed the habitual prayerfulness of his heart; he repeated, or he composed, as it seemed, prayers—the Lord's Prayer he uttered most commonly."

"I know," said his wife, on hearing of his death, "these were in his dying thoughts;" and she pointed to the two last verses of the hymn for Good Friday:—

"Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let now Thy blood on earth be spent,—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,—
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parchèd earth on April skies.

"Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam;
'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
Long since,—O call Thy wanderer home;
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide."

Keble was buried in his own churchyard, and on the spot where his body rested in church during the funeral service are the words, "BY THINE AGONY AND BLOODY SWEAT; BY THY CROSS AND PASSION; BY THY PRECIOUS DEATH AND BURIAL; BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION; AND BY THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XII.

TALKING BY THE FIRE.

At that hour Molly was at Bedingfield, sitting with Mrs. Charteris. A fire was burning brightly in the oak-roofed boudoir, and she basked in the broad light and warmth on a soft bearskin rug, with her hands clasped in her lap, and her head on Mrs. Charteris's knee. The mistress of the house was gazing silently and thoughtfully upon the glowing logs and falling flakes of white ashes, and her diamond rings flickered up and down the smooth and shining surface of Molly's brown hair.

"I think," she said presently, "that I would rather have you for a sister than anybody, Molly. I shouldn't have thought so at one time. I was ambitious for Howard, and wanted him to marry a princess at least."

"Yes," said Molly, simply, in a musing tone. "Yes, so he ought to have done. But why did you let me come here, to put princesses out of his head?"

"Why, because I knew—even before I came to Bedingfield to live—that he had taken a fancy to you, child; and I wanted him to marry above all things. I had faith in him that he would not choose a wife that we should be ashamed of,—I was sure he would never do that. But I would have helped him to marry anybody now,—anybody he wished."

"Why?" asked Molly.

"Because he is the sole representative of an old race. If he died unmarried, his name would die, as yours will die, little Molly, more's the pity! And I want it to live on. There will be few enough left of the old stock presently. Besides, if he had no children of his own, his property would go to my little Edith, and I don't wish her to be a great heiress. Wealth may be good for men, but it is a curse to women generally."

"But he would have been sure to marry some day," said Molly. "And he might have married the princess if he had waited a little."

"My dear, we made him wait once, and it very nearly ruined us all. When he was young, you know, he was engaged to a girl—one of the Harcourts. I dare say he told you?"

"Yes," assented Molly, under her breath.

"She was a beautiful girl," Mrs. Charteris went on, still gazing intently at the fire—"a beautiful, brilliant sort of girl, full of fire, and wit, and waywardness—just the one to captivate a young fellow who was new to women and the world in general, as he was. And he loved her well—far better than she deserved. Don't look sad, Molly. It was not the kind of love to last, and there is none of it left to interfere with you."

"I am not afraid of that," said Molly, smiling.

"Well, he loved her, as I say, and therefore he wanted to marry her. But, though she was beautiful, and bright, and clever, and a lady born, she had no money, which just then we thought Howard wanted,—and her father was so great a reprobate as to bring a sort of disgrace upon the alliance. So we objected. We objected strongly, in fact. But all our objecting would not make him give her up. He proposed to her in spite of us, and she accepted him with her parents' consent. So, as we could not insult the girl under those circumstances, nor wish him to do so, we made what we thought the best of it. We gave a reluctant consent to the engagement, but forbade Howard to marry for seven years, by arranging between ourselves to keep him on a bachelor's allowance for that time. It was to give them leisure to change their minds, you know. As I told you, Howard was a poor man then."

"It was very cruel treatment," murmured Molly.

"Yes, it was—though I can scarcely regret it now," responded Mrs. Charteris, stroking the girl's face softly with her delicate hands.

"Well?" said Molly, as a pause ensued.

"Well, he had to wait of course; and waiting, contrary to our hopes and expectations, inflamed his love and longing. He would never have cared for her s he did if it had not been for that, for she was not a good woman. He waited for her, always believing that my father was about to make a settlement upon him—always having matrimonial arrangements in his head. But she got tired of waiting for him. Another suitor offered—a vulgar man, with heaps of money,—and she married him instead, after a very short acquaintance."

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, drawing a deep breath of indignation.

"I don't know that I blame her so much, knowing what she was, and all the circumstances," said Mrs. Charteris, musingly. "She had a wretched home, and a miserably unsettled life."

"I would have waited for him for ever," said Molly.

"Yes, child. But she was different from you. Though she would have done better to wait, poor soul! She did not love her husband, and they disagreed, and he was cruel to her. She was not high-principled and strong-minded, and she grew reckless, and then wicked, and came to misery and shame at last. That was where it hit Howard the hardest. She ran away from her husband with that Mr. Lawson who is staying in Castlegate now—a dissolute, bad man, who makes a boast of those things; and he left her to die, without money or friends, in a wretched Italian lodging-house not many years after. Howard found her there by accident, and supplied her with what comforts she needed in her last days, and she was buried at his expense. He has never been the same man since. He has never seemed happy since—except during the time he has known you, Molly. I believe you have saved him from a sad and lonely life, child, and me, who helped to part them, from everlasting remorse."

They sat together by the broad hearth, talking, until the stable clock clanged out the hour of twelve.

"How late it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Charteris. "And where can Howard be? Mr. Macintyre's parties don't often hold out till midnight. Shall we wait for him, or shall we go to bed?"

"We might wait a few minutes longer," said Molly.

So they waited on, and beguiled the time by talking about him. Mrs. Charteris drew an Indian shawl over her white dress, and stirred up the smouldering logs afresh; and Molly seated herself on a low chair, stooping forward towards the fire, with her arms on her knees, and her head bent, and listened vigilantly. They were sitting so when the clock struck one, and at half-past one Mrs. Charteris declared they must go to bed.

"There he is!" said Molly, looking up. And the sound of wheels was heard in the still night, and presently a light, striding step in the corridor, hastening towards them.

"Come, Mr. Howard!" called Mrs. Charteris from her fireside. "Here's a time to come home from a bachelor's party! You are getting quite dissipated! Molly and I have been waiting until we are nearly asleep."

Mr. Lepell entered the room, with no signs of dissipation in

his beautiful classic face. Hurrying towards them, he laid his hand on Molly's head, and stooped and kissed her—not for the first time it was easy to be seen; then he kissed Mrs. Charteris, and, standing between them, said in a tone of concern, "Why did you tire yourselves sitting up for me?"

"You told us you wouldn't be late," replied his sister. "And you wouldn't say good night to us before you went. You didn't expect us to go to bed, I'm sure. What kept you, Howard?"

"Macintyre kept me, in the first place. He wanted to consult me, after the rest were gone, about Lawson and Molly's sister—knowing that Molly was a friend of mine," he added, smiling. "He was afraid, Molly, that Lawson was paying court to Elinor, on account of her great expectations from her aunt; and, as we both know him to be a heartless, unprincipled fellow, we wondered if we could not circumvent him in some way."

"Oh, pray do!" exclaimed Molly eagerly, with quivering lips, and eyes filled with tears."

"Don't be afraid," he replied, in a grave tone. "I think she is safe from him, dear."

"And did you stay till one o'clock talking about Lawson?" inquired Mrs. Charteris, raising her brows.

"No, Hilda; I stayed until a quarter to twelve. I have been at the Masters' since then."

"Wonders will never cease," she said, ironically, with a tinge of displeasure in her utter astonishment. "I had no idea Castlegate House had such an attraction for you. You calculated that Molly was gone to bed, I suppose?"

"Don't be absurd, Hilda. I did not go to dance, of course. Macintyre was sent for to see a lady who was taken very ill there, just as I was leaving him, and I took him in my carriage that he might not lose time. When we arrived there I stayed to see how the case was going."

"Who was it?" Mrs. Charteris inquired, coolly; and Molly asked the question with her anxious eyes.

After a pause, Mr. Lepell answered, taking Molly's hand quietly in both his own, "It was Mrs. Marshall, I am sorry to say. She was taken in a sort of fit, Molly dear—very suddenly, while she was playing whist."

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly. "Poor aunt! Was Nella there? And is it very serious?"

"*Nella was there,*" he said, looking into the fire. "And it

was serious, of course. She was a woman who lived—well, anything but abstemiously, as you know."

"Was she able to go home after it?" inquired Molly.

"No, they thought they had better not move her for a time," he answered. "Dr. Meredyth was there, and that was his opinion."

"Mamma will hear of it," she went on, in a tone of distress and anxiety, "and she is quite alone. Would it be very inconvenient——" She glanced at a little clock on a side table, and hesitated.

"To send you back to her to-night? Not at all inconvenient, dear, of course. But I shall not let you go any the more. Mrs. Montresor can't know of it before the morning,—it only happened an hour or two ago. She is in bed and asleep, and would be frightened out of her wits if you roused her up at such an unearthly hour—especially as Hilda told her decidedly that she should keep you here. You shall go as soon as you like to-morrow."

"I should like to go soon," said Molly. "If I may be called at seven, I can run home in half an hour."

"You shall be called at seven then," he said, drawing her up from her chair by the hand he held. "And so, if you are to have any rest at all, you must go to bed at once. Kiss her, Hilda, and send her off."

Mrs. Charteris took her in her arms and kissed her, he holding her hand lightly still; then he led her out of the room, lit her candle, and, bidding her good night in lover fashion, watched her disappear down the corridor towards her bedchamber. Then he summoned a servant, to whom he gave orders for an early breakfast, and for the carriage to be in readiness at eight o'clock; and went back, with a slow step, to Mrs. Charteris.

"Hilda," he said, "I did not tell her, to spoil her night's rest,—but, do you know, Mrs. Marshall is dead."

"You don't say so!" Mrs. Charteris exclaimed. "Was it apoplexy?"

"Yes. An awful death," he went on, after a pause, taking Molly's seat, and looking into the fire. "She was playing whist, in that frantic way of hers, as if her very existence depended on winning, and she dropped down suddenly in a heap from her chair, and never spoke again. Meredyth was at the table—he was playing against her, and had just won a trick,—and he saw at once that it was a fatal stroke. They thought it was the correct thing to send for Macintyre, I suppose, though

she had never cared to see or hear him when she was alive and well. But she was past all consciousness when we got there, and died in half an hour."

"How very awful!" ejaculated Mrs. Charteris.

And there was a long silence, broken only by the ticking of the little clock, and the soft fall of the white ashes on the tiled hearth at their feet.

"Will Nella Montresor have the property, do you think?" inquired Mrs. Charteris presently.

"No," he replied, "she won't. And I am glad of it. I took Leigh home just now—he was Mrs. Marshall's solicitor, you know,—and he spoke to me about it. He says she has never made a will. He has tried over and over again to persuade her to do it, but she had such a dread of death that she always put off making preparations. 'There was plenty of time,' she used to tell him, shrinking from the subject before he hardly touched upon it. 'She had not decided upon an heir.'"

"Then who will have her money?"

"It would go to a nephew—a wild fellow, who ran away from home many years ago—if anybody could prove whether he were alive or dead; but as it does not seem likely that anybody will be able to do so, it will probably get into chancery, and there keep till the world comes to an end."

"Then Elinor will have to come home again?"

"Yes. There won't be a penny for her. And she will be glad to come home before long, I expect. She has already found out what her new friends are worth, if I am not mistaken."

"Lawson wouldn't marry her now, would he?"

"Not he. I heard him to-night making inquiries about the will, and then telling some of his friends that he had had a narrow escape. He will go and court Miss Carter to-morrow. I should like to measure twelve paces with that fellow uncommonly," he added, under his breath.

"There, there," said Mrs. Charteris, and rising hurriedly, she went towards him and sat down on his knee, and put her arms round his neck, and kissed his stern white brows, "don't talk about Lawson any more. Think of little Molly. It may make a great difference to her. Perhaps Nella will have learned a lesson by the time she comes home, and be willing to behave herself. She may offer to take Molly's place—it is only fair that she should,—and let her come to you."

His face softened and brightened, and he smiled under his moustache.

"I never thought of that," he whispered. "Do you think she would come?"

"I don't see why she shouldn't," Mrs. Charteris replied.

"If so, I would do something to leave them comfortable, and enable them to dispense with that nuisance of a school—their pride won't stand in the way if Molly's does not,—and take her right away to Germany, and Italy, and Palestine, and everywhere she cares to go, and show her the world, and all our old art treasures, and make her rest and enjoy herself for once in her life. And then I'd bring her to Bedingfield, and we'd settle down, and make our home together. She wouldn't care for London much, and I don't think I should now."

And Mr. Lepell mused, and looked into the fire, till he quite forgot how late it was, and that Mrs. Charteris ought to have been in bed and asleep for hours.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOLLY'S REWARD.

JENNY knocked at Mrs. Montresor's door a few days afterwards in a storm of snow and sleet. She was somewhat more inelegantly dressed than usual, out of consideration for the weather, and she looked tired and thoughtful, and not so happy as she did that night when Tom met her at the Charing Cross station.

Molly opened the door, dragged her in with an exclamation of welcome, and kissed her affectionately. Jenny responded to her greeting with a hug that a bear might have envied. Nothing sour or bitter could find an abiding place in that warm and honest heart.

"I've come to congratulate you, Molly," she said, plunging into her business at once, after her manner. "I've been having a drive with Mrs. Charteris; she met me at widow Barker's cottage. That old woman is dying, Molly, as fast as she can die, and she told me, Mrs. Charteris, I mean, because I was a friend of yours, and as a great secret, that you really were going to marry Mr. Lepell."

"Oh, not yet," responded Molly, colouring; "I have told him

not yet, for a long time. I must stay at home to take care of mamma."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Jenny. "Don't talk nonsense. What's Nella coming back for? I'll tell you what, Molly, it's all very well to be a saint, and sacrifice yourself for everybody's whims and fancies, but you've no business to sacrifice him as well. If you care about him as you ought to, you'd know that he had the first right to you."

"Well, don't look so fierce. I won't sacrifice him," replied Molly, smiling; "that is, not more than I can help. He will make himself a sacrifice, whether soon or late," she added more gravely, "by marrying a poor little schoolmistress like me."

"Oh, what affectation, Molly! And you know you are just his sort! Your very way of talking from the first showed that you understood one another. He was very kind to me, but he never talked to me in that way, and I could never talk so to him. I never felt that I was of the same make, you know."

"I am not of the same make," said Molly.

"Yes, you are. Both he and Mrs. Charteris saw that you were; that's why they picked you out without a moment's hesitation, and threw the rest of us away. Oh, Molly!" she went on impetuously, throwing her arms round her friend and gazing deep into her soft eyes, "how came you to be so different! You are Castlegate born, like us, and you never had any but Castlegate society about you till they came; and yet you never talked loud and laughed, nor kissed before strangers, nor seemed astonished at things, nor said 'ma'am' and 'sir,' nor spoke to people you hadn't been introduced to, nor called men by their Christian names, nor did any of those vulgar little things that we did. And now I can see Mrs. Charteris's ways in you every time I look. You might have been copying her all your life."

"Now you are talking nonsense, dear," replied Molly, drawing her into the sitting-room, and placing a chair for her before the fire,—"pure nonsense, and nothing less."

Jenny planted her feet on the fender, and stooping forward, spread out her hands to warm them; and Molly saw large tears trickling down her face.

"What is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, kneeling on the rug and wiping them away with her handkerchief. "You are not like yourself, my Jenny, a bit."

"No," replied Jenny, gulping down a sob, "and I shall be

still less like myself when you are gone. I shall be so lonely, Molly!"

Here Molly put her arms round her neck, and began to cry for company; and that was all they did for five minutes or so.

"Well," said Jenny, who was the first to recover herself, "I didn't come here to make such a fool of myself as this, that's certain. I came principally to bring you good wishes and congratulations, though I haven't given you one. However, you know you can take them for yourself any day. I must attend to the other part of my business now. Nella is coming home tonight, isn't she?"

"Yes, poor dear, I hope so," responded Molly, promptly.

"Well, Tom sent me—at least, he didn't send me, because of the snow, but I came according to his desire—to find out how the land lay. Does she really inherit no property from her aunt?"

"None at all, Jenny."

"That's a cause of thankfulness, to begin with. Does she get the sympathy and attention she had a right to expect from her new friends in her trouble and loneliness?"

"You know she doesn't," Molly replied, with a little resentment. "They have one and all turned their backs upon her, poor darling, and neglected her most cruelly. Even the servants, they say, have treated her with carelessness and almost insolence, since finding out that aunt Marshall had left her no money."

"She took rather a high hand with the servants for one who was not mistress," observed Jenny. "Servants don't like that."

"Did she? That was aunt's fault, I think."

"And last, not least, what about Mr. Lawson? Has he really backed out in that villanous way?"

Molly's scarlet face was answer enough.

"Just what I should have expected of him," said Jenny, nodding her head. "And do you think Nella really cared for him, apart from vanity, you know?"

"I can't tell—I hope not—I think not," replied Molly.

"I hope not too. If she did once, I should think this has cured her, though it takes a deal to cure one of that complaint. Does she seem to want to come home?"

"Very much," said Molly, with a happy light in her eyes. "She regrets that she ever left it."

"Come, that is good news!" exclaimed Jenny. "Tom will be glad when I tell him that. And now, Molly, one other question —it will be an immense comfort to me if you can answer it decidedly, either one way or the other,—does Nella care for Tom in her heart?"

"I don't know how it has been with her lately," answered Molly, weighing her words thoughtfully. "Her eyes have been dazzled, and she has seen nothing as it really is, I imagine. But she cared for him once a great deal, to all appearances, and I think it is probable that she will care for him again, and more than ever, now that her imitation lover and those hollow friends have fallen off. I think she will learn to value what is good and true now."

"May I tell Tom so?"

"If you like. But not from me, of course.

"Of course not. Should you like her to have him Molly, when you are Mrs. Howard Lepell of Bedingfield? Don't say what you think will please me,—tell me the truth."

Molly looked into her beautiful frank eyes, with her own full of reproachful tears. "I should," she said, simply, "and that is the truth."

"Oh, I know it is!" responded Jenny, hugging and kissing her. "And you are too much a lady to have any meanness of that sort. Don't be angry with me, Molly; I didn't mean to say it."

Jenny took her leave abruptly, after her fashion—as if suddenly remembering an appointment which should have been kept an hour before,—and tramped home; and Molly began to busy herself—for it was holiday time and the schoolroom was closed—with preparations for her sister's return.

How she danced about the house! She polished and dusted and beautified it all over, like a conscientious and artistic little servant girl. She brought out a pretty hearth-rug and table-cover, and various articles of comfort and ornamental odds and ends, which she had purchased in the morning out of her little hoard of pupil-money, and arranged them with the greatest care, to make the sitting-room bright and pleasant to one who had grown used to luxuries. She built up a most extravagant fire, and put two candles on the table instead of one. Then she set out the tea-things, with new bread and butter and home-made cakes and marmalade, and put aside a couple of eggs, which Nella used to be fond of, to be boiled as soon as she arrived.

Finally, she arrayed her mother and herself in their Sunday best, and then took up her post of watcher at the darkening window.

"Oh, mamma, won't it be nice to have her again!" she exclaimed, hopping restlessly from one foot to the other as she stood. And she gave utterance to the same sentiment, in different words, once every half-minute.

Mrs. Montresor thought it would be very nice indeed. Her mother's heart yearned towards the prodigal, forgetting all her neglect and selfishness, and remembering only that she had expressed herself glad and anxious to come home again, now that she was turned adrift by the world for which she had forsaken it.

A fly came rattling down the little street and stopped before the house. Molly ran out into the entry, tugged open the front door, and committed the vulgarity of kissing her sister in the open street for the first time in her life. "Come in, darling, come in!" she urged with loving impatience, when the vehicle had been discharged and the door shut again. "Here's mamma looking out for you." Mrs. Montresor took Nella in her arms, and kissed her and blessed her, and gave her a true mother's welcome from the bottom of her fond weak heart.

"Poor dear child, how tired you must be! Come to the fire, and rest and get warm. You shan't be knocked about any more, if we can help it. Have you any hot water, Molly? And bring in the cold beef, child, and some of that nice Indian pickle Mrs. Charteris sent us. She must make a good tea after her cold drive."

Nella looked round the room with tears swimming in her blue eyes. "Oh, how cosy and comfortable it all is!" she broke out, sobbing. "But I ought to be ashamed to show my face here again after the way I have behaved."

Both Mrs. Montresor and Molly scouted the idea of there being anything for her to feel ashamed of with the greatest indignation. They took her up-stairs, and helped her to wash and dress for tea; and then they took her down again, and established her in the place of honour by the fireside. And they pressed her to eat, and coddled her and fussed over her in the sweetest childish fashion.

All the evening they sat round the fire and talked. Nella told the whole history of her life at Bedford Lodge, interspersing it with fits of penitent tears, while she nestled her golden head on

Molly's shoulder. Mrs. Montresor knitted and cried, and coaxed and patted her at frequent intervals, saying, "Never mind, my dear; it's all over now. We shall be as happy and comfortable as possible now we are together again."

"There's no place like home," whispered Molly, "and no people like one's own."

"No," said Nella, "I have found that out."

And then they talked of the housekeeping and the pupils, and laid plans for future work; and the old times seemed to come over again, with all their fretfulness left out. Nella spoke of Mr. Lawson,—cried over him a little, censured his conduct a great deal, and satisfied Molly that he had not left any incurable wounds in her susceptible but somewhat shallow heart. Mr. Lepell was not mentioned. The affair had not been settled many days, and Nella, in common with all other Castlegate outsiders, save Jenny Masters, did not know a word of it. Molly delayed to speak on the subject—and prevented Mrs. Montresor from doing so—until Nella had got over the excitement of coming home, and grown settled and comfortable,—because of the prominent contrast it offered to her unfortunate circumstances.

As it happened, however, Mr. Lepell came in towards the end of the evening to bring a message from Mrs. Charteris. He did not say much, and he did not remain long; but though his gentle bearing to her whom he had persistently slighted hitherto was surprising enough, his behaviour to Molly completely confounded her. He held her hand while he spoke to Mrs. Montresor, and he called her "dear" in a careless, familiar way, and he kissed her in the entry when he took his leave. And she could hardly comprehend it.

When he was gone she was informed of the state of the case. Mrs. Montresor, much delighted with the opportunity, dilated upon her future son-in-law's perfections and Molly's promotion and prospects, until she talked herself out of breath; and then, when the sisters had retired to the little bedchamber they were once more to share together—made white and pretty and fragrant as room could be—they talked it over between themselves, as sisters, and only sisters, can talk of such things.

"Oh, Molly!" Nella exclaimed just before they went to sleep, with her arm pillowing fondly the little brown head, "you have stood the test and proved yourself true. You knew how to take the trouble and poverty that God sent us. And you are having your reward."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

NELLA found it a hard matter to regain her old position. She was anything but happy for a long time. She could not all at once reconcile herself to the loss of her luxurious life and social grandeur, and to the tedium of the schoolroom, and the quiet ways of the little household. She could not all at once forget her lover, with his Belgravian parents and his handsome moustache, nor the acquaintances who had sought and flattered her when she was a belle and reputed heiress, and who pretended not to see her now if she met them in the street. It was hard to bear the displeasure and coolness with which the vicar and the doctor, and all her father's old friends, regarded her—to feel herself despised and looked down upon by those whose good opinion she would have given worlds to regain. It was harder still to recover her lost religious habits, to loosen the grasp of her heart from the world's pomps and vanities, and draw it upward into Molly's atmosphere of Christian faith and peace. But she tried her best, and God helped her—using Molly for His chief instrument. She studied with patience the lessons that had been taught her in the events of her late life—especially in that awful death which overshadowed them all, which might have been less awful, she told herself, had she done her duty and used the opportunities God put into her hands; and she grew an humbler and a better woman day by day.

Tom began to haunt the house again, as of old—dropping in after tea, with some excuse or another, and staying to supper whenever he was asked. Every evening that he came he looked redder and hotter, and every evening that he went away he looked brighter and happier, until Molly knew for certain that he was going to fulfil his hopes at last.

One night, about ten o'clock, she came down from her bedroom, where she had been stitching, all in the cold, at some bridal garments for herself; and passing through the little dark entry to the schoolroom, with her arms full of white draperies, found herself caught in two strong arms, and kissed frantically all over her face. It was not Mr. Lepell's way of going to work; and she gave a little scream of indignation and fright.

"It's only me, Molly," said Tom.

"Then behave yourself, you stupid," she responded, pushing him away, with a laugh.

"I can't, Molly. I'm so awfully jolly, I must get into mischief. Do you know she's going to have me after all!"

"Is she? I wish her joy of you then. Bless me! here's my wedding dress quite ruined. Get away, Tom."

"Give me a kiss first, then I will."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and bade God bless him, with tears in her eyes. And he went home to brave the wrath of his father and mother, hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels for joy.

He married her, too, before the summer-time came, and, what was more, he married her with everybody's consent and approbation. It made all the difference when it was known that Mr. Lepell was to marry Molly, and when Mr. Lepell himself undertook the office of brother to Nella in the arrangement of her affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Masters hummed and hawed a little, because they did not like to seem to change their minds too suddenly, and because it really was something of a trial to them to relinquish the hope of Miss Carter's fortune; and then Mr. Masters purchased the old ivied vicarage-house, which chanced to be for sale, and Mrs. Masters went to London to buy plate and furniture; and they settled their son and daughter-in-law in life with quite royal liberality.

Nella is living at the old house now, very fat and contented, and little children toddle about the paved courtyard and gather the violets; while their grandmother, who divides her heart and her time between them and the heir of Bedingfield, sits at her knitting by the window, where Jenny listened one winter night to hear Molly singing ballads in the dusk, and watches them. Tom rides down to his farm in the fens every morning, looking ruddy and prosperous; and Jenny scampers in, as soon as his back is turned, to nurse the baby and have long gossips with her sister-in-law, with whom, strange to relate, she has established a firm and tender friendship. Nella has lost her old affectations and vanities, and grown more simple, and homely, and honest, and Jenny has had her roughnesses rubbed down, and her tastes refined and cultivated; so that the two can harmonize and sympathize in a way that seemed impossible in former years.

Jenny has found plenty of work to do, though deprived of Molly's schoolroom, and is no longer restless and captious, and

given to shed tears over her personal deficiencies. Mr. Lepell is her hero still—and more of a hero than he ever was, too,—but her affection for him now is incorporated with her love for Molly, and she congratulates herself, with a light heart and a feeling of profound satisfaction, in that she kept "that old nonsense" to herself.

"I am glad nobody knows that I was *quite* such a fool," she occasionally remarks to herself, with the colour rising in her face. "It was the nearest thing in the world that I did not tell Molly all about it. And, as wives never keep anything from their husbands, he would have known all about it too. Pleasant that would have been, certainly—very pleasant!"

Molly married Mr. Lepell in the early days of Nella's engagement—married in time to spend her honeymoon in Rome, while the grand solemnities of Easter were going on. The rest of the year she spent abroad, in many countries, visiting those "art treasures" whereof she had dreamed so long, whereof her husband had discoursed to her, with his vivid eloquence, in the days of his courtship, being joined at intervals by Mrs. Charteris and little Edith. It was a time of deep and solemn happiness—love and art in their beauty and glory fulfilling their promises together—almost more than she could bear. She reached the uttermost height of human enjoyment at that time—which one can rarely do more than once in one's life.

She is living at Bedingfield now, a leading lady in the county, and the undisputed queen of Castlegate society. It is a great change for the little schoolmistress—a great change, but it makes no change in her. She saunters up and down the terrace in the old-fashioned gardens, where Mr. Lepell used to sit and think about her—watching her little boy as he scampers after the wild butterflies—watching her husband as he reads his newspapers under the trees, with his beautiful Greek brows knitted a little over the absurdities of Radical statesmen—a trifle more dignified perhaps, but just as simple and sweet and meek as ever.

"I wonder her prosperity don't spoil her," said Miss Carter to Jenny, on one occasion, after receiving some special proof of her gentle and generous nature.

"Why should it, any more than adversity?" retorted Jenny "A lady is a lady always. Gold won't tarnish."

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sermons preached in Rugby School Chapel in 1858, 1859, 1860. By FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Exeter. New Edition. Macmillan. 1870.

BISHOP TEMPLE dedicates this volume of his sermons to the boys of Rugby school, and to their parents. He speaks of it as coming from one who would "gladly sacrifice every other aim if by so doing he could help any of his pupils to live in the spirit of the Bible, and to love the Lord Jesus Christ." With such high aim as this we cannot doubt he has gone to his western diocese, and will gladly use all his great powers and energies on behalf of those now committed to his charge. Recalling for a moment the wild and reckless way in which Bishop Temple was assailed when he was first nominated to the See of Exeter, it is refreshing to read such words as the following, that close the sermon for Good Friday:—

"O Lord Jesu Christ, take us to Thyself, draw us with cords to the foot of Thy cross; for we have not strength to come, and we know not the way. Thou art mighty to save, and none can separate us from Thy love. Bring us home to Thyself, for we are gone astray. We have wandered; do Thou seek us. Under the shadow of Thy cross let us live all the rest of our lives, and then we shall be safe."—P. 11.

The sermons are short, sensible, and earnest; by no means remarkable, but easy to be read, and that, for sermons, generally so dreary and so dull, is saying a good deal.

Lessons on Confirmation; or, Heads of Instruction to Candidates for Confirmation. By Rev. P. YOUNG, M.A., Rector of North Witham, Lincolnshire. London: Bell and Daldy. 1870.

THIS is a very useful manual, and we commend it to the clergy as likely to help them in their preparation of candidates for this most important rite.

Mr. Young is not at times quite so careful in his expressions with regard to Christian doctrine as he might be. For instance, in page 159 he says, "Without faith men cannot receive this blessing of Christ's body and blood. They may, *possibly*, in *some sense* receive the body and blood of Christ, but to their condemnation, not their life; they are not *truly* partakers of Christ." In what manner will Mr. Young harmonize this statement with the plain and unmistakable words of the 29th Article, that "the wicked and such as be void of

a lively faith, although they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth (as St. Augustine saith) the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, yet *in no wise* are they partakers of Christ, but rather to their own condemnation do eat and drink *the sign or sacrament* of so great a thing." In doctrinal statements accuracy of expression is always to be desired.

Commonplace and other Short Stories. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. London: F. S. ELLIS, King Street, Covent Garden. 1870.

Two stories of this most pleasant volume, "A Safe Investment," and "The Waves of this Troublesome World," appeared originally in this Magazine; it will be therefore needless to say anything by way of commendation so far as they are concerned. Miss Rossetti is a charming writer, greater, indeed, in poetry than prose, but always welcome in either; and her present collection of stories will, we feel certain, find many and interested readers.

A Rhymed Harmony of the Gospels. By T. BARHAM and J. PITMAN. London: F. Pitman. 1870.

MR. BARHAM informs us in his preface that as the Gospels have not yet appeared in English verse, he has set himself to supply a "poetical rendering of them." It is a pity that he should have "set himself" so thoroughly, and with such self-satisfied determination, to waste his own time and the time of those who may have the misfortune to read any pages of his book. Imagine the dignity and beauty of the gospel story as recorded by the holy evangelists brought down to the level of a common street ballad! But such is the irreverent process throughout Mr. Barham's book. Two illustrations, taken entirely at random, will give our readers a tolerably clear idea of this production:—

"For all these things were noised abroad,
Round Hebron's mountain range,
And those who heard them mused thereon,
With admiration strange;
And said, 'This infant, John, must be
The child of miracle,
And the Lord's power was with him like
A spiritual spell.'"—P. 15.

'A council then the chief priests held
How they might put Christ down.
They said, 'We do no miracle;
This man gains great renown,
And if we let Him thus alone,
All will believe on Him.
The Romans then will come, kill us,
And burn Jerusalem.'"—P. 173.

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & Family Treasury.

MARGARET ·

THE STORY OF MY LIFE FROM FIVE TO TWENTY-FIVE.

BY E. M. ALFORD.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN FETTERS.

THE next morning, as I was sleeping after my night's watch, Susan knocked at my door. I started out of my fitful slumber, and from a dream of the old days, in which Sedley and I were sitting under the beech trees, on the hill of which I have spoken. Susan's message jarred harshly on my peaceful dream.

"Mr. Rupert is down-stairs, please Miss, and as he has only an hour to spend here, he said he was afeared he must disturb you."

I jumped from my bed and hastily dressed myself, telling Susan meantime to give him some lunch. I thought he would repent his bargain, as I hastily glanced at my pale brown face in the glass, it was such a lack-lustre one, with its heavy eyes and "don't-care" expression.

Rather pleased at my unattractive appearance, I went down-stairs. Rupert, grand and fashionable as usual, came forward to

meet me. Happily he was not a demonstrative person, and merely stooped his head, and imprinted a kiss on my forehead in token of our new relation; but even this irritated me, and instinctively I took out my handkerchief, and rubbed the spot on my forehead, as though a gnat had pitched there and stung me.

Rupert only smiled, a smile of triumph I thought, at seeing how unwillingly, and yet how entirely, I had submitted to his will. I chafed at this, and resolved to be as meek and mild as possible, knowing that without opposition his conquest would lose half its charm. His next remark was evidently spoken with intent to rouse me, but with an effort I controlled myself.

"So, my sweet Margaret, you could not await the expiration of the short time for consideration I allotted you; you may be sure I feel highly flattered that half that time should have sufficed."

I took no notice of his remark, but merely asked,—

"Why has not Mr. Vernon arrived?"

"How can I tell, child? am I Mr. Vernon's keeper? Not but what he wants one, if all accounts are true, for a more madcap fellow I never heard of. How a man with his talents and ample means can devote himself to the cleansing and purifying of the worst parts of the metropolis, instead of going into Parliament and making a stir there, is to me incomprehensible."

"Yes," I said; "I fancy you and Sedley could never understand each other: you start with such different aims."

"Well, I can't say that I am conscious of any aim at all; now that you, Margaret, are won, I must look about for some other outlet for my energies. What shall it be? I might go into the House, would you like that?"

"I did not know that you had any vocation for speaking," I said.

"Not for rhapsodical oratory like Vernon's, perhaps, but I think I might laugh and scoff them down occasionally; come, confess, Margaret, is not that my forte, in your opinion?"

"You have certainly the power of ridicule," I answered, meekly.

Rupert looked annoyed; and presently, in the old, sneering tone, he said,—

"Why, what has come over you, child? My Kate has become the sweetest Kate in Christendom all too soon for me. There you sit, as meek and dull as any little goody that children's

stories treat of. I am your master, I suppose, and you render me the reverence that is due."

"Even so," I said; "fetters hurt the more when you chafe against them. I have submitted, is not that enough?"

"Enough?" he cried, angrily; "enough to have secured a cold, lifeless creature for my wife! With those dull eyes and this inanimate face, do you expect to lead society, and hold your head up as mistress of my house? Mark me, Margaret. You are a nineteenth century young lady, and being so, you can appreciate the luxuries of life and the triumphs of society; but if you bring a face like that to Denis Court, prepare yourself for failure; even Selina, with her small store of brains, would eclipse you in your present mood. And now good-bye, when next we meet I shall expect a livelier welcome."

"When will that be?" I asked, more eagerly.

"At Lady Lettice's wedding, in October next; till then I shall be on the Continent. Of course you'll write from time to time."

I bowed assent, and put out my ice-cold hand to bid farewell. He shrank from its chilling touch, and again imprinting on my forehead the sign of ownership, he went away.

I breathed freely then, and rubbed away at my poor forehead till I made it ache with my vehemence. I felt like one in a trance. That this man, from whom I always recoiled, should have the right to call me his, that all my life I thus should fret wearily against these hateful chains, seemed past belief. I put the thought away from me, and tried to dwell on the next three months of liberty. Of course I should continue my work all the same. Rupert did not know of my teaching, or doubtless he would have forbidden it; but how else was I to keep my uncle in comfort and repose, as I resolved to do? When he, dear man, came in, I brightened up, and told of Rupert's hurried call; and when I added that he would be abroad for the next three months he looked at me with a happy smile, and said,—

"Ah, then, Maggie, we must make the best of them. How cosy we shall be again. I've been thinking how, since my trouble and failing sight, I have neglected my old library friends; but now you will be able to read to me, Maggie, and you shall choose your favourites."

His cheerfulness did me good, and childlike, I put away the thought of the future evil to enjoy the present good, and with a lightened heart went to the rectory for my fourth night's watch.

But during the silence that reigned in the sick-room, I could not keep away the bitter thoughts. I had a special horror of that room, of the writing-table, and the shaded lamp, and the blotting-book upon which I had written the fatal letter. I wanted to be angry with some one, and selected Sedley as the true cause of what I had done. For the first time it occurred to me that injured pride had some share in urging me to take my fate into my own hands. Had not Sedley shunned and avoided me, fearing to encourage me in a hopeless passion? And yet, I argued to myself, I should not have hindered him in his work; a year or two ago I might have done so, but now, by the light of struggle and suffering, I fancied I saw things in a purer and nobler light. And then I caught myself secretly extolling the sacrifice I had made, greater surely than any he could have offered. But all at once conscience whispered to me, self again, always self. It was wounded pride and disappointment that prompted you quite as much as feeling for others. Besides, was it a right move after all?

Wearied at last with these new and puzzling suggestions, I fell into a sleep, out of which I was startled at break of day by an impetuous ring.

Quietly and nervously I crept down stairs, and unbarred and opened the door. By the pale light of dawn I saw standing there, a tall haggard man, whose face became a shade paler at sight of me. Could it be Sedley? Shocked and grieved beyond measure, I said, gently, "Your father is better, Sedley, he is out of danger. Rupert must have sent you too alarming a report."

He looked at me with such a deep, startling, passionate look, as I shall never forget, and merely saying in a harsh, dissonant voice,—"Why are you here, Margaret? where is my father?" pushed roughly by me, and strode upstairs. I stood there feeling nearly stunned by the violence of his look and manner What could I have done to make him so angry? or what di that strange look mean? My first impulse was to give way t my hurt feelings at being thus thrust aside, and to escape once home. But as I thought of that haggard, woe-begone fa and how it would startle the worn-out sleeper above, I alte my resolution, and returned up the stairs. I entered the si room gently to see that all was well. There lay the fa asleep, but looking so emaciated, so near death's door, that who had not watched the gradual progress and lessening o

disease, might well have stood shocked at the sight, thinking surely this must be the sleep of death.

And thus the son stood, gazing as one stunned at the sleeper. My patient turned slightly in his slumber, and I, fearing the effect of his opening his eyes on such a gaunt representation of his son, went up to Sedley, and touching him on the arm, said, softly,—

"He may wake presently, Sedley, you must not let him see you like this; come away till you have refreshed yourself, and I have broken the news to him."

He seemed to take no heed, but when I put my arm through his, and drew him gently from the room, he made no resistance. I led him to a little breakfast room on the same floor, and placed him before an arm-chair. But I was not prepared for what followed. He sank into the chair, bowed his head in his hands, and sobbed, great heaving quiet sobs, that shook his whole frame. It is an awful thing to see a strong man weep! What a heart he must have to suffer thus, I thought. I felt utterly powerless to comfort him, with my—

"Blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain."

But reverently I knelt before him, and tried to unclasp those strong hands, on which the big veins were standing out, through the vehemence of the storm that shook him. I felt now that I had never known Sedley before, that he was altogether above and beyond my comprehension. So I only spoke soothingly and caressingly, as one would to a child.

"Sedley, dear Sedley," I said, "he is not *very* ill; he looks so to you because you have not seen him through it, but I have, and I give you my word he is mending, uncle says so; he is very frail and low, but you will cure him quickly now you are come, only you must not see him thus; for his sake calm yourself, for my sake too, I cannot bear to see you so. Ah, there! I hear him call, you must wash away all signs of sorrow, and take what Martha brings you, and then you shall see him. But you must be good," I added, trying to smile. The sobs had ceased, and he raised his face, the passionate look had gone from his eyes, and an expression ineffably sad had taken its place; unintentionally, as though I had been in reality a little mother consoling a sorrow-stricken child, I pushed back the heavy mass of hair from the broad forehead, and laid my hand upon the throbbing brow.

He only murmured, "God bless you, Daisy," and quietly I left him, giving orders to Martha on the way about refreshments for him.

When I returned to the sick room I found my patient quite awake, and rather querulous at having no one by to give him his morning nourishment. I thought this a good sign, as generally he was averse to taking any food. When he had taken it I told him I had reason to expect that he would see his son very soon, and asked whether I should not arrange his pillows a little, that he might receive him better. To this he acceded, so I propped him up nicely, and drew up a blind, letting a little of the cheery sunshine into the room. He would have his face washed and his hair brushed, and thus with his eyes lighted up with expectancy, he looked quite another creature from the sleeper of awhile since, who had so overcome poor Sedley.

About half an hour had elapsed since I had left the latter, when I again went to fetch him. He, too, looked less ghastly, but to my eyes he was still so altered from the Sedley of old times that I could hardly believe him the same. The father, however, appeared not to detect any signs of recent emotion. I left the two to meet alone, thinking their great love too sacred a thing to be looked upon by other eyes. And with a heart full of love, reverence, and pity, I took my lonely way home.

That was my last visit to the rectory for many a long day. Sedley took my place as nurse, and a most gentle and clever one he made, my uncle said. In fact, each day after his visit to his friend, my uncle returned full of fresh praises of that friend's son. Sedley and the rector both sent most kind messages of thanks to me, far beyond my desert, for the slight help I had given, but they did not ask me back again, of course. And if they had I could not have gone, for until I had seen Sedley again, and seen him in his agony of grief, I had not fully realized how strong my love for him was, nor how wretched a part I was acting in promising to be Rupert's wife. However, it was done now, and I could only hope it was a relief to Sedley, though that look of his haunted me, and I began in my secret heart to doubt Rupert's interpretation of his reason for staying away. But then there were his father's delirious words; surely I must have had something to do with it. Could it be—and the thought made my heart leap with a delight I had never felt before—Could it be that in spite of himself he loved me, and wrestled thus against what he might consider a hindrance to his life

work of philanthropy? Happily, my school routine began again just after his return, so I had not time for much speculation. I was very delighted one evening at my uncle's telling me that Sedley had praised me most highly for the work I was doing, although he was evidently surprised at my having embarked in it.

"The more I see of that lad," added my uncle, "the more I admire him; it does an old fellow like me good to see a youngster in the heyday of youth and success leading such an earnest, Christian life. It's no sham with him, but rooted in his very heart's core; surely one such life as that does more good unconsciously than half a hundred sermons. Not but what the rector's sermons have settled many a doubt and difficulty for me," he added reflectively.

And I could see for myself a change wrought in my uncle from this time. He had always been most kind to me, though wont at times to be a little irritable to others, and somewhat dogmatic and peremptory in laying down his own rather peculiar opinions. But now his gentleness and patience were quite touching. Though much better in health, he still had his bad days, when perfect rest and quiet were absolutely necessary. And on these occasions he would sit for hours together with a well-worn Bible in his hand, reading, referring, pondering all day long.

Mr. Vernon quickly rallied to a certain extent after his son's return, but the illness left him with some serious affection of one lung, and he was forbidden to attempt preaching again, and ordered to the south of France. So thither the two went, Sedley giving up his previous intention of working in a crowded London parish under an over-taxed rector, as lay assistant, and thus serving an apprenticeship for the two years that must elapse before he could be ordained; in order to accompany his father. Thus an important page in my life seemed torn out; for a new rector came in Mr. Vernon's place, and he and his son were gone for an indefinite period.

The time that elapsed between that and the 10th of October, when I was pledged to attend Lady Lettice's wedding, was a time of dead calm to me. My uncle was cheerful, the lessons progressed well, but cold at my heart lay the weight of my coming fate. More than ever I felt how wrong I had been in forming the engagement, more than ever I felt the difficulty of getting out of it, especially with that purchase-money of £700 *lying unredeemed.*

Rupert wrote often from Baden-Baden, where he had taken up his quarters. Amusing letters enough, full of ridicule and satire of the people with whom he associated, but with no heart in them at all. My answers were equally cold, and far less amusing.

CHAPTER XX.

SET FREE.

I HAD said an unwilling good-bye to my dear uncle, leaving him, as I thought, better than usual, had received a parting hug from Susan, to the evident annoyance of Rupert, who was impatiently waiting for me at the door, and we were whirling away in the train towards Denis Court, when Rupert, who had come down to fetch me, said, "I had better forewarn you, Margaret, not to expect a specially warm welcome from my mother."

"Why, does she not like the idea of having me for a daughter-in-law?" I asked eagerly. "Oh! then, Rupert, we had much better break it off."

He smiled and said, "Not quite so fast, my young lady; having been at such pains to catch you, I am not in such a hurry to let you go. My mother will have to give in, as you did, before long, but just now she is a little sore about it, so don't expect a gushing reception."

"I neither expect nor wish it," I said, and then we relapsed into silence.

But though I was prepared for the chilling greeting of my aunt, I was not prepared for the restrained manner of my old friend Dick, and even of Lady Lettice and Miss Sedley, on our first meeting. As for Philip Leslie, I stood quite in awe of him, so cold and repellant was his manner towards me.

We arrived only the day before the wedding. Lady Lettice had provided me not only with my bridesmaid's dress, white tarlatan with rose colour trimmings, but also with a pretty morning dress, considerately remembering my retired unfashionable life at home. She looked resplendently beautiful in her great happiness. And though her expression was grave and thoughtful, as she walked up the aisle on her brother's arm, there was not a shade of doubt or distrust of the step she was taking. I thought bitterly how different my feelings would be if I were compelled to marry Rupert.

And yet to onlookers there was a cloud hanging over even this happy union, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but threatening to increase and burst some day in a crushing storm. This cloud was the bridegroom's health; no one could look at that tall slight form, at those unnaturally bright eyes and flushed cheeks, but they would quake for the beautiful young bride in her early widowhood. With a weak constitution and an ever-active brain, he had lived his life so intensely, that one could not but fear that its course was nearly run, and that the brightness of his present bliss would be but the flashing up of the light before its final extinction. But although this was plain to every one else, those most concerned were evidently free from any apprehension, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

Strange as it may seem, I had never realized till now the promises made on such solemn occasions. I must have heard with my outward ears the service hurried over, when Selina was married, but the full sense of it had not reached me. I was actually startled now, as I heard Lady Lettice, in her clear, sweet voice, promise, as from her heart, to love, cherish, and obey till death should part them, this man with whom her life was knit. And all at once the veil was withdrawn from my eyes. I saw what a wicked engagement I had entered into in that time of morbid excitement. Surely, if I had been less hasty, if I had not depended so much on my own self in what I had done, but had sought for wisdom from above, I should never have fallen into this self-deception. I had fancied myself very grand and heroic in this great sacrifice I had made, but how could it be acceptable when it was binding myself to tell a lie in God's house, and to act a lie through the remainder of my life? After rising from my knees at the close of the service my resolution was taken. That very day I would put an end to my false position.

Of course, Rupert was appointed to take me out of church. He was in high spirits, and said, as soon as we were seated in the carriage.

"It's not very difficult to guess whose wedding will be the next at this church, Margaret. For you must be married from Humphrey Court; I have settled it all with Selina. I could not take my bride, you know, from your uncle's mansion at Beckford."

"No," I said, "that would be a very foolish thing to do." Without giving heed to my words, as was often his way, he went on,—

"I don't mind telling you now, Margaret, that I had a pretty heavy bet resting on this engagement of ours with Sir Lionel. It was at his own wedding. He told me jokingly, that it was time I should be choosing a wife. I answered that I had already selected one, my cousin Margaret, but that I had not yet mentioned the subject to you. Upon this he fired up and said he'd bet me a thousand pounds I shouldn't succeed. I laughed, and booked the bet. Two years was the term he set me, so if we are married at Christmas it will do very well. The money will come in for our honeymoon, for since my mother has turned crusty, I have not had a superabundance of ready cash."

I opened my eyes wide in wonder at what I was told, but my indignation was too great to admit of ready speech, so I merely said,—

"I am infinitely indebted to you and Sir Lionel, for making me the subject of a bet."

At that moment our carriage drew up at the entrance to Humphrey Castle. Sir Lionel came forward most courteously to hand me out, and Selina, gorgeous in a trailing mauve satin dress, came forward and kissed me coldly on the cheek, saying, "Welcome to my future sister."

"Not so," I answered involuntarily, and then hurried on; that was not the time or place for making myself the centre of attention.

I slipped quickly away from them all to seek the bride. She was not in any of the saloons through which I passed, so I went out into the garden through a conservatory, and there on the beautiful sloping lawn I saw the four friends, Miss Sedley, Dick, and the bride and bridegroom. When I reached them they were seated on the same seat from which I had seen Sedley approach more than two years ago,—on the same seat where I had sat when Sir Lionel told me he was sorry he could not marry me. "It's a queer world, I thought, or I'm a queer body. I suppose I'm too simple and unversed in its ways to know how to get on. But surely no one else was ever so hardly put upon as I have been by Sir Lionel and Rupert."

I thought they all grew restrained and silent as I drew near, and I began to draw in my horns and to feel shy and forlorn. But Lady Lettice, in her frank, truth-telling manner, spoke out the reason at once.

"We were just speaking of you, Maggie, and bemoaning our loss, for your wedding is to be the next, they say, and as we are

ınder the ban of Mr. Rupert Marchant, we are afraid you be lost to us."

[don't expect I shall ever be married," I said; "I certainly r will be Rupert's wife."

ıey looked up full of surprise.

Well," cried Dick, "I always said you couldn't have had all good stuff knocked out of you, though it did look rather r when Rupert brought word of your engagement.

Lady Lettice, may I speak with you?" I asked.

ıe rose immediately, and we took our way to a retired shrub- walk, and there under the dropping yellow and purple es I told my piteous tale. She listened without a word l I had done, and then, when at last I appealed to her, ght I to keep my promise at any cost? at the cost of ing another promise which I must break to the end of my "

early and decidedly she answered, "No, Maggie; it was ıg to enter into the engagement, but better break it than r into another still more solemn, which you know you can- keep."

Oh!" I exclaimed passionately, "a thousand thanks for say- ıo; I knew it must be right to do as you say, but having undered before, I was afraid to trust my judgment. Now, ɜ what will, I am resolved not to marry him. Now I shall again; it has been all a horrible nightmare for months "

Poor child," she said, gently drawing me into an alcove, ɜe we seated ourselves, and I laid my head upon her shoulder sobbed, as I had not sobbed for ever so long. The relief so great after such a weary time of pent-up feeling, that it a long while before I could recover my self-possession. And he time my friend soothed me with word and action, till at I grew calm again.

Why did you not come to me before in your trouble, gie?" she said. "It was hardly fair to so close a friend."

It was the wretched money part of the business that kept ilent," I said.

Rupert is deep," she mused; "he studied and wrought upon character very shrewdly. So, Maggie, we must try and be ever as our foe. Let me see, if you tell him you wish to k it off, he will naturally remind you of the £700 plus in- it owing to him. We must be prepared for that."

My heart sank, it was too true. If I forfeited my part of the engagement, he naturally would demand his own again. But Lady Lettice spoke,—

"You must humble your pride, Maggie, this time, and let Philip lend you the £700, or better still, accept it as our wedding-gift. Then when Rupert speaks of it, you can tell him he will find it already paid into his bank, for we will manage the little business as we pass through the town on our way to the station presently."

"I will gladly borrow the money of so true a friend," I said, "but I should not be happy to take it as a gift." And then I told her of my work, and assured her it would give a fresh zest to my self-imposed task, if I felt that I were gradually working out the price of my freedom. She smiled on me, such a sunny genial smile, and said, "This has given the last touch to my happiness, Maggie. I was afraid you must have altered sadly to wish to be Rupert's wife; and as for Philip, he was more angry than any of us, because he considered a dear friend of his much more worthy of you."

"Too worthy a great deal," I said; "we won't speak of him, I think."

And so we returned to our friends, Lady Lettice beaming with pleasure upon her re-found friend, and I feeling as though a great load had been lifted off me.

It was late on that afternoon, and we had all been roaming about for the last two hours over some beautiful woods in that neighbourhood. Dick and I had been having a long chat, he being the chief talker and eloquent in praise of Sedley, who wrote to him every week, and to whom he said he owed more than to any man or woman living. But now I had wandered off alone, and at a turn in the woodland path met Rupert, who looked annoyed, and said he had been seeking me long in vain.

"I am glad we have met now, Rupert," I said, trying to be brave, "for I want to tell you that I wish our engagement to be at an end. I am very much to blame for having entered into it, but it was when I was beset with troubles out of which I saw no other escape. Now, however, I have resolved that it is better to break it than to enter into others which I cannot keep."

Rupert's face became ashy-white with anger; he compressed his lips, and almost hissed out his words, as he said,—

"And pray what other way do you see out of your difficulties

now? Possibly that hypocrite, Sedley Vernon, after keeping his word for a year, thought it consistent with his honour and high-flown morality to make love to you when you were pledged to be another man's wife?"

"I don't know what you mean by keeping his word," I answered; "but he never made love to me, either before or since our wretched engagement."

"And would your ladyship condescend to inform me," he added, in his most ironical tone, "where I shall be likely to find the £700 I gave you? it is but a trifle, only in these cases it is usual, I believe, to return all the presents."

"You will find it accredited to your account at your banker's," I replied, "with the interest due thereon. Here," slipping off my splendid ring from my finger, "is your other gift, which I return with thanks."

Rupert for once seemed taken aback. How grateful I felt to Lady Lettice for her forethought about the money! But before I had any time to rejoice in this difficulty being overcome, I was frightened out of all my courage and resolution by Rupert's fiery anger. He seized the hand which I still extended towards him with the ring, and held it so roughly in his grasp, that I almost screamed for pain, as he said in a tone of withering scorn,—

"Child, you think to escape from me thus easily, and fly off to your old protector. But he is far out of your reach, in the midst of a society of admiring friends. Do you think he will remember his old playfellow among the gay scenes that surround him? Margaret, you value yourself too highly; you have neither beauty, wealth, nor friends, and yet when I stoop to pick up this poor stray waif she spurns me! Enough of this! I will not give you up. My mother may storm, as she has, and you may lift up your voice, but I will have my own way. What! am I lightly to forego the £1,000 I have so hardly earned? or, more unlikely still, am I expected to be ready with the £1,000 I should forfeit by being thus the puppet of a weak girl's fancies? I tell you I won't listen to you, I'll hear no more of this!"

Trembling with pain from the hard grasp of his hand, and with terror at the angry eyes, white lips, and harsh tones of my foe, I uttered a little cry. At that moment Sir Lionel came in sight from behind where Rupert stood. I cried again, "Help, Sir Lionel!" and he hastened towards us. Rupert, who had not seen his approach, dropped my hand immediately, and was walking coolly away, but I, feeling desperate, said,—

"Stop him, Sir Lionel, and judge between us."

Sir Lionel, who was ever a gentleman in his bearing towards ladies, put his arm through Rupert's, and thus detained him; and then with words coming quick and eager I told my tale. I no longer felt fear, only a great desperate resolve to free myself at once.

"I had not thought, Sir Lionel," I concluded, "that you would have stooped to make a bet upon my actions; but as Rupert makes a stumbling-block of the money, may I ask you to let the debt be cancelled, as though the bet had never been made? it is the only amends you can render me."

He immediately took out his pocket-book, without saying a word, and wrote on two of its leaflets: on the one a release from my engagement formally accorded me, which he handed to Rupert for his signature; on the other a release for Rupert from the debt, ready for his own signature, so soon as Rupert should have signed and delivered the slip of paper handed to him. This, after some delay, Rupert did. He seemed inclined to show fight, but on Sir Lionel saying calmly, "I shall keep this lady under my especial charge until this release is signed; and if not signed before Christmas I shall exact the full payment of our betting debt," he gave in. Upon which Sir Lionel signed his document, and then, after muttering some very uncomplimentary remarks about me, which I did not heed, but which made Sir Lionel very wroth, Rupert marched off in another direction, and Sir Lionel kept me under his charge for the remainder of the day, never quitting my side till we again were safely lodged in Humphrey Castle.

I was staying at Denis Court, but of course I could not now return there, so I gladly accepted an invitation to spend the night where I was. Dick, too, remained at the castle, not caring, as he said, to get in for the row there would be at home, with Rupert in such a rage.

I can never forget Sir Lionel's kindness on this occasion, nor dear Miss Sedley's tact and sympathy. The former excused himself with regard to the bet, saying that he had said it half in fun at first, and had no idea Rupert would have taken it up. Next day, under Dick's protection, I travelled home. Sir Lionel drove us to the station, and both he and Selina bid me apply to them in any difficulty.

"Remember, you will be always a welcome visitor at the Castle," Sir Lionel said. "Selina is not demonstrative, you know, but she likes you better than she does most people, and will be

ıys glad to see you. She sided with her family against ıert's marrying you, till he bullied her into seeming con- ion; for he has lost so much in gambling at Baden-Baden, is such an inveterate gamester, that his father's fortune ld soon disappear in his hands. In fact, he can't afford to ry at all, unless it be some one very rich, and let us hope e than his match in other respects."

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

EAR and a half had passed since Lady Lettice's wedding. A ɛt, peaceful time for the most part, with one great trial mnizing the latter part of it. This was the death of my r uncle, a loss irreparable to me, as it seemed at the time. the end had been a very peaceful one, and the year of our urning together after my return was one full of happy iniscences; and now that Susan and I were left alone, I often very dreary in the lonely evenings, which had been, whilst lived, our most cosy, precious time; for then we had enjoyed treasures of his library, I reading to him, and he leaning k in his arm-chair with closed eyes, appreciating to the full, thus helping me to appreciate, the beauties of the English sics, and the poetry in which at those times we indulged ɜelves.

oon after my return I had received a characteristic note from k, telling me that Rupert had gone back to Baden-Baden, was about to marry a rich German gräfinn, who had the ıe taste for the *rouge-et-noir* tables as himself, and had a ;e fortune to gamble away. She was old and ugly, he had rd, but doubtless a little gilding glossed over all defects.

ly uncle was evidently greatly pleased when he heard that ras free again; and Susan, now she was able to speak her ıd, did speak it pretty strongly in Rupert's disfavour.

)f the Vernons we heard from time to time; just bulletins of lth, nothing more. Mr. Vernon never rallied, but lingered for a long while, and all the time in so precarious a state t his son never left him. We heard of his death a few days ɔre my uncle died, and I am not sure that the shock did not ten the end. The blow came upon us in the autumn; and ɜe then Susan and I had been living very quietly in lodgings

over a baker's shop. I had sold my uncle's house after his death, in order to pay off my debt to Philip Leslie, towards which I had not been able to save much during the previous year. The overplus I left untouched against a rainy day, and meantime I supported Susan and myself by my work.

Of this work and of my pupils I had become really fond at last, especially of Lucy Fearon, the eldest of them, now a bright, fair little creature of fourteen, so quick, and yet so thoughtful (as you might guess by a look into the large deep blue eyes), that she was quite a companion to me; and I think the rambles we took together, and her society, kept me fresh and well in my otherwise monotonous life. And yet I did feel very old at times, as if the story of my life had been told; and occasionally, as I gazed upon my little fairy friend in the freshness of her youth, a degree of self-pity would steal over me, that I should be left stranded, as it were, on the desolate shore, with no friend save Susan and my little charges to care for me, before I was twenty-one!

I had given up teaching at the school for some time past, as, since her children had grown older, Mrs. Fearon had wished me to give up all my time to them, and to some little cousins of theirs, who agreed to learn with them. This I found much pleasanter and less precarious, as my income was now fixed at £100 per annum, and I was not dependent on the fluctuating fancies of schoolgirls.

So seldom did I receive any letter or communication from the outside world, that I had almost ceased to expect it. Poor Philip Leslie's health had given way, and, as the only hope, he and his wife had gone to Australia, on the possibility of a sea voyage and another climate overcoming or repressing the fatal disease which had taken hold upon him. Thus my letters, even from Lady Lettice, were discontinued. In the last I had received, she had told me that her husband had accomplished his greatest poem, and that it was now in the hands of the publishers. Ever since I had longed to get a sight of it; but the book was dear and money scarce, so I had to content myself with the many very laudatory reviews of it which all the papers and periodicals contained. Picture, then, my delight and surprise when on the day in question—namely, my twenty-first birthday—Susan brought me in a book-parcel with my breakfast, saying with smiling tears in her eyes,—

"There, Miss Maggie! no one can't say that you hain't got

friends to think on your coming on age. I dare say now, it's a rare new book, if we only knowed; one as you'll be uncommon glad to have."

"Wait and see, Susan," said I.

She waited, and I'm sure my delight must have fully satisfied her warm heart, as, on taking off the covering, I saw Philip Leslie's last poem, beautifully bound in morocco, lying before me.

"Who can have sent me this?" I exclaimed. "There is no initial, no anything, to guess by. The writing, even, is strange to me."

Susan, who dearly loved a bit of mystery, clapped her hands in ecstasy, and, shaking her head oracularly, remarked,—

"Well, I don't say as it is, 'cause there's nothing certain now-a-days; but there's no denying but what he may have done it, for all it don't come from furrin parts like, nor hasn't his trick o' e's, and the like. An' if it do come from he, old Susan ain't the one to say no; for we wouldn't see a likelier one if we waited till doomsday, I'm pretty sure of that; and if all folks says is true, he's an oncommon good young man too, and that's the main chance after all."

"Ah, Susan!" I said, shaking my head at her, "your mind still running on matrimony as of old! You are not half as staid as your nursling after all, for I gave up all thoughts of such vanities ever so long ago."

"Ah, well, we shall see," she replied, with a radiant smile; "it's brought the colour into your cheeks and the light into your eyes, anyways."

It was a Saturday, so I was free in the afternoon, and resolved to start off early to Beech Tree Hill, and give myself up to the enjoyment of my precious book.

I sat for a time enjoying the dear familiar scenes, and letting my thoughts wander somewhat sadly into the past; then, determined not to allow melancholy to get the dominion over me, I dashed into my book, and was so wrapt in its noble thoughts of the beautiful and the true, so carried away by its tender feelings, its highly wrought passion, and by the elegance of its style and the music of its rhythm, that hours flew by and I heeded them not, till suddenly the brilliant red glow of sunset roused me out of my trance, and I raised my eyes, feeling dazzled by the glory of the scene. The distant hills lay in a golden mist, like the land of Beulah, and the broad valley below me, with its meadows and orchards, with its cottages and towers, was flooded in the light of the setting sun.

Bringing my eyes nearer home, I suddenly became conscious that I was not the only person privileged to behold this glorious sight. A man was sitting on another of the fallen trees not far distant from my position, and, strange to say, I was conscious that his eyes were fixed more on me than on the beauty of earth and sky. I felt uncomfortable, and at last raised my eyes to see who my companion might be.

He rose and came before me—a tall, powerful-looking man, clad in deep mourning and in clerical dress. He looked quite young, and yet there was a dash of grey amongst the abundance of glossy hair which his bared head exposed to view.

He came nearer, and I felt a trembling sensation stealing over me. Could it be? Yes, it was! And in a moment the stranger held out his arms towards me, and I was locked in Sedley's embrace.

No words had passed between us; they were not needed. We stood there, in the solemn glory of that sunset hour, too full of deep emotion to need any other expression than the beating of each other's hearts, than the kisses that Sedley imprinted on my brow. "My darling!" he said, at last, "can this be really true? Oh, Maggie! I have loved you so, and have suffered so greatly in my love! I do not think I could live through another four years of separation such as these last have been. But God has been very good to me, Maggie: I was making an idol of you before; but when you were taken away I left idols, to serve the living and true God. And now I have come to fetch you home —home to my heart and to my work. Oh, Maggie! do you remember how you pleaded with me that night in Oxford to be allowed to work too? You thought I scorned woman's help; but you were wrong. I revere woman as God's greatest earthly gift. I look upon a true woman as something so pure and lovely, that I think without her no work can be complete. Will you come home with me, Maggie, to ennoble and purify me and my work?"

"I will come," I answered; it was all I could say, for I felt myself to be so very, very far below his estimate of me, that I dared not even promise to be a help to him. At last, after some minutes' silence, feeling my answer to have been a poor response to his impassioned appeal, I drew myself from him, and looking into that noble, careworn face, I said, "I am not worthy of you, Sedley, I cannot promise to be all you imagine me; I cannot promise to ennoble or purify such a

"He rose and came before me—a tall, powerful-looking man, clad in deep mourning and in clerical dress. He looked quite young, and yet there was a dash of grey amongst the abundance of glossy hair which his bared head exposed to view."—*See page* 568.

one as you; but there is one thing I can promise, because I cannot help it, and that is to love you."

We sat there hand in hand on the fallen trunk, silently for the most part, till the sun had sunk behind the hills, and the lights had gone out from the landscape, and the shades of twilight began to rest upon the pleasant land. We had no need for speech, our happiness was so full and complete that it needed no utterance; we sat on, communing with each other in spirit, and offering up our silent thanksgivings for this our unutterable joy.

As we descended the hill in the gloaming we talked again, making mutual confessions.

I made mine first, and had much to blush for in the relation. Then briefly Sedley made his. Rupert had come to him that night at Oxford, and had given him to understand that the match between him and myself was a matter nearly arranged, but that I could not at present bind myself to anything, and required a year for consideration. He expatiated on the advantages I should derive from the alliance, dwelling on my evident taste for the luxuries and elegances of life. He took it for granted that Sedley had a *penchant* for me, of which he said I was not conscious, and appealed to his honour, and his doctrine of self-abnegation, to induce him to promise to give me no reason to guess his feelings for me until a year at least had elapsed.

"But, Maggie," he concluded, "I had no idea till thus put to the test how strong my love for you was. I felt desperate. I am not able like some people to hide my feelings: when I feel strongly, passionately, it will out, by look or gesture, if not by speech; and so I knew the only way to keep my word was to banish myself from your presence and neighbourhood, not even risking a chance encounter.

"I worked hard, hoping to crush my passion, but it was one that had grown with my growth, and would not be extinguished. Ah, Maggie, you little knew when I came home on the receipt of Rupert's letter to find my father so ill, you little thought as you soothed me and stroked my hair, how hard the struggle was that raged within me, how hard it was not to tell you then and there, even when you were affianced to another, of my consuming love! But I was strengthened that time too, and peace has come at last."

I was beginning to fly out in my impulsive manner against the perfidy of Rupert, who had made him suffer thus, but Sedley gently checked me.

"Nay, let him be, poor fellow," he said, "I have you, and he has not, surely he needs our pity most."

Susan's delight was almost too much for her; she wept, and smiled through her tears, alternately. And when Sedley bid us good night, he too had to submit to an embrace from the warm-hearted creature. "Law! how good and natural it do sim to see you two together again!" she said; "and I, as scolded you both when you were children, to live to see it!" (At this we both exclaimed, Susan's most vigorous scolding having never been more than an encouraging reproof.) "But now tell us, Master Sedley, didn't you send that there book to Miss Maggie?"

I turned round eagerly for his answer.

"Yes, Susan, and what's more, I went to the top of Beech Tree Hill to see her read it, (I was there hours before you saw me, Daisy,) and when I saw how she took it, I knew it was my Maggie of olden days, and had no need of further introduction."

"Well, books must be queer things to tell folks what the feelings are of them as reads them in that sort o' manner," said Susan, "I expect 'twas the blink o' her eye when she saw you, that told you she wasn't changed for the worse like."

Our wedding was a very quiet one. We walked to church one bright June morning, attended by my uncle Marchant, who gave me away; by Dick and Lucy Fearon, who acted respectively as best man and bridesmaid, and by Susan, in a bonnet resplendent with rose-coloured ribbons, which, however, could not equal her cheeks for brightness.

We have been married now nearly four years. I suppose my husband must have some faults, being human, but I have never been able to discover the slightest flaw. Our life is not all sunshine, for our tent is pitched in the midst of a great deal of misery and sin. But we try to help our brothers and sisters in trouble. As we live very quietly ourselves, Sedley's private income enables him to do a good deal to alleviate the temporal wants of his parishioners. Whether this opens a way to their hearts, or whether his earnest preaching and personal influence draw them to him, I know not, but certain it is that we rejoice over many of this our large family who have left the road of misery and vice for the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, since first my husband began his labours in this large London parish.

We do not see a great deal of society in the usual acceptation

of that word, for we are in such a very unfashionable part of town that only our real friends care to penetrate to our remote residence. But those who do come, come often. Sedley says, true hospitality is to keep open house for all comers, and he especially likes to invite any young men who are thrown upon their own resources in this great Babylon, either as clerks, medical students, &c., for he says the refining influences of home are what they want to help them to keep straight; so we always welcome any that come, and on Sundays in particular our dining-table has to be drawn out to its fullest length.

I feel a pleasure in acting mother to these lads, thinking of the time when my two little boys, Philip and Sedley, may be grateful for like attention. At present they are under Susan's watchful care, and are at the respective ages of one year and two years and a half. Philip's godfather died last winter, and Lady Lettice is now on her way home with her boy and girl, to take up her residence, for a time at least, with us.

Aunt Mary is an honoured inmate in our house. Dick, who is at the Temple, is our most frequent guest. He and Lucy Fearon stood sponsors for my little Sedley, and I am inclined to think that the month Lucy spent with me on that occasion was the happiest spot in honest Dick's life. It is my twenty-fifth birthday to-day, and Sedley insisted on giving a great feast in honour of it, to all without distinction that would come, and I must away to the arcades to look after my guests.

FILEY.

BY MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D.

"WHITHER shall we go for our summer holidays?" is the critical question asked in many a quiet country parsonage, and by the more toilsome members of the clergy wearied with town labours, and longing to escape from the dusty streets, arid foliage, and close atmosphere of close-pent streets. *Solvitur ambulando*; a railway trip soon dispels all timid doubts. The intricacies of financial arrangements, the choice between the duller and more bustling of watering-places, and the debate about length of stay, quickly lighten with the rush of the railway carriage and the weird snort of the steam horse, or even with a preliminary, though albeit a despairful study of the pages of *Bradshaw*, insoluble to the uninitiated, and only to be unravelled with the aid of the kindly professor of the art and science which unseals its secrets, avoids its "stops," and elucidates or knits together the tangled or broken lines. The insufferable heat goaded us eastwards and northwards, our disposition inclined us to some unfashionable shore, hospitable only to those who care for a broad sea view, a keen, fresh breeze, and walks where old clothes and antiquated boots would pass muster as above reproach. In a happy hour we bethought us of Filey, midway between dissipated Scarborough and Bridlington dear to the manufacturing districts; here perfect freedom can be enjoyed, neighbours are free from speculation anent the affairs of next door, and early hours and simple habits are the marked distinctions of the visitors. There are no grand balls, no costly concerts, no so-called entertainments. There is a Spa, but it is only accessible at low water, and lies at some distance on the side of a cliff; Cardinal Wiseman is said to have profited by its medicinal waters, but since the death of an aged custodian its spring is dry, or at least is not available to the thirsty pedestrian. Occasionally indeed a wandering minstrel offers a recital in the saloon, or a modest concert is given by the itinerant band which forms a portion of some provincial orchestra in the winter, and now plays twice a day in the Crescent Gardens; or mayhap some

inglorious Blondin performs on the sands, or a conjurer exceeds all magicians of Egypt and Asia, according to his advertisements, in the spacious rooms that look over them.

And what is Filey like? Conceive a large crescent-like bay, with one horn longer than the other, facing due east. Northward is a range of cliffs of dusky red, called Carnaze, stretching out in a narrow headland, meaning the rocky promontory (Carrness); and well it becomes its name, for beyond, over a length of half a mile, lies the marvel of the place, the famous Brigg or bridge, composed of huge ledges of massive rock, piled one upon the other, with pools clear as light, and abounding in madrepores, anemones, and floating seaweed, like luxuriant beds of summer flowers; northward it offers a solid barrier of coralline, oolite, and calcareous grit, where the geologist, if he has patience, may garner a rich harvest of fossils; and when the north wind blows, huge jets and solid waves leap up into the air, glittering like jewels in the sunlight, framed with lace-like foam, or rising majestically, like great water spirits, ghostly Titans, and white sea-kings, with forms towering as high as the cliffs, which are clad with grass green as emeralds in the late spring, which in autumn turns to withered tufts, tossed on the breeze and bleached by the spray. In fine weather it is a pleasant walk along this strange terrace in the sea, rifted and furrowed with the ceaseless action of the tides, or by the first throes of volcanic power which upheaved this pathway among the waves: from the furthest point the eye ranges northward along the steep curved rocks, bluff and stern, pierced with deep caves, meet retreats for naïad and sea-god, shadowy, dark, and solemn, where the mermaids might comb their wavy tresses in the mirror of the bright unruffled crystal of deep pools fit for an emperor's bath, as one of these recesses is proudly named: and then onward the view extends past inaccessible heights rising sheer from the yeasty foam of the sweeping surf which restlessly thunders against the overhanging rocks, and wakes the sullen echo within hollows which no foot of man will ever touch; past the tall Gristhorpe Cliffs, where down the decline, giddy to look upon, the fisherwomen descend, by means of a rope fastened to a stake, to gather bait; past Cornelian and Cayton Bays, till far away gleams the headland which hides Robin Hood's Bay, and beyond is the misty hill of Whitby, abbey-crowned; whilst in middistance the ruined keep and shattered walls of Scarborough Castle keep watch over the town below, red-tiled and rising

house by house up the hill-side, until against the sky stands out the low tower and varied outline of St. Mary's Church, once the minster of a Cistercian cell, attached to an abbey *outre mer*, until it shared the fate of other alien houses in the reign of Henry V.

After clambering and gazing to the fill, before the very feet of the visitor is seen a long, low ridge of dark stone, running westward from the Brigg, and bearing the name of the Spital Rocks,—why so called let antiquaries decide. The local folklore avers that they are the substructure of a vast breakwater of solid masonry, plumb, as the fishermen call it, that is, sheer and straight, constructed by the Romans, who left a noble precedent for the completion of a design too long delayed for the formation of a harbour of refuge. Remains, possibly of a beacon-tower, and coins, vases, bones, and charred wood, said to indicate traces of the conquerors of the world, have been discovered upon Carnaze, but with less reason the site of the mooring-stone to which they anchored their galleys is pointed out upon the neighbouring shore. Filey is a corruption of Five Leas, as in the monastic chronicles.

But the greater horn of the noble bay has not been surveyed. If a dark bank of cloud rises up behind Carnaze, the westering sun kindles the long expanse of sands five miles in extent, which bend round below the town and under the grey sea wall, until they seem to melt away under the tall white cliffs of Speeton. How the long arrowy beams flash upon the tiny runnels of fresh water hasting down through fissures and ravines, and furrowing the sands to the discomfort of the delicate pedestrian! Each marks some pretty cleft among the rocks, Primrose valley redolent of spring, and Fern valley luxuriant in hart's tongue and lady ferns; here dense foliage in the hollow so cool and refreshing, there on the wind-blown crest thorns shorn by the head with sharp sickles of the sea wind. Below gleams the flinty shingle, shimmering in the heat, and the dark spots upon the cliff side mark the mines from which coprolites are dug to enrich the fields inland. Beyond are the cliffs of Flamborough, more conspicuous in their whiteness and position, running at right angles to the rest, although lower in actual height, which have proved fatal to many a good ship and gallant crew; on them the vikings found footing at the north and south landings; the tree-clad mound that still bears the name of the Danes' Dyke is really British. At night the tall lighthouse flashes out its

crimson light, like the beacon fire which was called the Carbuncle, as it flamed afar along the shallow seas of Scandinavia, which lie directly opposite to us.

Filey itself is divided into two towns and between two ridings; the church of St. Oswald stands in the North Riding, the boundary of which is marked by a brook running down a prettily wooded ravine, which will shortly be laid out in ornamental walks. Upon the steep southern bank, which is in the East Riding, commences the line of fishermen's houses which for the most part compose Old Filey; at the eastern crest is the tall coastguard station and flagpost, on which Admiral Fitzroy's danger signals are duly hoisted, and underneath is the look-out place, with one of the blue-jackets ever on the watch, glass in hand; and a knot of fishermen clustering about the bench, which forms the very centre of the attractions of the commercial quarter. A few years since and the fishermen avoided the southern part, or New Filey, as carefully as though it had been infected; however, now on Sundays they may be seen sauntering about even the pavements of the Crescent, which forms the principal line of buildings. From the railway the visitor, emerging from the windy station, sees only a long range of backs of houses and the walls of yards, but as soon as he reaches this sea front, the view we have already drawn opens before him, seen across slopes covered with shrubberies, level lawns, and flower-gardens. We must not forget the church; it is a fine cruciform building of the middle of the twelfth century, with a massive central tower; the archæologist will be gratified by its lancet windows in the chancel and transept, the quaint, late Norman corbel-table and clerestory-loops in the nave, the clustered pillars of the lantern, and two groups of Early English sedilia; not to omit a very ancient sculpture cotemporary with the earliest portions of the building, a diminutive effigy of a Benedictine monk, said to be that of the patron; but certainly as curious as its congeners, the Knight of Horsted Keynes, or the so-called boy-bishop of Salisbury.

But it is time to turn to the living characteristics of the place. The visitors are quiet, simple folks, easily amused, and cheerfully employed; a bathe or a ride in a pony-carriage being their highest dissipation. Those busy men on the sands, and those active little women running down the cliffs, are worth more than a few words. The dress of the fisherman is peculiarly

picturesque. He wears long black boots, frequently oiled to make them supple, and guard against the weariness which unwieldy heavy leather would induce, drawn over stockings of equal length reaching to the knee, made of wool, and of a brown, or bright blue, or light purple colour. Above these are drawers, also of wool, oiled, to prevent the water reaching the inner trousers; they are girded in or buttoned at the waist, and bear the local name of duffers. The stout jerkin or Guernsey frock is of blue wool, and over it is worn the oilskin slop, of a light yellow hue, like the ordinary head-gear, which resembles the slouched flapped hats worn by London coal-heavers; occasionally, the wealthier men or masters of yawls don a sealskin cap with a bunch of black ribbons. Flannel and wool, with a copious covering of oil, constitute the chief materials adopted by these hardy men; but the younger men, when lounging about the crest of the hill near the coastguard station, or whilst seated on the bench below the covered look-out, adopt in lieu of their heavy sea boots dark blue trousers and slippers of the smartest colours, and often purchased at a considerable price for such articles of wear; and on Sundays they may be seen in 'longshore clothes, silk velvet waistcoats, and sometimes even with the addition of patent leather. On ordinary days a neckerchief of red or scarlet or other bright hue is roughly thrown round their brawny tanned throats. The women are no less, or rather in the name of gallantry we should say equally, picturesque. The dress or gown is either striped black and white, worn over a petticoat; russet brown, or tanned to a dull crimson; and when the wearers are occupied in helping at the boats the skirts of the gown are drawn up in quaint folds, revealing a dusky lining; at other times they adopt a very large dark blue or checky apron. Over the bosom is worn a "chest-preserver" of crimson, blue, or scarlet, crossed in front, or hanging down like two lappets. On the head are worn flat round bonnets, like caps, of white or chrome yellow print, plaited, with two short streamers and a broad bow of ribbon floating behind, which are ingeniously projected by some wonderful feminine artifice in the use of a string. The boots are ankle-high, and between their upper edge and the hem of the gown appear bright blue or rosy purple stockings. Most wear gold earrings, often purchased of the Dutch fishermen who frequent the coast, as a preservative against sore eyes. Whilst the yawls are at sea they may be seen at all hours knitting socks, stocks, and jerseys, and

her manly habiliments, either on a bench by the wayside, on patch of common green, or before their doors, quietly talking ıd industriously working their long needles, three being used a time, tinkling with each stitch, and the nimble fingers rating as if driven by a machine. But as soon as the yawls e ready for sea, down is laid the unfinished work, each woman ls the water-keg, which she carries on her head, erect,—the cupation producing a carriage for firmness and lithe motion hich many a fair lady of degree might envy,—and often bearing ıother of these weighty little casks under her arm. Others ing mighty baskets of vegetables, potatoes, or cabbages if the rmer be dear; huge sweet puddings, and a store of meat and a: for all the fishermen are temperance people, and eschew all inks save water, bohea, and "gale beer," a decoction made of a ant sweetened with sugar, to the increase they say of butchers' lls, as such harmless beverages produce craving appetites, hich are not diminished by the keen, fresh, briny air. They ıve another work also to do at intervals of about three weeks— tan the nets, which are laid out on patches of grass in the ight sunshine. On Sundays they appear gay enough in ınnets, hats, and dresses of the liveliest hues. On three days e anniversaries of the respective orders of the Odd Fellows, e Foresters, and Shepherds,—strange titles for the honest, mple men of the sea,—the fishermen march in a body to church, eceded by bands of music, and wearing the marvellous para- ıernalia of such societies; unfortunately, these are the only casions when the fishermen attend church, as they are all, with w exceptions, strict Methodists and occasionally preachers, be- owing on their Sunday clothes money which others would ;vote to beverages more exhilarating than plain tea; many, ›wever, rigidly save, and the fruit of their economy is vested in nd or tenements. "Body-broken" from lifting weights, and ıeumatic, too many of these fine seamen are.

There ride the yawls, with foremasts lowered all snug for the ght, shapely luggers, rising and falling to the sluggish heaving ' the gentle swell; the dull red mizen keeping them easy, and ıe tall foremast denuded of its huge foresail, and the little jib hich exhausts its catalogue of sail, except in the case of a few rger craft which boast a gaff topsail or top mizen. Each has ; crew of nine men, who are paid in various ways; for instance,)a. and a half share in the haul, or 18s., 20s., or even 24s. ithout a share; a landsman pressed into the service in case of

necessity receives 18s. or £1; all these are given food during the four days in the week spent at sea; the yawls sailing on Monday and returning on Saturday with the flood tide. Early in the week, that is, on Monday or Tuesday, a haul of herring and mackerel will produce from £14 to £18; but later in the week the receipts average £7 or £8. This kind of fishing lasts from July to Martinmas. A yawl of 40 tons burden will cost about £700, and her nets and gear may be valued at £300 more. After the yawl season comes a lull; and then from Christmas until April or June they go to the Doggerbank with the "long lines" (each carries twenty-one), to fish for cod, ling, skate, halibut, and haddock. The lines are "shot" after midnight, the process occupying two hours, and are anchored to small anchors which are buoyed. An hour suffices to catch the fish, but a much longer time is occupied in hauling them in. The women, with lanterns and maunds (baskets), at midnight gather "flithers" (limpets), and mussels for bait along the rocks as far as the neighbourhood of Scarborough, often at the venture of their lives in rough weather. Besides the yawls, cobles with three men near the coast are also employed in fishing with "the long line," which includes twelve lines of 700 yards in length, and fitted with 140 hooks. Some idea of the size of the herring and mackerel nets may be gathered from the fact that when the whole complement, numbering 120 or 140 each, 30 yards long, are spread out with strong cords called warps, and floated with empty kegs, they stream upwards of a mile in length, and form a wall under water from nine to fifteen yards deep, intercepting the herrings as they pass, and making them helpless prisoners, as their gills catch fast in the meshes. Even under the shelter of the Brigg the yawls are subject to danger, and are constantly compelled to take refuge at Scarborough or Bridlington. On May 29th, 1861, seven of them were torn from their moorings, and dashed against the cliffs at Speeton, which have only two small patches of beach along the whole extent. Sometimes, when the wind is contrary or boisterous (strong, as they call it hereabouts), upwards of 600 sail of colliers and coasters may be seen anchored under that precarious shelter; and not unfrequently, if the wind suddenly changes, many have to knock the rivets out of the chain cables and slip their anchors and escape as best they may; thirteen, in spite of this last chance of safety, have been stranded at a time on Filey Sands. A few years since the fishermen made a rich harvest by "creeping," and so finding the anchors,

which they ingeniously raised, and ample salvage, one-third of the entire value recovered, remunerated their labours. Four horses are always kept ready in a stable, and the lifeboat is always "fit," prepared for sea. As soon as the cry is raised in the streets of a ship ashore, thirteen men to form her crew, whatever the hour, are found to fill her; and an hour has sufficed to get away and save an entire crew. The herring fishing is conducted at night, the nets being let down about seven or eight p.m., and raised again between two and four a.m.; the fish are shaken out of the meshes and thrown into the "well," where, if they are to lie more than a day, salt is cast over them; this precaution is only taken when the yawls are far out at sea, but not when they are to land their cargo within a few hours. In all cases the herrings which are cured are hung in rows over a fire of oak and sawdust in houses specially built for the purpose. The buyers send baskets on board into which the herrings are packed after being numbered, four constituting "a warp;" and then cobles (swift boats, keeled forward and flat-bottomed astern, for convenience of beaching them, and carrying a lugsail and an immense rudder) convey them to the shore, where carts are in waiting to take them to the curing-house or railway station. When not in use the cobles may be seen laid up even in the furthest outskirts of the town, and when worn out are made into roofs for outhouses. A more animated or picturesque scene it is impossible to "create" (that is, in Yorkshire dialect, a synonym for imagine); down the "fishermen's road," and the cliff walks and landing-place, troop the women carrying their bright red kegs, or coils of net; the men, waist-deep in water and pipe in mouth, are unlading their cobles; carts and horses crowded together are rapidly despatched up the sandy road, and yet the hollow roll of the sea and breaking of the surf, which is perpetual, except when a north wind blows off shore, are almost the only sounds heard. In winter-time, when it is impossible to land at Filey, colours are shown on Carnaze to warn off the boats by day, and at night they are "burned off," by lighting a tar-barrel on the cliffs.

A recent Act of Parliament fortunately has interposed on behalf of the sea birds, which are as good a warning of the neighbourhood of land as ever the bell of Aberbrothock was in foggy weather, when even the light of Flamborough cannot be distinguished. The constant popping of guns is no longer heard along the Brigg or under the cliffs, fired off either in ignorant barbarity,

or with the baser purpose of decimating the gulls and kittiwakes for the sake of their wings and plumage to decorate the hats of silly women, who indulge in a vulgar and cruel fashion. Some years since, the fishermen on Sunday afternoon often clustered about the station-house to hear some popular preacher, but this custom has died out along with the practice of making a brutal husband "ride the stang," that is, mount a long pole in order to be carried in coarse derision about the streets.

The country about Filey is too map-like, in consequence of the fewness of trees and the stunted field hedges, to invite the pedestrian, but there are pretty walks to Muston and Hunmanby, with views of the soft slopes of the wolds, and, near the latter village, of the fine park around the hall. A visit may also be paid to the pre-historic monolith at Rudstone, to Bridlington Priory, the nave of a once splendid church of Austin canons, to the exquisitely beautiful Beverley Minster, or Flamborough with its lighthouse, Robin Hood's Cave, the Danes' Tower, really an Edwardian structure, and the church, alas! recently restored, with the defacement of its noble roodscreen, which has been cut asunder at mid height, the portion which is superbly canopied being affixed to the west wall! Still, wherever we walk, into the inland comes the solemn voice of the sea, winning us back from pasture, corn-field, and fallow, clean swept and bare, to the broad yellow sands and the waste of waters, inexhaustible in beauty, green, blue, purple, and gold, twinkling in the sunlight, and dappled with the sails of ships that pass round under the hill, each on its several way, bound on its own mission, like each separate heart of man.

THE STORY OF GRETCHEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VASCO."

DURING my periodical visits to the Continent, it has been a fancy of mine to visit the different prisons in the cities through which I pass. Through the kindness of my friend Lord D—— I have been permitted greater latitude in this respect than is usually accorded to travellers. In the town of M—— especially, where his influence with the authorities was naturally more peculiarly felt, I was allowed a freedom of ingress which might scarcely have been looked for by a foreigner. It is to give some record of a prisoner whom I discovered in this city that I now take up my pen. If the narrative interests the general reader as much as the facts did myself, I shall not have written in vain.

Without diverging into egotism, it may be premised that I am a physiognomist. It has been the habit of my life to read characters in the face; and although there have been cases in which disappointment has arisen, it may be said that, on the whole, impressions drawn from cast of features and expression have usually been confirmed by a later acquaintance with the character of their possessors.

Among the prisoners who passed before me, or whose cells I separately visited at M——, there was little to invite special attention, until, by a strange chance, I was permitted to penetrate to that portion of the building set apart for convicts of the other sex. It is not needful to detain the reader by recounting the particulars of this chance. Suffice it that in company with Lady D——, I first saw the subject of this sketch, Gretchen G——, and through the same kindly exerted influence was subsequently allowed to renew my visits to that quarter.

When, following in the wake of my lady friend, I first set eyes on Gretchen, the uppermost feeling in my mind was one of simple amazement. Good heavens! this woman a criminal! rather say a Madonna, escaped from the canvas of Raphael himself.

Spiritual beauty has always possessed stronger attractions for me than the beauty which lies in mere form and colour. When

all are combined, perfection is the result. All were not combined in Gretchen. She was colourless, even to pallor; there was no striking regularity of feature to compensate. But there was a brow upon which was written thought and intellect; and there were eyes which have haunted me ever since.

I was then young and enthusiastic. One sight of Gretchen was enough to send me to my palette and canvas. There I laboured to render those Madonna eyes of wondrous sweetness and purity, but laboured in vain. At length, in despair, I threw away my brush, and besought Lady D—— to win me admittance again to the cell which enshrined this girl. It will naturally be objected that few more unfit missionaries could well have been selected than an impulsive young man, filled with æsthetic as much as with religious aspirations. Granted. But while a devotee before all that was beautiful in nature or art, I was at the same time sincere enough in my desire to do good; and Lady D—— perhaps judged not unwisely in obtaining for me the desired *carte.*

It was my habit, in visiting prisons, not to read from Scripture (since doing so might have brought all parties into trouble); but to lay hold of some one scriptural truth, and endeavour to illustrate it in a manner suited to meet the comprehension of my hearer. When brought into contact with the coarser specimens of humanity, I naturally steered clear of all difficult subjects; and took my text from those portions of the Bible which could reach the understanding of a child. But when I visited Gretchen, a nameless impulse moved me to awaken deeper themes. Surely that brow and those eyes could not deceive me! She, at all events, was one with whom I might dilate on the fundamental truths of religion, and in whose breast I might kindle that fire of devotion which lighted my own. So I spoke of *One,* through whose medium alone hope can brighten the dark of the dreary dungeon; and when it became evident that such words were listened to with pleasure, I grew bolder, and entered upon that theme which earthly self-love finds such difficulty in comprehending, "vicarious punishment." No sooner had the words passed my lips, than, to my astonishment, a bright smile broke over Gretchen's features, the first I had ever seen there. This sudden irradiation offended me, our subject-matter being so grave; and with the precipitancy of a youthful zealot, I was about to rebuke her for such lightness, when she stopped me hastily.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in German (she knew no word of English), "I know what that is very well. You need not tell me about it, mein Herr. It is love—simple, simple *love in act;* the greatest love shown forth by the greatest power. A little child throws a stone into the water; it ruffles the surface, and that is all. A big man launches a great boat; the circles are wider then. But the thing is the same. And so the love of a poor mortal is the same as the love of a great God; only we are but the sparks, He is the fire."

I listened in amaze. It was not *then* for me, in my newly donned clerical garb, to preach to her. Our parts were exchanged; *she* should speak, and *I* listen.

Would that I had the pencil of the divine Raphael to convey to others the perfect representation of that wondrous beauty which shone upon me as these childlike words were uttered! "I know it," she repeated at the close; "you need not tell me of it, mein Herr. *Selbst-tödtung* is only *love in act.* We imitate Him. I know it!"

And how did she know it? And how came it that such radiant joy should beam forth from the countenance of a convicted criminal?

Curiosity—no! it was something better than curiosity; admiration—no! it was something purer than admiration—moved me to inquire. But no light was thrown upon the mystery until long months had intervened between my first visit and—Gretchen's death.

I was told in the first instance the bare facts connected with her incarceration. She had been convicted of theft and forgery combined. A large amount of property, in money and jewels, had been feloniously abstracted; and a cheque, with a forged signature, presented, but not passed. My wonder grew at each new circumstance revealed by my informant. Bare theft might have been accounted for by a momentary impulse—a temporary clouding of the intellect; but *forgery*—implying so much of premeditation and forethought! It seemed impossible. Either this girl is an angel, or a devil hidden under an angel's mask, I said to myself; and with renewed interest I laboured to fathom the mystery.

Within six months from the time of my first visit, Gretchen died. I will not pretend that any deep feeling on my part was aroused by the circumstance. Æsthetic though I was; charmed as I had been with her beauty; interested, as I undoubtedly was,

to learn the particulars relating to her life—such thoughts did not so wholly engross me as to entail actual suffering upon me at the news of her premature death. The strongest feeling awakened in my breast at the time was that of warm Protestant indignation on learning that a Roman Catholic priest had been admitted to confess her the day before she died.

"She was no Papist!" I exclaimed to the *attaché*, who carelessly communicated the intelligence to me over his cigar. "She was no Papist! She was as good a Protestant as I am. By heaven! I'll make them hear of this in England! Those confounded Jesuits shall some way or other be made to smart for it!"

It will be perceived from this that I was still very young.

"Pooh!" said my friend Algernon D——, smoothing his moustaches with something like a sneer. "What does it signify, Protestant or Catholic? A poor creature like that can't know the difference."

"Did you ever see her?" I stormed forth, with ill-suppressed fury.

"Never, *tant mieux*," was the cool reply.

I dashed down the paper, and rushed off to Lord D——.

"Softly, softly," said the man of the world, after I had poured forth my vials of wrath—my heat somewhat subdued, it must be confessed, by the presence of that incarnation of dignified repose. "Never judge hastily, my dear Carteret. It so happens that your strictures are not on this occasion deserved. In fact, contrary to my duty, I have been, in this case, led into what may be termed connivance in an act of fraud."

"Fraud! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. In order to shield this girl from the very annoyance, the mere idea of which excites your Protestant indignation, I managed that she should be visited by one of her own friends, in the disguise of a Roman Catholic priest. It was a difficult trick to play; but we hoodwinked the authorities nicely. Mind you don't let the secret out."

I paused, ashamed at my own hastiness. "Algernon doesn't know, then?" I observed.

"No, no. Algernon gets slightly porous over his cigars. I wouldn't let him hear anything about it. Nor should I have told you either, if you hadn't come here like a pent-up volcano. If I didn't believe, Master Conyers, that you had too much sense for such an escapade, I should begin to suspect some

entanglement with that pretty little Madonna of yours. I told Lady D—— that young fellows like you were not the people to be hanging about such places; but I fancy you have infected her with your own fanaticism, for she did not pay any heed to my remonstrances."

He smiled blandly, and I departed.

My next step was to seek the friend of Gretchen, who had played the part assigned to him by my worthy fellow-countryman. It was not difficult to hunt him up. He was a fair, handsome, heavy German; young and handsome enough to awaken in my breast a passing throb of jealousy. "Why, in the name of heaven, should Lord D—— have selected this square, stolid, smoking Teuton to visit Madonna at the last? Wouldn't I have done much better,—a real priest, of the right cloth?"

When I first addressed him there was much reserve in his answers. It was clear that he saw no reason why I should seek to penetrate any mystery connected with Gretchen. I began to fear that German torpidity would prove more than a match for British perseverance after all.

But, at a later period, accident threw us more together; and before I left M—— the principal facts relating to Gretchen's romance had been gradually unfolded before me.

It appeared that to this very Herr B——, Hofrath of S——, Gretchen's troth had been early plighted. She was the daughter of a man largely involved in mining operations in the neighbourhood of S——. An only child, death having early deprived her of her mother, she had been much thrown back upon the society of her father, whom she loved with all the devotion of her simple nature.

Failure, in the course of time, followed upon Herr G——'s speculations. Ruin stared him in the face. There was still a struggle to be maintained, to lull the suspicions of the world—to hide the truth. He rushed into society. There he became acquainted with a rich widow, who, ignorant of the impending crash, looked with a favourable eye upon his pretensions to her hand. All this Gretchen knew. Herself betrothed to Herr B——, she gladly saw in her father's new aspirations a prospect of a refuge for one so dear when the storm should have broken over him. And the blind love with which she regarded him made her unconscious of any shadow of wrong-doing in the *suppressio veri* of which they were both guilty.

Thus far the narrative had slowly oozed forth in his own words from the lips of Herr B——. What yet remained to be told had additional life infused into it by being given in the language used at the time by Gretchen herself, when, in an access of mingled grief and triumph, she sought to justify her conduct before the man whose heart she had won only to cast away.

"One night my father came home. I knew there was something wrong. His eyes were bloodshot; his lips quivered; his voice was loud and harsh. He threw himself down on a chair, and groaned aloud. My blood froze within me. The blow had surely fallen. My father was a ruined man. 'Is it so, father?' I exclaimed. 'Tell thy Gretchen—thy *geliebte*. She will surely console thee.'

"Instead of answering to my loving words, he paced the room in scarce-suppressed frenzy; and it was long before I could wring one sane word from his lips. At length, oh, Felix, the fatal truth was drawn from him.

"'Ruin?' would ruin, penury, starvation, have weighed in the balance? Oh no! this was worse, far worse, than my wildest fear had pictured.

"When he placed the mute witnesses in my hand, and staggered from the room, I fell on my knees in blank agony. I could not weep. A ruined man indeed! Never again should he look his fellow-men in the face with the calm strength which honour gives. He was a thief. He was a forger! The bloodhounds would be upon him directly—I fancied I heard them already at the door. But the *proofs*, the *proofs* [here Gretchen shrieked] —they lay in my own hands—SAFE."

"Need I say more?" drawled forth Herr B——, even his German stolidity scarcely proof against the touching pathos of the story yet unfolded. "Imagine the rest for yourself, mein Herr."

"But the end?" I exclaimed.

"The end was simply this,—the father became the husband of that wealthy widow, who, blinded by fancy, hushed up the secret of the *convicted daughter's* guilt, and opened her arms to receive the *unconvicted criminal*. The revolution of 18— happened to break out at the time, and men's heads were too full of it for them to look very closely into the particulars of a mere forgery case. Gretchen was hurried to prison; *voilà tout*. Such, mein Herr, is the way of the world. *Ein blindes Ge-*

schick! The innocent suffer for the guilty. It is distracting, hateful, loathsome. Had I stepped forward to speak the truth, as I threatened to do, Gretchen, I knew (for she had sworn it) would never have seen me again. She would have died miserable.

"'I wish to suffer in his stead,' she said. 'It is love in act; it is *imitation.* I suffer for one I love. *He* did more than that; He suffered for hateful men. Leave me, Felix. My happiness is great. I have reached the goal. Earthly happiness can never be like this!'

"Poor child!" observed the Herr, as he concluded his narrative and lighted the consolatory pipe, "her last words were—

'Nichts ist das mich von Christe scheide.'"

"I believe she was happy then. No doubt she is happy now."

Gretchen's eyes still look down on me from the painted panel over the mantelpiece in my study. They are always smiling now. They never smiled while the brush was at work upon them. Of course it is imagination; but I sometimes think of the words of the poet,—

"We are near awakening when we dream that we dream."

HARTLEBURY CASTLE,

THE SEAT OF THE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

JULY, MDCCCLXX.

BY THE EDITOR.

SURE on no fairer, sweeter spot than this,
The golden beams of early sunlight fall;
The summer breezes straying, love to kiss
The leaves that cluster round the chapel wall.

Below—the calm still lake that seems to bring
A sense of coolness e'en in sultriest hours;
And round its border stately trees that fling
Their welcome shadow on the grass and flowers.

Around—the fruitful fields and song of bird,
Glimpses of cedars, rows of fragrant limes;
The dream-like stillness only faintly stirred
By the sweet music of the village chimes.

Within—an English home, where truth and love
And gentlest courtesies all sweetly blend;
Faint image of that brighter home above,
Towards which our faltering steps should ever tend.

Here, 'mid the heat and burden of the day,
Dear memories of its gladness linger yet;
The quiet chapel where we knelt to pray,
The earnest voice that none will e'er forget.

Peace to this house! and all who in it dwell,
And God's rich benediction; and the joy
Of His dear Presence—joy no words may tell,
That earth can never give, nor e'er destroy.

His firm yet gentle rule long may he bear,
Who, like the Master, doth not drive, but leads
The flock of Christ, and with unwearied care,
That flock redeemed, with wholesome doctrine feeds.

Then, his work over, and the victory won—
The burden of the flesh laid meekly down—
Christ greet him with His blessed words, "Well done,"
And for earth's mitre give heaven's glorious crown!

THE SHADOWS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY R. YOUNG, M.A., F.R.G.S., &c.

THE love of the mysterious seems natural to man; it pervades the three products of his mind,—literature, art, and science; it produces the poet's song, the novelist's tale, the children's story; from it arose strange forms of olden sphinx and centaur, the weird conceptions of early sculpture. In the diverse branches of science, however, it is that this love of mystery, common to humanity in all things, fully develops itself. Science, mysterious to the many in its simplest and most genuine form, becomes quite incomprehensible when involved in the cabalistic formula of its ancient votaries. How solemnly, by olden Chaldee and Egyptian, the simplest and most commonplace facts of natural magic were propounded, how jealously they were guarded, we may guess, connected so intimately as they were with the most revered truths of their religious creeds. The acute Greek, too, so chastely clear, so glorious in his literary productions, so serenely dignified in his cultivation of art, becomes unaccountably dull, mystical, and puerile in his attempts in practical science; and the theories of the "all-pervading numbers" of Pythagoras, and "the fine intelligence" of the Platonists, may be taken as fair specimens of the general inutility of even the highest order of Grecian intellect, when engaged upon the branches of science applicable to every-day life. The same statement may be made also with regard to the Romans, who, led captive intellectually, as Horace observes, by the subtler intellects of those whom they had subdued physically, borrowed all their methods of analysis from the more cultured nation dwelling beside the waters of the Ægean.

Throughout all the ancient peoples this ignorance will be found universally to prevail,—this ignorance of real, practical, every-day scientific skill. It required, for instance, doubtless no mean knowledge in the Egyptians of mechanics and chemistry, to effect such gigantic operations as the pyramids, the labyrinth, Lake Mœris, and the avenue of sphinxes, and to embalm to perpetuity their dead; in the Persian magi, of the laws of the phy-

sical world, to discover the synthetical arrangement of individual particulars, and the hidden connection between mind and matter; in the Chaldeans, of astronomy and mensuration, to calculate time from the heavens, and to fix boundaries on the earth; in the Romans, of engineering, to form such stupendous structures as the Cloaca Maxima and the Appian Way, Watling Street and the Long Wall in the Greeks, of analytical geometry, to devise the pure lines of beauty which were developed by their sculptors; in the Chinese, of artistic manipulation, to originate such exquisite designs in colouring, and to mould plastic materials into such varied, delicate shapes. But all these are, after all, but small steps for many nations to have made in ages of the world's history, but poor advances into that boundless field of practical science which in these latter days has been cultivated so assiduously and with such amazing results. The ancients, in fact, adored the beautiful; the moderns worship the useful. The result in each case was what might have been expected. In the one case the apperception of the real, in the other the conception of the ideal, became blunted and dulled, whereas could a medium between the two have been fixed, both would have undoubtedly gained in extent and elevation. The beautiful as the handmaid of the useful, art lending fresh charms to progress, what a glamour might be thrown over every-day life, what a loveliness added to every-day traffic. Once an effort to do this was made, and perhaps only once. Not in doubtful mythology, such as the fable of Medea; not in trivial theories, such as those of the gymnosophists; not in trifling experiments, such as composed "the Colchian magic;" not in pretentious impostures, such as those of "the miracle-worker" Apollonius of Tyanea; not in empty mysteries, as those of the sisterhoods of Cuth; not, in fact, in very ancient or very modern times are we to look for this union of imagination and perception, this pursuit at once of the beautiful and the useful; in the periods between the two extremes of time, in the medieval ages, must this combination be sought for. The dark ages may not have been, as some paradoxical writers assert, "brilliant with excess of light," yet were they certainly illumined by rays of promise. Their chivalry, excessive and oftentimes injurious, budded into that noble regard for truth and honour, that humanity in war and gentleness in peace, that consideration for weakness and suffering, which all so worthily distinguish at present all civilized peoples; their religion, though too frequently tinged with superstition and bigotry, yet taking

art for its handmaid, gave forth our grandest ecclesiastical edifices, and produced a more important result, that established favourable recognition of piety and morality now so generally prevalent; and finally their learning, often pedantic and misplaced, wrought out in time those many triumphs of mind, those many victories over matter, which have immortalized these latter days.

This is, perhaps, more especially true of subjects in which we would be prone, on a cursory glance, to presume that our medieval ancestors had effected but little, in fact, in the various branches of practical life. True, the men of science long ago employed themselves about useless experiments, or unphilosophically hunted after imaginary phantoms; true, they often tried to discover the non-existent, and to create the inconsistent; true, such problems as the quadrature of the circle, the multiplication of the cube, the formation of an universal language, the secret of perpetual motion, the arcana of magic, and the rules of astrology, more frequently engaged their attention than the useful and attainable acquisitions of true research. Nevertheless, in their pursuit of the intangible, they oftentimes accidentally, or designedly, attained some valuable discovery. Nor do Cowley, Donne, and Fontenelle much exaggerate in the high tribute which, incidentally, they respectively pay to the importance of the results of the allowably mistaken labours of those almost forgotten sages; they were not, indeed, Bacons; they understood not the true methods of inductive philosophy, but in a life-long devotion to the furnace and the stars it was not possible that they could escape lighting on many practical and important scientific truths. As Glauber, in his search after the mythical "philosopher's stone," capable of turning all things to gold, discovered that well-known useful salt called after his name; as Van Helmont, in his vain hunt after the non-existent "elixir vitæ," able to preserve its imbiber for ever, hit on that spirit of hartshorn, so efficacious to restore consciousness to those who have fainted; as Taracelsus, in his pursuit after the "elixir of perpetual youth," able to preserve the beauty of juvenescence, found out that potent laudanum, so marvellous in its effects; as Van Helmont, in his endeavours to create a ghost, raised that aerial formation now called gas, from *geist*, the German for ghost, from spa water; as Cassius, in his dreams concerning "red lions," "the purple soul of gold," and "the golden mantle," attained a knowledge of that mineral purple called "precipitate of Cassius," used in colouring glass; as Bovel, in a vision of some mysterious "magnetic waters," put

forth the discovery of the once much employed "sympathetic ink;" as Achillinus, in hunting after the mythic "horn of Alexander the Great," alighted on that valuable instrument the speaking trumpet; as Basilius Valentin, monk of Erfurt, in his investigations concerning the formation of gold, discovered that terrible yellow powder known as "aurum fulminans," and introduced antimony into medicine; as Taracelsus, vainly hunting after "the universal medicine," first employed poisons to cure diseases; as Brandt, striving after the attainment of the "soul of light," made known phosphorus to the world; so an endless list might be given of some of the most important discoveries in practical science for which we are indebted to the dreamy and oftentimes despised alchemists of the Middle Ages.

A consideration of this truth may perhaps incline us to view more lightly the mistakes and errors of those early experimentalists, those men who, shaking off that forged classicism in science which produced no more practical result than the Gnostic absurdities of a Simon Magus or a Basilides, introduced eager romanticism into physical investigations, at the same time that it was being introduced into literature and art; and at last, after the much stumbling of childhood and the many wanderings of youth, worked out in eight hundred years, that is, from about 1000 to 1800 (the widest extremes are taken), a glorious fruition ever increasing in splendour, and ever to increase. As we look back over such a period, in strange medley, regardless of order or chronology, flit the dim shadows of these departed sages before us, philosophers and charlatans, thinkers and fools, soldiers, divines, and kings, from all ages, from all classes.

The monumental effigies of the old Gothic cathedral once again revive, and the mailed warrior and cowled monk troop in endless circles round us. They pass on, the two Bacons, Roger the magician, Francis the philosopher; Taracelsus and Agrippa; there is Villeneuve, holding the manuscript of his Rosarium. De Saury, Bergman, Woulfe, Kellerman, Newton, Boyle, Trimousin, Hollandais, Lely, Dee, Pope John XXII.; Ripley, the jovial canon of Bridlington, Michael Scott, ringing the bells of Notre Dame by the beat of his horsehoofs, martyr to his wife, immortalized by his namesake. There is Earl Gowrie, the shadowless-like Peter Schlamyl, Trophonia, Brinvilliers, Mesmer, and Cagliostro; there is Swartz begrimmed with powder. With these men scientific research was in a great degree imaginative, unworldly, mysterious, sublime in the hands of some, infamous in

the hands of others, uncommon in all. With the present age everything is sacrificed to the practical, the real, the useful. Now the postulates of each new assertion are examined with a critical eye, with a jealously trained reason; then they were accepted with childhood's beautiful faith.

Everything has doubtless wonderfully advanced, genuine science in all directions has made an amazing progress. But our spirit has sadly let slip the dulce in the cultivation of the utile, and we have, as Schiller laments, parted too frequently with the beauties as well as the errors of the olden faith. Some of the quaint conceptions of these bygone mistaken sages, some of the "idola specus" as Bacon could call them, may, on consideration, afford us a little interest. Two derivations have usually been given for the word chemist, one from Chemosh, a name for Egypt, or rather Moab, so called from one of its gods; another from χυμός, juice. Alchemist is simply the chemist, as al-coran is the koran, or the book. Dr. Johnson's opinion of this science was not favourable, apparently, as he states the word "gibberish" to have been derived from Giber, the Arabian, who, in the seventh century, was an ardent cultivator of the "black art." The terms and phrases and ideas of alchemy, however, have penetrated generally through the literature of all nations. Not to dwell on all the allusions to witchcrafts and sorceries to be found in classical authors, as we are not considering their periods; nor the sagas and folk-lore of all countries, founded on a supernatural basis, and embodying alchymical dreams; the standard works of medieval and modern times have their references to the laboratory. Shakspere tells us how "the glorious sun stays in his course, and plays the alchemist." His contemporary, "rare Ben Jonson," wittily observes,—

> "If all you boast of your great art be true,
> Sure willing poverty lives most in you."

Butler, in his "Hudibras," ridicules the alchemists, more especially Lilly, under the name of Sidrophel, and Jones his assistant, under the title of Whackum. In Massinger's "A very Woman," an allusion is made to the presumed possession of magical powers by a slave, and in the same author's "The Old Saw," the superstition that the burial of money by a dying person caused that person's ghost after death to haunt the spot is mentioned. In Massinger's "The Roman Actor," is Ascletario, a soothsayer who strives to save his own life, as

Galeotti, in Sir W. Scott's "Quentin Durward," is made to save his from Louis XI. In Ford's "Broken Heart" there is also a soothsayer, Technicus. In Massinger's "Emperor of the East" numerous allusions to alchemy are to be found. In Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," such misdirected toils are ridiculed in the inimitable sketch of the labours of the philosophers in the academy of Laputa. In Cervantes' "Don Quixote" we find an account of a talking head that answered questions. Le Sage's "Gil Blas" is full of ridicule of wandering quacks. On what, too, but alchemical conceptions are Pope's "Rape of the Lock," "The Arabian Nights Entertainment," Croly's "Salathiel," Eugene Sue's "Le Juif Errant," Dumas' "Monte Christo," Bulwer's "Strange Story" and "Zanoni," Lewis's "Monk," Beckford's "Vathek," Sir W. Scott's "Abbot," Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," Sir W. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Milton's "Comus," the "Undine" of Baron de la Motte Fouque," Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," Mackay's "Salamandrine," "The Alchemist," of Ben Jonson, Schiller's "Wallenstein," Goethe's "Faust," Massinger's "Magic Mirror," Chaucer's "Chanones Yeomannes Tale" and "Frankeleine's Tale," Southey's "Thalaba" and "Curse of Kehama," Godwin's "St. Leon," Maturin's "Melmoth;" on what are these and a hundred others like them founded, or with what are they impregnated, but the ideas of the alchemists?

If from the earliest annals of literature we trace its course down to the present day, we shall find it always combined with science and art, and if the science be superstitious and the art monstrous, the literature contemporary therewith is impregnated with similar characteristics, and either in belief or ridicule borrows ideas from those mistaken subjects. Thus through Oriental, Classical, and Romantic literature these peculiar allusions will be found, and philosophers, novelists, poets, may be observed in imagination "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;" so the literature and language, the science and the art of nations, are full of their childhood's dreams, and of the incongruous notions of their intellectual infancy. Strange indeed were some of those speculations, some of those "dreams of the dawn."

Cornelius Agrippa, court physician to Francis I., who resigned his appointment to prosecute his studies, and one of whose views was that women were naturally superior to the ruder sex, believed that he could reduce into a system the invocation of spirits or demons, like Mr. Home, the Davenport brothers, and

other illustrious gentlemen "too clever by half" in the present day. Albertus Magnus, a learned Dominican, who resigned the bishopric of Ratisbon, given him by Pope Alexander IV., to pursue his art, devised at Cologne the original "anthropoglossis" in the form of a talking man of brass, which Thomas Aquinas, with a sad disregard of the beautiful, decapitated. We have talking men of brass now. Would that the iconoclastic schoolman could for a brief period revisit the earth. Descartes believed that it was possible easily to lengthen out man's days to the period of the patriarchs', but, unfortunately, death prevented his fulfilling the design in his own case, or anticipating the benevolent Parr in the bequest of a "life pill." On an extremely warm summer day Sydney Smith is stated to have wished it were possible "to take off his flesh and sit in his bones to cool himself." This feat was thought worthy of many attempts to accomplish, long years before the worthy canon joked, by Holcroft, Southerbourg, and Cosway, who were persuaded that, by reorganising their old bones and remoistening their dry marrow, it was possible to attain to a venerable antiquity.

We boast of the glories of our arts and manufactures. Can any of them form a fairy? Paracelsus considered he could do so with ease at any time, and he has generously bequeathed the recipe to posterity. He describes how the impurity of the original materials is to be transmuted by fire and the still too gross elements fixed in a phial, placed in a fuming straw-heap, from whence in time they will assume a pure etheral essence, and a full-grown fairy will burst forth. We commend the receipt to the notice of theatrical managers. Elves, however, could be not only made but captured. The English chronicler, John of Brompton, tells of the capture of a dissipated elf, who haunted the wine-cellar of a monastery in the diocese of Treves, and who was rendered incapable of motion by the sprinkling on him of holy water. The catching of a bird by scattering salt on his tail will doubtless occur to the memory of all. Moreover certain persons were considered to have the gift of discerning elves, such as Ketel, of Yorkshire, spoken so much of by William of Newbury; as the Highland seer was supposed to possess the power of "second sight." To certain places also these "frolicsome elves" were believed to be specially partial, assuming diverse forms to remain there; and Friar Rush in the well-provisioned abbey, and Master Simon, executing a butler's duty in a comfortable mansion, are proofs that, in adopting characters to per-

sonate, these sprites exercised considerable discretion in the choice of their abodes. The sect of the Rosicrucians, however, was that which carried out this assumed power of forming spirits to its extremest extent. The members of this body took their name from the Christian Rosencrantz, who died in 1484; but their system was not publicly shown forth until 1615, when Michael Meyer published at Cologne a work entitled, "Themis aurea hæc est de legibus fraternitatis Roseæ Crucis," purporting to declare all the laws of the brotherhood. Meyer was succeeded at different intervals by Peter Mannius in Holland, and Dr. Fludd, or Robertus à Fluctibus, in England. Then came Eugene Philalethes, and afterwards John Heyden, who, being an attorney, deserted the mysteries of the law for mysteries still more mysterious, and put forth a series of writings in which he claimed Moses, Elijah, and Ezekiel as the founders of his sect, maintaining, moreover, the criminality of defiling the mouth with food, as, if the air were properly purified, a rich nourishing fatness would be found in it. The most illustrious of this strange brotherhood however was Joseph Borri, who, in his work entitled, "La chiave del gabinetto dal Signor Borri," has left a full account of the inhabitants of the "spirit land," and of all the peculiar tenets of the Rosicrucian creed. To strike terror, too, into the incredulous, the Spiritualists dilate on the mysterious disappearance of the Abbe de Villars, who, having ridiculed sylphs and salamanders in his "Comte de Gabalis," vanished from human sight. These conceptions, which may be seen embodied in the *Ariel* and the *Caliban* of Shakspere's "Tempest," and in the *Lycerax* of Dryden's version of the same play, have permeated all through the literature of all nations, in many of those books which have already been mentioned, and in numerous others, receiving, perhaps, their latest representation in the "Salamandrine" of Mackay.

The imaginations of Schott, Kircher, Gaffard, Borelli, and Digby produced, however, as Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature" relates, a still more beautiful and ethereal explanation of those "footsteps on the borders of another world" in the conception of the palingenesis or regeneration. Some truth, too, is here mixed up with their speculations. Nothing, they said, perishes in nature; all is but a continuation or revival. The semena of resurrection are contained in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man. The ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted; incor-

poreal and scentless, they are the delicate apparitions of real existences, and are seen but for a moment. Heat, and consequent chemical combination, produced them. The exciting causes being removed they quickly perish. Thus immortality is natural to all. By physical agencies the phœnix rises from its ashes, and the shadowy ghost flits over the grave of the corrupting body.

It is a pity these ingenious suggestions were not afforded to Defoe to assist him in his cunning endeavour to sell "Drelincourt on Death," by an account of Mrs. Veal's apparition, or to Dr. Johnson to enable him to explain the "Cock Lane Ghost," or any of the other "ghost-seers" and contemplaters of the "night side of nature." After the attempts at creating and explaining spirits, came the desire to imitate their presumed aerial motions, and the winged steed of Chaucer, and the Arabian Nights Entertainment, the hippogriff of "Orlando Furioso," the seven-leagued boots of fairy lore, and the Nibelungenlied, were but poetical embodiments of the floating ideas of sages concerning aerostation and locomotion. From the efforts at aërial travelling of Kai Kios in China, who tied four eagles to the four corners of a chair, and fixed pieces of meat just over them out of their reach, to attain which they would continue ever rising, down to the fire balloons of Mongolfier, and from the dreams of Solomon de Claus to the "iron roads" of Stephenson, such subjects have continually engaged the labours of mankind. Nor were the notions held long ago about the objects to be seen when travelling less strange than the methods of locomotion suggested in Peter Wilkins's Flying Bird, and Bishop Wilkins's discourse "Concerning the possibility of a Voyage to the Moon." Their views of earth, air, and water were indeed simple. The earth was a flat surrounded by water, having a great declivity in one part of it, against which Columbus was cautioned to beware, lest his ships should never be able to ascend the height on his return voyage. Iceland was a land of cannibals and snow. India possessed silver mines and was in some parts inaccessible from heat. Ethiopia was the country of Prester-John, and was watered by the rivers of Paradise. Asia contained the castle of Gog, and abounded in the strangest specimens of humanity, "anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The two Americas, and the greater portion of Africa, were quite unknown. In astronomy we know how the early investigators were persecuted, and the bigotry which

imprisoned a Galileo and disregarded a Copernicus, can only be conceived as the result of the darkest ignorance. To some men in every age, knowledge is always heresy, and a Bœotian intellect the surest sign of an orthodox faith. The ridiculous notions of the ancients about astronomical subjects, the absurd views, for instance, concerning the Milky Way held by such philosophers as Anaximander, Anaximenes, Pythagoras, Parmenides, Theophrastus, Anaxagoras, and Pliny, were handed down from age to age, and to question the skill of a heathen sage soon became the same as to doubt the veracity of the Christian faith.

A Benedictine monk wrote, even in the year 1727, a treatise to show that the earth moved round the moon, which thesis was crowned by the Academy of Bordeaux, in an age of such astronomers as Lacaille, Lalande, D'Alembert, and Sir W. Herschel. A German a little after proposed to cast artificial geometrical shadows of great size from Siberia on the moon, to inform its inhabitants of the existence of people on our earth. Nor is it fifty years since a cardinal and Roman Catholic archbishop composed a work on the earth's immobility as the only orthodox view. With such ignorance recently presented us, can we wonder at any notions prevalent in medieval times? Can we be amazed that Domingo Gonzales was believed, when he gave an account, in Spanish, of a voyage which he said he had taken to the moon, drawn by geese? Juno's geese in Rome, Gonzales's geese in Madrid—who believes either anecdote now? Injured and neglected goslings! from others beside you time has stripped the golden feathers. The "Arcadia" of Sydney, the "Utopia" of May, the "Castle of Indolence" of Thomson, the "Rasselas" of Johnson, the "Adelantado of the Seven Cities" of Irving, the "Diana" of Montemayor, and of Siloto: all the fictions endeavouring to picture a happy country, a higher life, by whatever name the imagined land may be called, whether island or mainland, whether "Fortunatus," "St. Brandan," "Apositus," "The Blest," "The Happy," or "The Western;" all these fictions once, if not believed in, got regarded as having some foundation in an occidental republican terra incognita: who regards them now as representing anything but a fata morgana, a mirage, a will-o'-the-wisp, a jack-o'-lantern. The immortal earthly happiness once thought attainable is regarded as mythically as the immortal earthly life, and the bliss de-

scribed in the "Arcadia" of Sannazard and of Lope di Vega is considered as fabulous as the length of days of Quinet's "Ahasuerus," or Müller's "Ahasuerus den Erige Göde."

In the truth of such matters, however, our ancestors fully believed; in the attempts at creating etherial essences, at assigning to these essences "a local habitation and a name," they employed much of their time and labour. These toils some may consider altogether fruitless. Yet such an opinion is open to question. Wonder, the offspring of ignorance, is often the father of enterprise, and the spirit of adventure once aroused, whether the views meeting it be mistaken or not, advances ever onward to knowledge and success, throwing light alike upon the world of spirit and the world of matter. In such a favourable aspect let us regard them, and pardon the misplaced credulity that leads to future progress.

DAY-DREAMS OF A DREAMER.

A DREAM OF SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. W. BUXTON, M.A.

I AM emphatically "a dreamer of dreams;" there are times when "man delights me not, no, nor woman neither," as they are at present; I am constrained to ramble away into the land of dreams for my company. Every one has his fancy, Mahomet had a weakness for yellow shoes and perfume; Charles V. for making clocks keep time together, and for seeing his own funeral; Danton's weakness was a spaniel; Lesbia's a sparrow; mine is dreaming by day, only, mark you, when there is no work to be done. Many a wild journey do I take, and in right good company; one day I am away with Chaucer and talking to the wife of Bath, and listening to merry tales under the gateway of the old "Tabard" inn in Southwark; anon I am in fairy-land with gentle Edmund Spenser for a guide, musing over the story of knights and ladies fair, and dwarfs and necromancers; and another day I am at the play with worshipful Master Samuel Pepys, who entertains me with goodly scandal of the court, and introduces me to his gossip, W. Hewer. Sometimes I wander with Samuel Johnson down Fleet Street, and laugh at Boswell's good-natured reception of the doctor's snub; there is dear, foolish Goldsmith to keep us company, and tell us of his blossom-coloured coat and the niggardliness of the publishers. To-day I am with our dear friend and teacher William Shakspere, and I am for a ramble through the world of his creation, through the England which he has peopled with immortals. I would see how London looked at the end of the sixteenth century, I am a'weary of the overgrown monstrous city of to-day. I would loiter by the Thames when it was clear and sparkling, and when a steamboat would have frightened the honest citizens worse than the sight of Philip's Spanish galleons loaded with the fetters and thumbscrews of the Inquisition. I would wander in Moorfields and smell the flowers there—certes, I can only do so in dreams; I would see how the men were dressed who listened to Elizabeth's harangue at Tilbury (I looked at

the old gateway there yesterday and it set me dreaming); I would look on Raleigh in the flesh, and with his head yet upon his shoulders, poor, honest gentleman! I would exchange bows with Gresham and see if he be like the men who go upon 'Change now-a-days; I should dearly like to shake hands with those tough ancient mariners Drake and Frobisher, and see if they resemble at all the captains of our ironclads. I have forgotten my frock coat and Sydenham trousers and my uncomfortable tall hat, and I have donned a slashed doublet, and hose with many points, a hat with drooping feather, and a smart rapier in lieu of a walking-stick. Yon grave man with the high, pale brow is my guide, his hand bears a more potent wand than that of Prospero, and he will fill the streets with fair company for me. Whither shall we betake ourselves? we are loaded with invitations already; here is Sir John Falstaff, scandalous old Jack, roaring for another pottle of sack and swearing that there was lime in the last; he would have us go to the "Boar's Head" in Eastcheap, or to the "Three Cranes" in the Vintry, to try conclusions with a stoup of canary, to shout for Francis the drawer, and play shovel-board with Poins and Bardolph; but we will keep clear of such wild company, lest we get into trouble and be carried by trusty Dogberry, the active and intelligent policéman of the period, before Justice Shallow, and so taste the discipline of the prison at Ludgate. We are for a country walk, and we can have one to Pimlico, where the citizens "most do congregate" to eat "pudding-pies" on a Sunday; or to Islington, where the milk is excellent; or to Chelsea, where there is no talk of buns at present; or to Holloway, where the cheesecakes are marvellous; we can hear the lark sing and pluck wild flowers in any of these spots, and angle for minnows in the Fleet river under Holborn Bridge. We may "sport with Amaryllis in the shade" of Spitalfields, and whisper compliments "extant in very choice Italian," the fashionable language, to Mistress Juliet under the trees in Piccadilly, which they call the Reading Road, and where Romeo's alchemist is gathering wild foxgloves for which the hedges hereabout are famous. But the master motions me to follow him to the town, and I obey, nothing loath, with such a guide, leaving Islington with its duck-hunting citizens, and Smithfield with its perilous pool behind me. My guide will tell me the names of the notable people in the streets: there is Master Kindheart, the dentist, who made Falstaff shout so lustily, and yonder is Bankes the showman, and with him are Tarleton the comedian

and William Clark the newsmonger. There is a stir in the streets, and the flat-capped 'prentices have forgotten to cry "What d'ye lack?" in front of their open shops, and are running eagerly to get a glimpse of some passing pageant; there is Jin Vin, and sober Frank Tunstal is leaving old Davie Ramsay's horologes to take care of themselves. Is the Queen going to the City, or is there a fray between Lord Leicester's serving men and the lacqueys of the Earl of Suffolk? It is the worshipful Company of Clothiers going in procession to their grand hall hard by in Cheapside or the Poultry; the members of the company are clad in liveries, and are brave in ribbons and gold chains, and the banner of their guild is borne in front. Pass on, we may not linger under the quaint gable roofs where the shop signs swing to and fro, and the traders' wares hang exposed to view and ready to the hand. There are more foreign wares than the honest London citizens like; there are mirrors from Venice, swords from Spain, and spurs from Milan. Here is a mediciner's shop, with its "beggarly account of empty boxes," where if a man did need a poison now he might buy it, or a love-charm and philtre if his taste lay that way. Hard by is a musicseller's where we may purchase a gittern, or learn the popular songs of the period, which every 'prentice whistles as he walks, such as "Green Sleeves" or "Gillian of Croydon." I resist an invitation from Master Slender, who passes with an angling rod and a book of flies, and who is for an afternoon's salmon-fishing near the Temple; we turn into the street by Ludgate and watch the humours of the crowd. Overhead the poor prisoners are wailing through the bars, and begging for a dole of bread and meat. We are jostled by vociferous vendors, one crying "Samfire, fresh rock samfire," gathered on the cliffs by Dover perchance; another sells pancakes, another coals, and the broomseller sings us a song which is still on record,—

"My brooms are not steeped,
  But very well bound,
My brooms are not crooked,
  But smooth cut and round.
I wish it would please you
  To buy of my broom,
Then would it ease me
  If market were done.

"Have you any old boots,
  Or any old shoes,
Pouchings, or buskins,
  To cope with new brooms?

If so you have, maidens,
I pray you bring hither,
That you and I friendly
May bargain together."

But it is almost noon, and I have business in the middle aisle of Paul's, the Rotten Row of the day, and must eat my dinner at an ordinary at one.

To Paul's accordingly we go, and whilst my guide leans pensively against a pillar, I look round for old friends. Here comes Mercutio, splendid in cherry-coloured satin and blue taffety, his plumed hat slouched over one eye, sword and dagger by his side, and roses in his shoes; let none presume "to bite their thumb at him," or there will be work for the barber-surgeon presently. He comes along bravely, not deigning to glance towards the serving-man's pillar, where honest Launcelot Gobbo and Moth are waiting for their masters; he is seeking his friends Gratiano and Benedick, they are going to dine together, and afterwards will fall to shovel-board, or *gleek*, or *primero*. They have heard the chimes at midnight, I warrant me, and have been drinking with that hot-headed Tybalt and the County Paris. See, there is Martext the curate and worthy Sir Hugh Evans the parson in close conversation; how they look askance at the seminary priest on their right! Doctor Caius is here, with Jack Rugby at his heels, with his master's rapier; I trust there is to be no blood-letting this morning; those young Templars fresh from the sanctuary of Alsatia, and soberly dressed in sad-coloured cloaks, are laughing at the good doctor's bad English; let them have a care, for the doctor is a cunning master of fence. Yonder is a country gentleman, Master Ford, is it, who has brought the merry wives of Windsor to see the humours of the town? His dress is old-fashioned, and his stockings are as yellow as Malvolio's. He is talking of the last news from the Low Countries, and abusing Alva to Sir Toby Belch.

Can yonder feeble old man be Shylock? Yes, he is doing business as a scrivener and money-lender at high rates, and that lean Hebrew is his clerk. There is that swaggering knave, Ancient Pistol, talking bombastic nonsense with Michael Cassio, and closely watched by subtle Iago, who is muffled in a long cloak. The noisy, good-for-nothing swash-buckler Pistol will have to "dine with Duke Humphry" to-day, for all his fine talk about the world being his oyster. There are spies about in the interest of Burleigh and Walsingham, and it is dangerous to talk of the Queen, or to discuss the aspects of Popery above

one's breath. Paul's is the very hotbed of gossip, and we must premise any communication by saying, "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope."

The walk is growing deserted, it is dinner-time. Whither will the master lead me, that "I may take mine ease in mine inn"? To Tarleton's ordinary, where we shall meet Lorenzo and grave Antonio, dining side by side with honest Jack Falstaff and Woolner the glutton, who ruins all the ordinaries by his appetite. Or will it be to the "Bear" at Bridge Foot, where Falstaff says he was robbed of a seal ring, generally believed to be copper, and where the knight owes a long reckoning for sack to Dame Quickly the hostess? I hope the old reprobate will reform before he begins "to babble o' green fields," and to draw near the last scene of life's "strange eventful history." Perhaps we are for the "Devil" tavern in Fleet Street, where they talk of rare Ben Jonson, and draw the choicest hippocras. I must look well to my pocket after dinner, for no sooner are we "at our woodcocks," the last course before the pastry, than some Bassanio or Claudio of the party will propose "a pair of cards," and there are "cross-biters" and "coney-catchers," that is, blacklegs, at every tavern dinner. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the foreign gentles, will lose their money before the day is done, but no one will venture to meddle with the sad, wild-eyed gentleman with the yellow hair yonder, who sits apart; they tell me that it is Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and that men say that he is mad. Dinner over, Mercutio and his friends betake them to the "Bear" garden in Southwark, without noticing the fiddlers, who are playing "The Beggar of Bethnal Green" and such like vulgar airs. I shall not follow there, for all that the Duke de Naxara forgot his Spanish gravity at the sight of the sport there. There are sports enough of a more kindly nature: there is a juggler who can make "a stone vanish from your hand," or "swallow a long tin pudding;" and there are the theatres and Bartholomew Fair. But for the present my dream is over, and the master of my vision fades from my sight, and I am awake and alone.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

BY MARGARET PLUES.

AFTER a week's sojourn in a city varied only by an excursion on the plain, and a very distant view of an Alpine range, the freshness and beauty of the scenery around Como was a most welcome change. We passed the town itself unexplored; for though its duomo has much to recommend it, we were incredulous of its power to please after the churches of Milan, so we proceeded to the Villa d'Este, dear to English hearts as the residence, for a time, of our own unfortunate Queen Caroline, though now converted into a public hotel. A few minutes after our arrival we were snugly ensconced in charming rooms opening on a balcony overhanging the lake, and commanding a view as far as Como on the right, and of the mountains with their valleys and villages, and lemon and mulberry plantations opposite. But to rest till urged to do so by extreme fatigue is seldom possible to English tourists, so we betook ourselves to the lake, with the intention of visiting the villa of our beautiful Milanese friend. It was an hour's row, but how quickly the hour seemed to pass! The waters of the lake were clear and blue as the cloudless sky they mirrored, and the varied forms of the encircling mountains were as clearly defined in reflection as in the transparent atmosphere above. The distant throbbing of a steamboat reverberated slightly in the general quiet, and many a sailing boat, with its white wing outspread, gave life and motion to the scene without disturbing the prevailing calm. We mounted to the villa garden by stone steps, which descended to the lake. The garden was gay with Judas trees, all crimsoned with their crowded blossoms, and clustering Banksia roses. These roses seem to take a special love for the neighbourhood of Como; they are frequently to be seen at Nice, and all along the Riviera, their dark, glossy foliage forming a perfect background for their myriads of minute white or buff blossoms. But at Como they were in excess; hanging from every trellis and balustrade, climbing every wall or tree on which they could get a hold; they blossomed so freely, that the very foliage was hidden by the multitudinous clusters of pale flowers.

The westeria, too, seemed ambitious of a place in the Como gardens, and made good its claim by its unwonted beauty. At the villa in question the garden is separated from a road at the back by a low wall surmounted by an iron railing. Along this railing a trailing branch of westeria twines in and out, and at every inch a long, drooping cluster of the delicately shaded lilac flowers is suspended, so that the upper rail was, on the day we saw the garden, literally fringed with westeria clusters. Beds of lilies of the valley—all the blossoms double—scented the air, and bushes of allspice added the fragrance of their squat chocolate blossoms. The gardener was delighted to show the charms of the place to stranger friends of his lady, and he conducted us through the rooms of the villa, displaying the statuary, and pictures, and art treasures, with evident triumph in their excellence.

We had dismissed our boat in order to economize our opportunities for exploration and return by land, but we found the walk a very fatiguing one, the heat being excessive. It was better when we had quitted the region of perpetual villas, and had the variety of fields and brooks to tempt us on by ever-changing interest. The meadows were covered with thick grass, gay with spring flowers. There was the snowflake in abundance, growing much more freely than about Milan, and the handsome spotted dead-nettle (*Lamium maculatum*), its large crimson speckled blossoms bigger than those of our white dead-nettle. Our common yellow-rattle (*Rhinanthus crista-galli*) was there too, but with its bracts so large and pale, and its general size so enlarged, that it looked both curious and attractive, like dense broad heads of lemon-colour among the full green herbage. The walls—for soon the road was bordered by villa enclosures again—were draped with ivy-leaved toadflax—"mother of millions," according to familiar English parlance (*Linaria cymbalaria*), its numerous lilac flowers and ripening seed-vessels giving promise of the extensive progeny from which it takes its familiar name. A little Italian boy, tired with work or play, lay prostrate in the dust, his grand dark eyes sparkling with the excitement of a game of his own invention. Out of the thick dust he had scooped a little racecourse, along which he was guiding the career of three as evil-looking black-beetles as ever scared a country-bred girl on a London staircase. They were disorderly little animals, and seemed to have no instinct but that of flight. Placed side by side in a row, they scuffled away on

their sprawling legs as fast as possible, but had no idea of keeping within the posts; but, on the contrary, they betook themselves right and left with the utmost speed. But whenever they broke from the line the boy picked them up and placed them at the starting-point anew. He had enough to do, for the perverse insects erred and erred again, faster than we can tell it; and ever and anon the quick eye and hand rectified their false steps, and started them straight again. It suited the mental activity and physical laziness of the Italian character, and I doubt not the little rascal tormented the wretched insects for another hour.

We could not tarry to ascertain whether his training took any effect, or we might have opened a betting-book on the race, and organized a miniature Derby day on the banks of the Lake of Como; but we had only just time to reach the hotel for the *table d'hôte*, so hurried forward.

Who can describe the sunset on the lake? How the shadows glided on and on, widening the shade of the valleys, until it extended over rock and village, leaving sunshine only on the church towers, and the high slopes, and the grand mountains beyond! A little longer, and the lake is no longer blue, but shimmers like silver in the gloaming; the towers and villas, the hills and valleys, are all sombre; and even from the mountain-tops the golden light withdraws—a veil has fallen on the beauty around us, but it is a transparent veil; the silver lake and the grey mountains are dimmed but not hidden, and the silence is broken by bells from every steeple, far and near, ringing the angelic salutation—the evening prayer of Roman Catholicism. At the sound of that summons the peasant returning from labour, the gardener-girls in the vineyard, the children at their play, kneel facing towards the nearest church, and from every heart that believes in God in those Romish lands arises the simultaneous "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and in the hour of our death."

When travelling day by day, and taking as much out of one's self as one well can take, exhortations to early rest and early rising are not much needed, at least we found the practice came to us naturally enough. When the veil of nature had descended, and the outward charm was hid from us, we lingered but to write up journals and arrange plans for the morrow, and then tasted the sweet sleep that air and exercise and a fair amount of health generally insure. It was well for us that we slept early, for the sun

was yet behind the mountains—though its full light was spread over our world—when church bells aroused us with an unwonted amount of eccentric chiming. We felt sure that something out of the common was going forward, and not being aware of there being any feast-day at that time, speculations as to the cause of the excitement were entirely vain. To dress quickly and steal out of the hotel was easily accomplished; and it needed only ten minutes of brisk walking to bring us to the Church of Cernobbio. It was only 5.30 a.m. when we entered, and few even of the poor in our own land had awaked from their night's rest.

The church, a parish church of good size, was full. On the left side knelt crowds of women and girls, each with a handkerchief over her head, fastened with a large pin—iron, brass, tortoiseshell, or silver, according to the means of the wearer. On the other side knelt a great number of men, certainly less crowded than the women, but in fair proportion. The priest, a little lame man, was officiating alone at the altar; for the parish was poor, and could only support one *curé*. This was a feast peculiar to the village, and there should have been a high mass, with three priests and a trained choir; but they must content themselves with one priest for poverty's sake, and the people must be their own choir. And right creditably did priest and people acquit themselves. Not in the most stately churches of Milan, before a congregation of nobility, were the ceremonies more suitably conducted. The people sang the "Benedictus," the "Gloria," the "Agnus Dei;" the men and women singing in parts, and then uniting in chorus. The little priest hopped about diligently, and sang with a good, rich, true voice. Some old women, who entered with myself when the Litany was nearly over, took it up as soon as the rest of the congregation had retired, the oldest beginning with the "Kyrie Eleison," and the others answering with the responses. By 6.30 the whole service was over. It is only those who can leave their beds very early that can see the habits of the poor in Italy; for by the time that the generality of travellers are astir, the people have spent their hour or half-hour of devotion, and the churches are empty.

According to previous arrangement we were to spend that day on the lake. A luxurious boat belonging to the hotel, dressed with scarlet cushions and white awning, was waiting to take us to meet the steamer in mid-lake, and with it we proceeded round the point which, up to this time, had bounded our views; and

on and on, amid mountains ever wilder and more Alpine in character. But, however wild the mountains, there were rich fields and gardens, and rows of mulberry trees on the borders of the lake, and villas of surpassing charm and convenience. We were bound for Cadenabbia, and as the boat approached each landing-place there were so many beauties to invite us, that we hoped continually that this, or this, or this was the place where we should land; but still we were far from Cadenabbia, though more than twenty miles from our starting-point. The scenery to the left became increasingly wild, the snowy Alps came more and more fully on the view, and mountain tops, not snowy, or only partially so, but with such a rugged outline that they expressed severity more strikingly than the snow itself. To the left the shore was rich with green slopes, now covered with the pale young foliage of the mulberry trees—the pasture for next month's hatching of silkworms,—and now with the graver foliage of the olive, or with lemon groves. These trees are the key to the resources of the inhabitants of the country, both rich and poor. Our Milanese friends promised to visit England next year, if "the silkworms do well this summer," and the actual subsistence of the poor depends on the harvest of silk and lemons. As we gazed on the mountains and their frequent villages, we could not but long for a blessing on the lemons and mulberries which should bring gladness on all the country. One more long greedy look on all the beauty, on blue lake and broad sunshine, on snow mountain and rich forest and vineyard, on populous village and frequent church tower, attesting the truth so difficult to grasp, from king Solomon downward, that "God does in truth dwell with man on earth," and we reach Cadenabbia.

We order our breakfast, and then repair at once to the Villa Carlotta, the pride of that district. We are admitted by iron gates, and then climb flights of stone steps, their balustrades quite hidden by masses of Banksia roses. From the terrace in front of the house we get a fascinating view of the lake, and of Bellaggio on the opposite shore, and of the opening of the Lake of Lecco. The house is rich in statuary and pictures, but these, though very beautiful, lack the spirituality of those in the collections at Milan and Genoa; these amuse and please the taste, but do not raise the aspirations above earth and its gifts. The grounds are lovely, now adorned by art, now left to the wild will of nature. We pass through green arcades, and cloisters

dark with interlacing branches of laurel and myrtle, or gay with pendent clusters of westeria. We find fountains of quaint form, their stonework cushioned with trembling fronds of maiden-hair fern and close-clinging lungwort (*Marchantia*). We find dense groves where there is but one opening cut, giving admission to a fair landscape of lake, and forest, and snowy mountain. Everywhere we luxuriate in the delightful contrast of sunshine and shade, of vivid colouring and dark relief, of motion and rest, of art and nature. In the wild part of the grounds we espy beautiful wild wood-rushes (*Luzula Italica*), which have the effect of woodruff blossoms and grass leaves, so snowy are their flowers; and a beautiful white variety of the common orchis. Besides this, there is a quantity of the Italian catchfly (*Silene Italica*), its numerous pale flowers upon their delicately branched stems forming graceful sprays, though claiming little beauty of colouring. We wind round to the entrance again, past little cataracts and walls covered with sweet-scented verbena, and camellias and magnolias of stately growth, and emerge from the gardens on to the shore of the lake.

Cadenabbia itself had no especial charm beyond the beauty of hill and lake spread equally all around; there were a few English residents, and an English church service was advertised for the Sunday. A lady sitting in front of the hotel read her Bible diligently, unmindful of passers by, or of the approach of the steamboat and its crowd of excursionists. We supposed her to be the helpmeet of the clergyman who gives the English service, but were unable to speculate as to her motive for such a very public act of piety; was it for consolation? or for example? or for warning? To us it seemed best calculated for the last-named effect; certainly it would give foreign Catholics a very false idea of the practice of English church people, who, if they do not literally "enter into their closets and shut the door" when they commune with God, at any rate prefer doing so in some degree of privacy.

Across the lake to Bellaggio. Now we look back upon the rich country we have left, and the stern mountains are behind us. But the ground beyond the town and on either side is still occupied by villas, and we wander and repose in luxuriant gardens fragrant with azaleas, and shaded by magnolias and tulip trees, whilst Monsieur makes a sketch of rare beauty. On the wild banks we gather the white wood-rush again, and the deep-tinted heart-leaved helleborine, and the common green-

winged and spotted orchises. Thus we reposed and botanized by turns, till the time for returning to the boat to meet the steamer.

The sail back to Villa d'Este was delightful; the quick motion of the vessel caused a fresh current of air, and relieved the atmosphere from anything like sultriness; we needed as little that night as on any other to convince us that early going to bed was a wise practice.

One ramble on the hills before quitting the lake and its surroundings. Loving to take a direct course, we availed ourselves of a dry river-bed to ascend straight up the mountain. It was certainly very rough walking, but all paths in this world which lead to anything are rough, and our feet had got inured to bruises. Very soon the extreme barrenness of our route began to abate, the bed was not all rubble; here and there rocks appeared, affording some little shade, while from their crevices the branches and beautiful pinnate foliage of the acacia appeared, and further on elegant tassels of white blossoms. Then little tufts and plots of grass and weeds began to be seen, like miniature oases in the stony desert; and here the horseshoe vetch had effected a settlement, and made the oases gay with its bright clusters of scented yellow flowers (*Hippocrepis comosa*). Next the pink soapwort, which we had seen so frequently on our journey, added its charms to the rocks, displaying its rosy stars in such abundance, that the hard stone seemed to blush beneath the sun's broad glare.

Had it blushed in reality, who could have wondered? for what did our faces look like under that burning Italian sun? and I trembled for the beauty of my young companion, who was getting scorched by the heat. Happily, a greener path joined that along the river-bed, and we thankfully diverged into it, and were soon in comparative shelter as we wandered on by garden and lemon grove, and mulberry plantation, and by cottages which are built large and airy on purpose to be wholesome for the silkworms, so important to the welfare of the country are these humble and unattractive insects.

We come to a little brook, that, taking advantage of the rocky ground, puts its small stream to the best advantage in a picturesque point of view by making little cascades, the sound of which is as refreshing as the shade of the birch trees growing beside it. Of course we climb the rocks and peer about among the green banks about them, but we only find the entire-leaved scabious (*S. integrifolia*) as an addition to our collection; it

greatly resembles our field scabious, but its blossoms are almost pink instead of being a blue-lilac, and its leaves are not pinnate or divided.

The path leads us along the mountain-side, ever ascending in a gradual slope. We get exquisite views of the lake, of Como and its numerous towers and pinnacles, and the ruined tower behind it, where the tyrant, captured by his victims, was imprisoned in an iron cage until for very misery he beat his life out against the bars; of the road towards Milan, and the road towards Lugano, of the district at our feet, far, far beneath us, Cernobbio and its church, the Villa d'Este and its miniature port, the pretty villas near it, and the grand hills opposite. We gather the chicory-shaped lilac echinops, more Italian catchfly, the round blue heads and herbaceous branches of the heart-leaved globularia, and more of the white orchises and white helleborine. Our path leads on and on and ever upwards, and we have wandered far and exhausted time and strength. We welcome the sight of a path leading downwards, and descend rapidly from terrace to terrace, where the mulberries and vines grow luxuriantly, and the terrace walls are gay with cistus, and soapwort, and blue speedwell. The way is long, although the descent is abrupt, for we have mounted very high, but at last we reach the bank of the lake.

Now we proceed on level ground, beneath rocks of noble form and gay dressing. Crowds of irises, blue and grey, cover the few natural terraces. China roses vie with the fleur-de-lis in adorning the few level places, and the contrast of their colour with that of the dark irises has a charming effect. Tall spikes of snow-white starry flowers mingle here and there with the dark irises and pink roses, or stand in stately independence in nooks high among the rocks, peopled by themselves alone; these are the spikes of the tall asphodel, or silver rod (*Asphodelus microcarpus*), another species of the classical family of asphodel. Also there are minute shrubs with woody stem and branches, covered with little yellow rose-shaped flowers, and there are plants of the shrubby cistus (*Helianthemum fumana*), the flowers of which seldom last a day. Our old friend the violet-coloured tassel hyacinth is at home amongst those rocks, and the fine-leaved figwort (*Scrophularia ramosissima*) adds its dark crimson flowers to the group. Our case is full, our strength exhausted, and we are glad to rest; but oh! so sorry that we are seeing the last of the Lake of Como.

PLANS AND PRACTICES PRO ECCLESIA.[1]

By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., Vicar of North Marston.

VII. SERMONS AND SERVICES.—PART II.

The question of whether or not a fair preacher should print his sermons, of whether the good that is done by printed sermons is sufficient to counterbalance the vexation of that vexation-bringing habit, is, however, of far less importance than the question of whether sermons should be what is popularly called "extempore"[2] or not "extempore." I put commas before and after the word extempore, knowing well enough that too many inverted commas weaken the force and sense and mar the look of a paper or a page, but refusing utterly to allow the accuracy of the word "extempore" as popularly applied. There *are* extempore preachers. There was one such who boasted, as everybody is well aware, that he did not know, five minutes before he began his sermon, what it was going to be about; and who was aptly told that probably, five minutes after he had concluded, his hearers were in a state of ignorance as total in the past tense as his had been in the future. But this genus is almost extinct, and is now not even popular. Extempore in the sense of impromptu preachers are seldom met with in English pulpits now-a-days. To be able to preach an impromptu sermon is a valuable, and sometimes, as in case of any emergency or other unforeseen necessity, a useful gift. Written sermons are left behind now and then. An eloquent curate, who found himself

[1] No. viii. will be Teetotalism.

[2] The word being sometimes pronounced as three-syllabled, its final syllable in that case suggesting "pores" of the skin; just as the "mare" of Weston-super-Mare is often Anglicised (perhaps lawfully) into the female of the equine genus; inconsistently enough, sometimes, by people who make three syllables out of the New Testament proper name "Urbane." What is the reason, by-the-by, that the name "Magdalene" has by common consent dropped its final syllable, not only in pronunciation but often in spelling also? And what—to pass wholly away from the subject of sermons and of "extempore"—is the reason that the first three letters of the four-syllabled word Caiaphas is *never*, even by pedants, pronounced otherwise than as a diphthong? I crave pardon for this digression. There is, to me, a connection between "Magdalene" and "Caiaphas" which led to it.

without his MS. one summer Sunday morning, rushed down from the pulpit, and, after sending a message to the organist to "keep on playing," sped to his not distant lodging to fetch the document. He returned safely enough, with the document safe enough, to the pulpit, and the organist "kept on" till the preacher once more faced the congregation; but that preacher was for some minutes utterly breathless, and steaming visibly with heat (as in "Chronicles of Carlingford" Miss Marjoribanks says, "low church clergymen" do). The organist ought to have played on for another three minutes at least, and the curate must have thought, "Oh that I could have extemporized!" Another good clergyman tells me that he regrets his inability to preach an impromptu sermon for one reason only, and that is that he would like to be prepared, when he is a hearer in any strange church, to take the place of the officiating minister in the event of any sudden illness; and that he invariably, at such times, takes a written sermon in his pocket, as the next best alleviation to his mind. He reminds me, and I hope if he ever reads these words he will not be offended, of the man who followed Van Amburgh about the world, with the conviction that at last the lions would really bite off the head that was so constantly offered. My friend has never yet, to the best of my belief, had practical cause to regret his inability to preach impromptu, or to fall back upon the written sermon he so kindly and thoughtfully carries about his person; and therefore I do not think a strong case can be made out in favour of impromptu preaching from such unlikely possibilities. Besides which, the ability to preach impromptu, and the practice of preaching impromptu, are different and distinct. One of the bishops of not only this *ætas mirabilis*, but this *annus mirabilis*, was announced to preach for a certain society, in a certain church of a certain diocese, and just as his lordship was leaving the communion table for the pulpit he walked across to the vicar and said, "Is it the S. P. G. I am to preach for, Smith?" "Yes, S. P. G., my lord." And the sermon was a sermon to be remembered, a money-compelling, soul-stirring, weighty, and deeply thoughtful sermon. Moreover, I will never be persuaded that it was, or that the bishop meant to imply to the vicar that it would be, an impromptu sermon. Some distracting anxiety or care had, I verily believe, come in upon the episcopal mind during the progress of the service, perhaps some irreverence of some hearer had been noted, or some old and holy memory had

been stirred by Epistle or Gospel, which, for a moment, had carried away the thoughts from self and sermon; and it needed just the "S. P. G., my lord," to bring all back again to the reach of that powerful mental arm, and the grip of that muscular mental hand. One of the greatest French preachers tells us that, after he had reached the pulpit, if I remember accurately even after he had given out his text, his sermon fled wholly from his recollection for a moment, and it was only by a mighty, an almost convulsive effort of the will and memory, that he brought it back again, as a soldier would reach back the sword that an enemy had beaten from his grasp, as Christian in the Valley of Humiliation (who does not remember the grim picture in the editions of our childhood ?) caught back the sword that Apollyon had dashed from his weakening hold. The very bishop who asked, "Is it S. P. G. ?" has urged most strongly (I wish I could feel that I might inoffensively mention his well-known name) the practice of diligent preparation, prayerful study, anxious thought and second thought, and oft-repeated meditation, before speaking to or writing for the congregation.

Extemporaneous preaching in the sense of preaching without MS. is, as was before remarked, a very different practice. It attracts Dissenters; but, unless it is of an exceptionally fluent and unhesitating cast, it does not particularly please "Church people."[1] A clergyman who, like the curate before mentioned, had forgetfully left his sermon at home, and had no time to run and fetch it, as his brother curate had done, endeavoured, like a wise and good man, to extemporize it from memory, and, to a certain extent, succeeded. One of his poor people, however, told him afterwards, "We don't like it, sir; it is not like the Church way; we would rather see your black sermon-case in your hand, and hear you quietly read out your sermon to us." Of course that might be only a single opinion, as was the good lady's who could not bear to see the parson without his "black gownd and genteel black kid gloves in the pulpit," but even that was once a form of uneducated public opinion; and public opinion, both educated and uneducated, is worth a little study when it does not contravene conscience and duty.

This practice of preaching "without book," as it is somewhat

[1] The use of this term, which seems to unchurch all that are not Anglicans, is most distasteful to me; but as there is a conventional meaning of the word "gentleman" besides its truer meaning, so I would make conventional use of the term "Churchman."

incorrectly called, pleases educated Churchmen far less than others. The poor in some cases are much drawn by it, while "society" frowns upon it. As no language is like the language of experience, and even reviewers speak of a writer being "delightfully personal," I beg permission to forget, for a time, that I am not writing anonymously, and to state that my own practice in extemporization so called has been both successful and unsuccessful. Some members of a former congregation sent me word, soon after I commenced the habit of preaching once a week without book, that they liked my *written* sermons very much indeed. It was an odd kind of message to send, but I loved the people (as I do still), and so I thought the matter over. They were far too well-bred to send me or to speak to me a purposeless compliment; what then could it mean? Why, that they did *not* like my extemporized sermons. It was, in fact, a "delightfully personal" hint that they had rather I left the practice off. Leave it off, as regards the parish church, I did, after an explanation from the pulpit that more time should have been given me, I ventured to think, to gain confidence and success; but that it was far better to give up a struggle, even when partly prompted by the sense of duty, than to become a stumblingblock and an offence to any considerable portion of the congregation. After the renunciation had been thus made, the rich people felt, I am sure, a little uncertain about whether they had acted wisely, and were very glad that I established an evening chapel service for the poor, to whom I continued to extemporize, and who greatly preferred such a mode of preaching to the less familiar and more finished style of written sermons. Those evening services were, indeed, among the most gratifying experiences of my ministry. Drunkards, harlots, and thieves were now and then present from the shady side of the walks of life, as well as Wesleyans, "Primitives," and Baptists (in common, of course, with Anglicans of various kinds) from the walks of respectability and honour. The preaching was often little better and little higher than talking, and mostly as free from sensationalism as talking. It degenerated, again and again, into talking seasoned by anecdote, talking enlivened by illustration, talking studded with tautology—but it did good. If there is one portion of my ministerial work that can be regarded with anything like complacency, one portion which excites less unsatisfaction and less dissatisfaction than all others, it is those

evening services and those talking sermons, the memory of which comes to me something like the sound of—

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,"

that Moore so sweetly sings of. If ever I did any good in my life I did it there, and then, and so,—there in the old chapel, and then in the winter Sunday evenings of 1866—1869, and so by conversational, familiar, unwritten sermonizing.

But not impromptu, not extempore; nor even "all learnt up by heart,[1] as a boy learns his spellin' lesson," though a worthy hearer thought and said it was so "got off." The way I would venture to recommend any anxious preacher to learn the habit is probably a thrice-told tale. If a clergyman wants to become an orator, he cannot do better than go to some of the masters of the art; but if he only wants to do good to poor people by speaking plain truth in what educated people might call a tiresome and an unrefined mode, he cannot do better than first of all get a small congregation of earnestly unfastidious (I know well that there are some earnestly fastidious) and uncritical people to begin with—people before whom a man would feel, not like Demosthenes, "These are mere waves of the sea," but would feel, "These are people who, if I say a word that touches their conscience or thrills their soul, will not judge me by the dictionary or the grammar, or the last edition of English classics; will not go home and complain because the text was repeated twenty times over, or because the hands moved about a little too freely for severe taste,[2] or because a spade was called a spade, and the metropolis was called London, and 'retire to rest without a prayer,' was familiarized into 'go to bed without a prayer;' will not care so much about what would please an educated ear, as about what

[1] *Pron.* "art."

[2] On going into a Yorkshire cottage in a first curacy, I found a huge Bible sadly dilapidated, and remarked upon the fact to the old woman of the cot—an eager Methodist of the "Primitive" body. "Oh, that's our minister's doing!" "Your minister's?—how does he manage to do it?" "Why, he's not still and quiet like you Church parsons; he thumps it and knocks it about as if he was in earnest. He'd have off the cover of your Church Bible *in no time*." "I really hope not, Mrs. Smith. Do you like that way of going on?" "*Like* it? I should think we do like it! it shows they're 'Boanerges,' sons of thunder, as the Bible itself says they should be." "Still, I dare say they could be 'sons of thunder' without pulling the Bible to pieces, couldn't they?" But I saw it was useless to try to argue down the old lady's convictions; and so I left her, a little wiser (not the woman, but myself a little wiser) for the visit; though I have never consciously thumped a Bible to pieces, at present, for the sake of attracting Dissenters of the more enthusiastic type of goodness.

would go in upon an anxious heart. Let me speak to these people, not caring whether it be preaching or what it be, so long as I can speak soul to soul, heart to heart, grief to grief, joy to joy, sinner to sinners." Having got such a congregation, if in a schoolroom, or a chapel, or a lecture-room, so much the better for a time, because it will make both preacher and people more at home with one another for such time,[1] let the young beginner take all the leading thoughts, illustrations, and more or less particular outlines, and write them down on paper. It is miserable work at first,—something like tethering a lively colt, just taken from the stable, to twelve square yards of pasture, and still more like learning to swim with corks, or learning to behave well from sixpenny books of etiquette, or to write letters from an eighteen-penny letter-writer; except that these last two are only helps in name, being generally hindrances in reality to both good behaviour and graceful letter-writing. The similarity is in the awkwardness of the position in all these cases. But by and by, as in learning to swim with corks, and *not* as in learning correct demeanour from ladies' and gentlemen's companions, the awkwardness lessens as the notes diminish. Begin with one sheet of note-paper, closely filled. Proceed as soon as possible to a half-sheet, and then to one side. Finally, take only one or two hints, or better still, no paper whatever.

I find, on referring to my register of sermons, where preached, when preached, on what text preached, and on what occasion preached (a good book to keep), the following memoranda:—"Aug. 12, 1866, Sunday afternoon, Winkfield Parish Church; text, Genesis xliii. (whole chapter), preached first time extemporaneously, *with notes*." "May 19, 1867, Evening, Ranelagh Chapel; text, 1 Sam. xiii. 14, preached first time extemporaneously, *without notes*." There were several steps between these two memoranda, and even yet—I write without the least affectation of humility, and in the strictest truth—I am a very poor extemporaneous preacher indeed; a truly "wretched stick" in the way

[1] "Why, you see, chapel's most times handy," replied Mrs. Downer; "and it's homely, and one sits close and snug, and one don't mind if the children cry so much, and one hears nice, plain-spoken things from people who aren't much wiser than one's self."—"*Church and Chapel*" (London: Masters). A little story which, among much that is vulgar, low, and needlessly insulting to Dissenters, contains also a few wholesome truths well put, and not a few *ab hoste* teachings and hints which its writer probably never meant to give; the said writer evidently thinking "church" to be verging upon perfection, and "chapel" to be all that is vicious and uncultivated.

of extemporization, and a great trial, I am sure, to any educated people who may have ever chanced to listen to the unwritten alternations of my written and unwritten discourses. But it does good, and I feel tolerably at home and at ease, and often am led to believe (when feeling sore about the poorness and partialness of my success) that GOD thus teaches me not to study my own glorification and pride, and to remember both the wants and the likings of that vast commonalty which, though it would more gladly hear eloquent simplicity than bald and bare and stammering simplicity, yet prefers even the latter to the finish and the force of sermons and addresses read from manuscript.

Great study and more preparation are necessary for unwritten than for written addresses. A wise clergyman used to reply when asked whether he extemporized, "No, it takes too much time; my parish work calls me away from my study too much; I used to extemporize when I had less other work, but now I feel obliged to write my sermons, as a mere saving of time." There is one way, however, in which, after a few years' ministerial experience, extemporization may be made to occupy less time; and that is by taking an old sermon of one's own, reading it over three or four times, jotting down the landmarks of its argument, and then first launching out from the use of sermon-case and formal MS. at a week-day cottage lecture in Lent. The best kind of sermons for extemporization are the most methodical, the most full of bold headlands, capes, and promontories. Flat, or headless, or unmethodical sermons—unless in the very irregularity of these last there happen to be points of wild, rugged, impressive beauty or force—are the worst. If memory is to have the greatest share in the work, as in the case of beginners it generally will, a sermon must have its bold simple divisions and natural subdivisions; then, as memory gradually shares the work with impromptu thought, the framework may grow less methodical, and one may take the first MS. that comes to hand—extemporizing, as it is called, its substance, and moulding it into present applicability as he does so. Old sermons may thus be turned to far better account than by a method which was recommended to me, soon after ordination, by a veteran in sermonizing: "Whenever you are in difficulty, take an old sermon with a new text; it would surprise you to know by experience what short memories people have!" People have longer memories than some preachers suppose. The chaplain of a certain chapel in an island of the British seas kept two boxes of MS. sermons, before "litho-

graphed inanities" were heard of, one box being empty to commence with, the other being full to commence with; and as each sermon from the full box was preached, it was placed orderly in the at first empty, but as time wore on, of course gradually filling box called No. 2, till at length what was empty became full, and what was full became empty. Then this box No. 2 was at once emptied back again into box No. 1, and the sermons were once more in order for regular use. But the people came to know all about it in time, and to wonder when the "good Samaritan was coming round again," and to remark that "we haven't had Paul before Felix lately," or "Stony-ground hearers is overdue, isn't it, Emily?" "What can have happened to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram?" and so on. "Beware of making free use of your old sermons; write them afresh if you must use them; extemporize them, remodel them, never let the possession of even five hundred make you cease to prepare." Dear friend! he is dead now, who said this to me in the old days; I shall never have the privilege of seeking his advice again, but I never yet found myself the worse, and seldom not the better, for acting upon it in every particular of ministerial work. As John Wesley in his old-fashioned medicine-book writes the significant word *tried* after some of his recipes, so I would write after the preceding recipe the word *tried.*

The heading of this paper is "Sermons and *Services,*" and "Sermons" has certainly taken the lion's share of the argument. But the title was meant to imply that sermons in themselves as well as sermons considered as part of services, were to be discussed. I have often thought that the Church of England might make an Anglican as distinguished from the Roman use of pictures in Church service—in the sermon part of Church service, I mean; and if I may quote here the opening part of a certain sermon preached in various churches, it will form a perhaps fitting link between the word "sermons" and the other word "services."

"In days to come, when we or many of us shall have been laid in the lap of earth, our mystic mother, when the Church shall find it or think it necessary to cope with the world by many new attractions, there may grow up a custom of illustrated sermons from pulpits and of illustrated sermon-books from the ever-active printing-press. We may not shock present feelings by premature development. We may only watch the growth of intelligence, and endeavour to catch the right moment for well-considered change. In the nature and the propriety of things there is, or there will come to be, no invincible reason why a solemn picture should not illustrate a solemn sermon, a picture moveable and changeable, not a picture fixed by superstitious hands, a picture to explain and not a picture to be wor

shipped; a picture to instruct, warn, and enlighten, not a picture to impose, or deceive, or lead astray; a picture pure, simple, and honest, not a picture tricky, disingenuous and unintelligible to the multitude. Is the sermon upon death and judgment to come? A picture—mark and remember, I said in days to come, when our children's quickened sensibilities and wider sweep of thought shall burst free from many conventional rules now wise and suitable; I did not say in these days—a picture by some master-hand, guided by devout and fiery imagination, will haply be held aloft for sinful, world-hardened men to gaze upon. Is the sermon upon Boaz in the harvest-field? A well-studied, glowing reproduction in colour and on canvas of such a man in such a field at such a time, shall instruct in religion, and in religious history, the minds of attentive multitudes. Is the sermon upon repentance? Then, a glorious painting of the Eastern custom of going out to meet a favoured guest, side by side with another of a father running forward to meet a ragged, returning prodigal.

I cannot append the word *tried* to the above suggestion, but only purposed and fully *intended to be tried* if ever opportunity should seem to be present itself, or seem to be willing to be made. If the suggestion were carried out, it would most likely attract people who could not otherwise be attracted. But that is not quite the whole, nor quite the root of the matter.

The two dangers in regard to services, as in regard to the renovation and development of Church work generally, are the old Scylla and Charybdis (it is a wonder Scylla is not worn away by constant attrition, and Charybdis filled up by constant attraction—so nearly everybody quotes Scylla and Charybdis). The one danger is unwise contempt of natural taste, and of course the other is equally unwise, perhaps more unwise, indulgence of worldly fancy. Music is an example of this extreme vitation of Charybdis and consequent incidence into Scylla. The devil uses good music; therefore, say some, the Church should use only deadly, dismal music that has no charm or life in it, and sends to sleep almost as surely as a soporific essay-sermon, all of the olden time; while others consider that, as the devil, the world, and the flesh make a serviceable hireling of the art of music, the Church generally should outbid those three powers and pre-eminences by opera-music voluntaries, non-religious public singers (I am well aware that it is only some public singers that are non-religious—I would not willingly inflict a wound upon any such honourable profession), and the like.

Music is one of the battle-grounds just now upon which the spirit of the age is contending with the spirits of the past. Every earnest man must rejoice that this contention is gradually being lifted out of the region of *party*. I do, indeed, know an excellent clergyman's wife, who on inquiring at Oxford for an Evangelical church, and being directed by a man, who *may* have

been very ignorant, to a certain church in the ancient city, and whispering to her husband warm love of the music, was disenchanted on finding out, as service went on, that the church, whatever it may be, is certainly not "Evangelical" as she understood the term, and disapproved of everything unreservedly on leaving "such a dreadful place." But the lady does not stand for many thousands of Evangelicals. "Hymns Ancient and Modern," which fairly represent, notwithstanding some grave defects and silly hints at Romanism which disfigure them, the non-party musical revival of the Church, or at least in the Church, make their way apace and amain. Dissenters like them amazingly. There are Dissenters, I am sorry to say, who through "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (liking them in their hearts as their brethren do, but not confessing the liking to the world at large) aim a dagger at the Church's heart, as they do in trying to get up an agitation against that wholly different movement called "Ritualism," though in their heart of hearts thanking it for playing their own game of disestablishment and disendowment. But these, though the noisiest, are not the most numerous Dissenters. Thank God, there are unenvious, charitable, single-minded Nonconformists in the land numerous enough, if they would but speak out, to recognise with an ample recognition whatever in the Church is earnest and true, proceed it from High, or Low, or Broad; and to fight their fight with fair, straightforward weapons; men who rejoice at hearing of a successful Church mission, a series of effective Church sermons and services, and who can speak a good word for "Hymns Ancient and Modern," even though some of the hymns are not what they would choose, and a smaller some what they decidedly disapprove. The book is a good book, and carries on the musical revival, and helps to clothe religion with her proper garb of pleasantness, and has already educated the national taste to a wonderful extent. Why cast stones at such a book? It is not necessary to choose the objectionable, or what one may consider objectionable, hymns for one's own use. It will, in any case, have its day, and its way, and its sway; and will not "go out" till it has done its work, gainsay it who will. The Church has pronounced in its favour, and so will the nation. And if oppositionists want to put it down, they must put it down by finding something more musically attractive. They must, in fact, fight it, if doctrinally, with another book quite as charming, of an Evangelical or a Broad Church turn. Music the people want,

and music they will have. "Sermons are all very well," especially if they are intelligible and heart-searching, but services must be enlivened by praise and solemnized by prayer.

A complete service consists perhaps of four features:—1, Good Praying; 2, Good Reading; 3, Good Singing; 4, Good Preaching. The term "good praying" has certainly, to devout minds, an offensive side; but it has another meaning very inoffensive indeed. It signifies such praying as the parish clerk's solo cannot furnish; it signifies also such reverent leading of the prayer—be it monotoning, intoning, or reading—as is not at present universal, and it might include the occasional use of extemporaneous prayer in time of parochial epidemic or other calamity, as well as modification of prayer for rain or sunshine to suit particular localities.[1] "Good praying" is not intended to mean studied, histrionic praying, nor, on the other hand, rhapsodical, incoherent praying, even when the latter has a certain Æolian beauty of its own, quite distinct from, or at least quite removed above, the mere rant of ungoverned feeling. "Good praying" has a meaning different from what the "gift of praying" usually signifies, though even to that expression there may be linked a godly meaning. 2. Good reading of the Queen's English is another essential, undoubtedly, of a complete service, and there are some serviceable hints respecting this point in the Dean of Canterbury's, as well as in the Rev. Daniel Moore's, teachings upon the subject. It would be, no doubt, an excellent plan to invite laymen to read the lessons oftener than is now done—young laymen who are thinking of holy orders, churchwardens who are well educated, senior pupils of character and promise, visitors at the rectory who are willing to help an overworked rector, good old men of long parochial standing, knowing well as regards the bulk of the people that—

> "Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
> Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant."

Or if not *adstant, sedent.* The Church does not make use of the liberty which is already hers.[2] That liberty will very soon be

[1] In the Manx Litany the words "and the blessings of the sea" are added to "enjoy the fruits of the season;" and in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, there is a prayer for the Sovereign and Knights "of the most noble Order of the Garter" always used.

[2] As an example of this liberty the Bishop of Winchester, when Bishop of Oxford, allowed his clergy to omit part of the Communion Service, to use the prayer for Parliament only *once* in the day (at their discretion), and to walk at liberty *within the rubrics* in other helpful ways.

larger still. 3. Good singing has already been briefly spoken of. Intonation should certainly be a question of time and place, and so should monotoning. Both intoning and monotoning may be as reverent as reading, and certainly reading may be made far more *irreverent* than intonation. 4. Good preaching, though put last of the four, is of vast importance, and has monopolized the lion's share of this and the previous paper.

With due heed given to prayers, lessons, hymns, and sermons, coupled to the advancing intelligence and spreading education of the people (which gives them a gradually increasing power of correct discrimination), the services of the English Church would probably become, in due time, the text and type of Christian service, Greek, Lutheran, Roman, Presbyterian, Nonconformist, everywhere.

The question of dress is cognate, and partly dependent; but it is too wordy if not too important to be treated in a single paragraph. Might I, however, be permitted to say, with all respect, to any Ritualists who may read these lines, that they are foolish to give such sarcastic appellations as "raven dress," "magpie dress," "washerwoman's dress," &c., &c., to the gown, the surplice and hood, the episcopal lawn, &c., &c., living as they do in glass houses of the most assailable description. If for example any raven Evangelical or magpie Anglican should say that for his part he far preferred the raven dress, and the magpie dress, to the "peacock dress," or the "butterfly dress," it would be a fair retort. "Let be," "Live and let live," should be the Ritualists' watchword. The bulk of the English people will never listen to more than that. *That* they probably will, courts of law notwithstanding, listen to, in time, if it be pleaded with Christian meekness. The people care more for the spirit that animates our sermons and services than for the dress and circumstances in which they are conducted.

QUARANTINE IN QUEENSLAND.

BY WILLIAM C. SPICER.

"VERY sorry indeed, gentlemen, but we are obliged to be particular; the suspicious circumstances connected with the last two fatal cases on board your ship compel us in prudence to prefer giving the colony the benefit of the doubt. You will be in quarantine for ten days, merely as a precautionary measure, and we hope that by that time nothing will have occurred to make it necessary to renew the term of your detention."

In such honeyed but decided phrase did the health officers for Brisbane address us, a band of emigrants just arrived in the good ship *Prince Consort*, eighty-six days from Plymouth to Moreton Bay. Our voyage had thus far been a pleasant and a speedy one; we had dropped our anchor early in the afternoon, and many of us were enjoying by anticipation the delights of land and a late dinner in Brisbane that evening, when this fiat of the quarantine official entered like iron into our souls, and on hearing it pronounced our whole company received the sentence with a groan of disappointment and dismay.

Two deaths had occurred in the ship about a fortnight before we anchored, which our not particularly brilliant surgeon in charge hesitated whether to ascribe to sunstroke or to fever of a typhoid character. This, and the fact that a short time previous to our arrival the medical officer of an emigrant vessel then in the Bay, had reported her passengers and crew as healthy, although typhus fever had broken out during the voyage, which again attacked the newly landed emigrants, were the causes of our being sent to sanitary Coventry by the alarmed officials, who would not accept the argument that it was of little use to shut the stable-door after the steed was stolen; and that as the mischief was already done there could be no reason for refusing us pratique in our apparently healthy condition. There was no moving them, and no appeal. The little steamer which had brought them paddled away with the health officers—the sun sank beneath the distant ranges—darkness closed over the ship, and after some vigorous abuse of all officials, in which the scruples

of our offending but innocent doctor were by no means forgotten, we all once more "turned in" to the narrow cribs, which many of us that morning believed we had slept in for the last time.

The next day the time of our probation began. With early dawn, a steam tug coming out from the river towed us some fifteen miles from the roadstead over to Stradbroke Island, the quarantine station for Brisbane; and as we neared it, the charming appearance of our temporary resting-place, and the near prospect, no matter under what conditions, of stretching our legs on shore, went far to moderate the discontent of even the most impatient amongst us. The island had been in the old penal days a convict station, and the deserted barracks were now used for the accommodation of people in our case. Their white walls stretched along at the foot of a thickly-wooded rising ground. Between the buildings and the sea, a space that had formerly been the convict garden was covered with a luxuriant growth of fruit trees, which, left untended for many years, spread their unpruned branches in all directions. Golden-hued oranges and lemons gleamed visibly to us upon the sea from amid the dark green of their foliage, but it was not until we landed that we discovered the wealth of other dainties, of Cape gooseberries and pomegranates, of pine apples, peaches, and bananas that was also there. A small stream rippled through the garden to the sands. An islet lay opposite the landing place, which spreading its encircling arms to either side, almost land-locked the little bay into which in a dead calm we glided, anchoring in deep water some three hundred yards from the beach.

The anchor was no sooner down than the boats were lowered, and we began to land. The mere fact of touching *terra firma* once more served to dispel a deal of ill humour, and the disembarkation proceeded merrily. The boats pulled to a little jetty, where the new comers were received by the superintendent of the station, a tall, brown, weather-beaten man, so thin as to suggest the idea that all fat had been broiled out of him by the Queensland heats. Our new acquaintance led the way to the buildings; these consisted of two large rooms or halls, and two smaller ones of ordinary size, reserved as the quarters of the surgeon. One of the large rooms was allotted to the women and children of the third class and the female assisted emigrants, the other to the feminine members of the saloon and the second cabin. The doctor being in some sort an ally of the writer's, kindly gave him and his wife one of the two rooms composing

his quarters. The only remaining accommodation was a couple of tents; these were assigned to the gentlemen of the saloon, the male remainder having nothing for it but to bivouac in the open air. The novelty of this last arrangement perhaps prevented any grumbling, and all hands set to work in the most energetic and cheerful manner to make themselves comfortable. Now might be seen the adaptability of the Briton to the work of colonisation. This parcel of raw men and youths, fresh from the counter and the plough, betook themselves to their unaccustomed task as readily and handily as if to the manner born. One party brought up the bedding and other baggage from the boats, another collected firewood, lit fires, and set the pots boiling for the women; another undertook the commissariat arrangements, the slaughter of fresh meat, and the issue of provisions; another started on a foraging expedition, and returned ere long with a large bag of rock oysters and delicious store of fruit from the garden; another chose a fitting site for an encampment, and then the tents were pitched, arbours built with boughs, and a mighty fire of logs reared in the midst; and by the time the short twilight of the tropics had set in, all classes were at their evening meal. This over, it was not long after nightfall before, fatigued with the exertions of the day, our little colony began to think of sleep; first the light babble of the children hushed, then the women retired, and after a few songs and choruses from the young men at the bivouac fire, all was still.

Next morning we were astir betimes. One of the first matters was a comparison of notes anent mosquito bites. These vile, tormenting flies had had splendid feeding on our plump, unacclimatised flesh. Mosquito curtains, of course, we were without; but, not content with attacking our faces, the pests had either bitten through or contrived to crawl beneath the bedclothes. The ankles appeared, next to the face and hands, to form their favourite *pièce de resistance*; and swelled faces, irritated extremities, and a poisoned blood were the consequences to many of our number.

Various were the devices practised to wile away the weary nine days that lay between us and delivery from our island prison. A rage for washing appeared to have seized the women, and they had ample scope for their energies in the quantities of garments used during the voyage. Swings were put up in convenient spots, wherein the idlers amused themselves. Guns were brought forth by both gentle and simple, and the sportsmen

started in search of game. Presently the sound of firing was heard in the adjacent woods, and startling were the experiences of some of the unsophisticated emigrants. A quondam poacher came in with pale face and affrighted looks. He had seen "a terrible sarpent, twenty feet long at least, sir." He fired at it, heard a terrific rustle, and ran for his life. Excited by his wondrous tale, two or three went back with him to the scene of the encounter. The man's aim had been truer than his courage. They returned with the unlucky reptile, which was not twenty feet long, certainly, but still a large carpet snake some nine or ten feet in length. Two others brought in another wonderful trophy. They had shot a pelican, and found in the pouch of the bird half a dozen fine fresh mullet. This novel mode of fishing was duly commented on, and a frying-pan was soon put in requisition by the lucky sportsmen. More legitimate game, in the shape of quail and wood-pigeons, fell to the guns of others. One man shot a bird which he declared to be identified with our English pheasant. It was (to be scientific) the *Cuculus pharianus* or pheasant cuckoo. This bird so nearly resembles the ordinary hen pheasant of our coverts that it is difficult at first sight to tell the difference, the principal distinction being in the toes, which point two forwards and two backwards, "fore and aft," as a sailor would say, like those of a parrot. In the evening, again, we had some strange visitors. We were lounging on the verandah, in the soft light of the moon, whose rays lying along the water from islet to island seemed to link them as with a silver bridge. The sound of wings anon became audible, increased, and we dimly saw crowds of large dusky figures in the air about us, winging their way to the orchard below. One or two took their guns, and stole down to the garden. A shot, quickly followed by another, and the air was alive with the strange things rising from the trees beneath us. One being hit was brought to us for inspection. A creature as large as a rat, with soft fur, black bead-like eyes, and immense wings. It was the vampire bat, *colonicc*, the flying fox. These are most destructive to fruit trees, coming down in myriads at night from the dense woods in which they shelter by day, and destroying like locusts all they settle upon.

I have said that the beach abounded in oysters, and very good they were; that is, the rock oysters, which clung like limpets to the rocks, or hung like fruit from the mangroves that fringed the shores. Besides these there were countless quantities of the pearl

oyster washed up by every tide, edible, though not so good as the rock oysters, but gathered by thousands for their pearls. The keeper of the station pursued this branch of commerce with much success, and had many curious and some beautiful specimens in his collection.

The aborigines, of whom there are a small number on the island, also collect the pearl oyster, and drive a tolerably brisk trade with the Brisbane jewellers in the article.

These natives had a camp hard by, which was naturally an object of much interest to us "new chums." The head man of the tribe was a South Sea Islander, who had married into it, and gained the ascendancy his superior blood and higher civilization were sure to give him. The huts of this party of blacks were much superior to the ordinary construction of their nation, but the dwelling-place of the islander was really superfine. He had two side by side, a living and a sleeping room, high enough for a man of ordinary stature to stand upright in. In the "parlour," a table and a chair or two, cooking implements, and other matters; in the "bedroom," a bedstead, and, shades of savagery! mosquito curtains. All the huts were built on a framework of rods, covered with bark, in shape a vertical section of a beehive. Jack, the chief, was also the possessor of a whale-boat, which was manned by the tribe, and often, by the way, when the boat went marketing to the main, commanded by "Mrs. Jack," who was an expert sailor. The craft was also used in hunting expeditions after the "dugong," which wondrous animal none of us were fortunate enough to see, although two or three attempts to find one were made by the blacks during our stay on the island.

But *the* "sensation" in connection with the tribe was the discovery one morning that a white man was permanently one of its members. The statement seemed so strange that I desired ocular confirmation of it, and with that purpose strolled with my friend the doctor to the native camp. We soon found what we sought. The man was sitting with his back to us on the outskirts of the camp, apparently reading. We passed in front of him as he sat on a log, his elbows on his knees, his hands supporting his head, which bent over a tattered volume that lay in his lap. At the sound of our steps he looked up, giving us but for a moment a glimpse of his face, which, hardly sullen, and yet forbidding, was again directly bent towards the page. An attempt to enter into conversation was useless; the man rose and walked

away, but in so doing we noticed that an *eyeglass* of the approved pattern hung from his neck by the customary black cord. It was precisely the little disk of glass affected by the near-sighted "swell." This little sign was sufficient to give us an insight into his original standing in society—he must have been a gentleman. We heard something of his history afterwards in Brisbane. The son of an old officer of rank and of good family, he had squandered his capital, and gone entirely to the dogs. All attempts to start him in life again having failed, a small allowance was made him by his father in England, which was paid him monthly by his father's agent at Brisbane. Each month he drew it, and after a debauch which left him nearly penniless till the next period of payment, he returned to the tribe. As the poor shiftless wretch, when sufficiently remote to be beyond the reach of conversational attack, screwed that last relic of his lost gentility into his eye, and turning blinked at us after the fashion of men with his infirmity of vision, dirty and ragged though he was, still with an indescribable something of the old fashionable swagger hovering round him, he was a sad, nay, a fearful sight.

Our island was not without its "wonders of the seashore;" notable among them were legions of tiny crabs with bodies of the size of marbles, mounted on long slender legs, on which they ran along at a great pace. In numbers they were literally countless, and the beach at a little distance seemed quite black with them. They were a social, a gregarious crab, herding together in tribes or families, and this peculiarity was one of their chief points of interest. It was most amusing to watch their movements, which bore an absurd resemblance, in miniature, to the evolutions of troops. On being approached sufficiently near it requires no very great exercise of fancy to see them advancing or retreating in column, in line, or in square; anon throwing out a whole cloud of skirmishers, or sending a division by a flank movement to the right or left. When alarmed, the lilliputian army would quickly disperse, and the sight of its various regiments making for their quarters was precisely that which a bird's-eye view of the Long Valley at Aldershot would give at the end of a field day. If hotly pursued, the small creatures would scuttle away to the little holes in the sand in which they lived, and after a few convulsive and ludicrous struggles to get into their tight-fitting dwellings, squeeze themselves out of sight.

We were one day strolling along these sands, the doctor and myself, beating the bush that skirted them, on the look out for

any chance game that might come in our way, and my wife searching for shells along the strand. Suddenly a cry from the lady made us ask what was the matter? She had seen, she said, a snake, which had disappeared in the sand. Now neither of us men had ever heard of snakes living so near the sea, if not under it, for the spot she pointed out could not have been far from high water mark; we laughed therefore somewhat incredulously and passed on. Presently my wife again called to us in a low voice to join her; we did so, and she directed us to where she had just seen another: we walked up to the spot she pointed out, and in fact were in time to see a *something*, or rather the end of its tail, wriggle into a hole. After unsuccessful endeavours to dislodge the thing with our sticks, we left it. If not a snake, it was an amazingly good imitation of one. Perhaps the water-serpents of those parts *do* live in the sea sand, and this was one of them. Its hole or burrow was entirely covered by the sea at times, but this to me is still an unexplained mystery.

A favourite practice with some of us was to take one of the ship's boats towards sunset, when the intense heat had abated, and pushing off to a little distance from the shore, drift hither and thither upon the sluggish tide, smoking or sleeping or gazing, idly down through the pellucid sea upon its various creatures sporting amidst the weed and the coral-beds below. "Strange things came up to look at us" out of those quiet waters. Now a gigantic stingray might be seen to throw a summersault clear out of the water, giving the idea that Neptune (basing our thought on the costume of that sea-god when he boarded us on the line), had just flung his cocked hat in the air and was coming alongside again. Or an ugly water-snake, yellow with black spots, would wriggle past the boat; or a party of crabs swim by us—in these antipodes, as we know, most things differ from the same things elsewhere; even crabs follow the rule and swim on the surface of the water instead of crawling, like well-behaved European crustaceans, on the bottom; or a shoal of skip-jacks would begin their gambols, and hopping about on the tips of their tails, treat us to a kind of fishy quadrille; while slowly circling round and round us at a little distance, the back fin of a quiet but watchful shark showed on the bosom of the placid sea, making the mere thought of bathing send a shudder through the frame.

With such amusements and researches we sought to enliven the term of a captivity whose needlessness was daily more

evident, for we were all in perfect health, the fever was a myth, and when the first flush of excitement consequent on landing had faded, the utter absence of any necessity for our probation did not add to the patience with which we bore it: the weather was intensely hot; the low sheltered position of the lazaretto debarred us from feeling what few airs were stirring, while, sad aggravation of our condition, the ship's drinkable stores were exhausted,—we were beerless, wineless, and, without a pun, spiritless. Every scrap of linen, or of wearing apparel had been washed and folded, so the women, industrious creatures, finding their hands idle, used their tongues with double vigour. The swings hung empty under the trees; guns were laid aside, for the game was all shot or scared away. We tried fishing, but with scant success. The fish, I fancy, found it too hot, and were too lazy even to nibble. We began to grumble. Everybody grumbled. It became a pastime, a pursuit. Sample: "Here's a pretty country, sir," said to me a discontented Hampshire chawbacon, whose originally ruddy face was now burnt to the colour of beetroot by the fierce Australian sun—"Here's a pretty country!" and screwing the top off a beautiful pine-apple, he sliced the delicious fruit with his knife, "Here's a nice sort of place; bananas and pine-apples is as plenty as potatoes in England, but potatoes is as scarce here as pine-apples be at home. Well, there, blessed if I think I would have come here at all if I had known we couldn't get no potatoes. And then look at them brutes of blacks, sir. Walking about as proud as Punch with scarce nothing on but a pair of trousers. Fancy coming to a country where the natives don't wear no shirts!"

Matters were thus, when one morning at daybreak we were roused by a couple of gun-shots from the sea. Early risers saw a small steamer enter the bay, and a boat leave her side for the jetty, where it was received by the station master. His Excellency the Governor of Queensland was on board the vessel, wishing to know how the emigrants were, and whether he could land with safety? Official reply from the doctor: "Emigrants perfectly well. No illness and no danger whatever. Have the honour to be," &c., &c. An hour or so after the despatch of the letter, as a lady whose eye may possibly glance over these lines, was flying like another Atalanta down the garden path for water to the spring, her light garments fluttering behind her in the breeze, she was startled by meeting a party of strangers, who seemingly contemplated a neat pair of newly imported ankles

with some satisfaction. On her return she found her husband in conversation with the new comers, and was by him introduced, pitcher in hand, to the governor. The feminine mind will easily realise the embarrassment of the lady, which was however, speedily set at rest by his Excellency's smile, and apt compliment on the energy and adaptability to circumstances of the fair colonist.

The governor, with a party consisting of the colonial secretary, the attorney-general, the private secretary, his aide-de-camp, and two or three other attachés and hangers on at the colonial court, was on his annual tour of inspection of the outlying settlements of the colony, and combining pleasure with business, was visiting in search of game the various islands of Moreton Bay, hence his call upon us. This opportunity or fancied opportunity of endeavouring to obtain some remission of our term of detention was not neglected, but our entreaties and representations were of no effect, for indeed the matter did not rest in the hands of any of those gentlemen, who departed in a few hours, leaving us to wear out those most weary days as best we might.

But "time and the hour run through the longest day." At noon on the tenth day of our imprisonment, the steamer that was to take us from the island lazaretto hove in sight. Then all was again bustle and excitement. Our baggage packed in readiness for the move, was quickly shipped, and after bidding adieu to the friendly station master, the passengers, nothing loth, followed it. We threaded our way quickly through the fairy isles of Moreton Bay, but it was sunset ere we made the mouth of the Brisbane River, and by the evanescent twilight steamed past its low, mangrove covered banks; dark long before we reached the town, but twinkling lights along the shore, and the occasional bark of dogs told us we were not moving through a solitude, while every now and then vessels, small coasters at anchor, or dropping slowly down the stream, loomed dimly out of the dusk as we passed them, their crews greeting us with a hoarse cheer of welcome. Thus merrily onwards until the hour was on the stroke of nine, when the lights of Brisbane flashed brightly on us as we rounded a bend in the river's course; then paddling up a wide reach, and making fast to a wharf, we were soon on shore, where, dispersing among the numerous hotels and boarding-houses, we sought shelter for the night, glad indeed to have ended our experience of quarantine.

THE FIXEDNESS OF NATURAL LAWS NOT INCONSISTENT WITH GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

BY G. H. F.

How can we reconcile what we know of the fixed and unchanging character of nature's laws with what we are taught to believe of God's special providential government of the world? This is a question which thoughtful minds have often asked, and which recent discussions must have suggested, even to the least thoughtful among us. The question will be answered by many in the negative. They will say, "We cannot reconcile the two things; they cannot both be true; and therefore we must give up our belief in the special Providence of God." This is the conclusion at which, no doubt, many scientific men of the present age have arrived. It is a conclusion which many others, who make no pretension to a knowledge of science, are quite ready to adopt on such high authority. And so it has come to pass that, in the minds of a very large class, science and faith are things in their very nature opposed to one another. It will be my object in the following pages to show that this is not true; that science and faith are not at issue, and that the fixedness of natural laws is in entire harmony with God's providential government of the world.

And on the threshold of this inquiry let us fully admit the fact on which the scientific objection is founded—namely, the fixedness of natural laws. We not only admit this, but we make it the basis of our argument. We start from this point and demonstrate from it, not only the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, but also the truth of His providential government of the world.

The wisdom and goodness of God in ordaining a fixed and unchanging order of nature, is manifest from the consideration that it is on the unchanging character of the laws of nature that all scientific knowledge, every branch of industry—nay, human life itself—depend. If nature's laws were variable, science would be impossible. The vast results which have been achieved in every department of knowledge and art would have been utterly

beyond the reach of man, had not the whole system of nature been an orderly system, a regular chain of sequence, in which like causes always produce like effects. Unless this were the case, those triumphs of science with which in these days we are so familiar would have been simply impossible. The steam-engine, the electric telegraph, photography, chemistry with all its wonders and blessings, the works of the engineer and the art of the manufacturer, all would have been alike unknown to man, had not the course of nature been so constant as that the same cause should always produce the same result. And not only would these greatest triumphs of human skill have been impossible, but even the very simplest and most rudimentary efforts of man's constructive power would have been alike impossible. We see this directly if we think what consequences would follow from the opposite condition of things. Imagine for a moment nature's laws to be variable or capricious, and you will see that, under such circumstances, it would have been utterly impossible for man to have advanced one step on the road of scientific discovery. In vain would he strive to exert his ingenuity in applying his knowledge of nature to purposes useful to man; he would be foiled and baffled at every step by results the very opposite of those which experience had led him to count upon. Like the wrecked mariners on the island of Prospero, he would be the sport of capricious powers which he could neither control nor understand. And not only so, but the very existence of man upon earth would have been well-nigh impossible, since it is only upon the constancy of natural laws that every branch of human industry depends. In vain the husbandman would plough and sow, unless he could depend on the unchanging laws of growth and increase; in vain the mechanic would labour; in vain the physician would strive to arrest the progress of disease, if nature, changeable and capricious, ever mocked them with new and strange results. If under such circumstances man could have existed at all upon earth, it could only have been in the very lowest state of savage life, gaining a precarious livelihood from the chance bounty of nature, reduced to the level of the beasts—if, indeed, even they could exist under such circumstances—a supposition which is more than doubtful, since they, like man, are dependent upon the *fixed order* of nature, and, in their degree, learn to *trust* it, even as man does.

So far are we, then, from questioning the fact of the constancy

of nature's laws, that we make it the basis of our argument for the wisdom and goodness of God. For observe, further, that not only does man's very existence depend on the fixed order of nature, but it is this very order of nature which is the means used by God to *educate* man, both as an intellectual and moral being. If we consider the effect produced on man in each of these respects by the system in which his Creator has placed him, we shall find that it is by this very means that the highest powers of his intellectual and moral nature have been developed.

As regards the first of these—viz. the intellectual powers of man—it would not be difficult to show that, from first to last, the rewards which nature (like a wise teacher) holds out to the discoverer of her secrets, have been the great incentives to lead men to the exercise of their intellectual faculties. The grand, unchanging order of nature has been the school in which, for the sake of the high rewards within the reach of all apt scholars, men have been content to labour and to learn; and in thus labouring and learning they have not only gained the coveted prizes, but they have also gained that which is of even more importance to man than the hidden prizes of nature—namely, intellectual culture and intellectual strength.

But I leave this branch of the subject, most attractive though it is, to pass on to the second—viz., the influence of the unchanging order of nature on the moral powers of man. If we consider the relation in which man stands to the system of nature, we shall, I think, see very plainly how important is the part played by that system in his training as a moral and spiritual being.

There is in man a moral and spiritual nature which requires a special training or education in order to perfect its powers. So much, I take for granted, will be readily admitted by all with whom we have now to do. Now, the two great means used by God to carry on this work of moral and spiritual training are the influence of His Spirit acting from within upon the man, and the discipline of the fixed order of nature, acting from without. As regards the former of these, the influence of the Divine Spirit, let it be borne in mind, though we do not enter into the consideration of it now, that in all that is said with reference to the outward discipline of life, this influence acting within the man is taken for granted as being part and parcel of his moral nature; nay, as being his very soul's life. Within reach of us is the living Spirit of God, quickening us with the

Divine life, and moulding us into conformity with the Divine image. Thus gifted are we placed in a world where we are brought face to face with this fixed and unchanging order of natural law. And not only are we brought face to face with this fixed order of nature, but we are in numberless ways made dependent on it; we have to grapple with many difficulties arising from its stern control; and this very thing it is that calls forth not only our *intellectual* but also our *moral* power, which trains our souls in the exercise of those graces which God has implanted within us. This is the school wherein God educates man. The laws of nature are wonderfully fitted to supply just that outward discipline which is needed for our moral and spiritual training. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the world of nature exists for the sake of man, the noblest of God's works, and that the whole order and constitution of material things (so far as this earth is concerned) was designed by God to be one great training-school for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual power of man. Consider how continual and how powerful is the influence of the discipline through which our Creator is ever putting us by the instrumentality of His laws of nature. Some of these laws we can subdue and make to serve us; others we find too strong for us, and we are forced to bow before them, conquered, yet still unsubdued. Daily are our triumphs over the powers of nature increasing; her laws remain unchanged, yet we learn to use them in our service; so that we can even make the lightning carry our messages beneath the ocean depths from continent to continent. But, great as are our triumphs over nature, there are some powers of hers which we cannot thus make to serve us—powers before which we are powerless. Now, whether we look at these, or at those which we *can* make to minister to us, we shall find that both exert a most powerful, active, and healthy influence upon our moral and spiritual nature.

To speak first of our moral powers. Take the laws of nature which we can make to minister to us, and see the constant influence for good which they exert upon us. It is not only the intellectual powers which are called into service when man grapples successfully with the difficulties that he finds in nature, but also in a very high degree the moral powers. Industry, perseverance, patience—what great work was ever achieved by man without these virtues? When we look at some noble building or some splendid work of engineering skill, it is well to think of the influence for good which these works have exercised

on the men who designed and executed them; it is well to look upon them, not only as monuments of man's skill, but also as solid and substantial evidence of the exercise of so much industry, patience, and perseverance. And be it remembered that this is true, in some degree, of every work of man, however humble. It is true of the humblest labourer in the meanest toil, as well as of the architect and the engineer. It is true of every work of daily life in which man earns his bread by honest labour. The poor man's daily toil is the fostering mother of the virtues which I have named. Do we call them small things, and almost grudge them the name of virtues? We may, perhaps, be disposed to do so; but surely a little reflection will convince us that these homely qualities play an important part in the formation of the moral character. By themselves they cannot form a good man, but they are essential elements of goodness. The industrious, patient, and persevering man is the man out of whom a good Christian is made; and it is in the school to which God, his Father, sends him—the school of nature—that he learns these homely virtues. It was to the husbandman that St. James sent the suffering Christian of his day to learn a lesson of patience—"*Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient.*" And so it is in every branch of industry, and in every department of science and of art. No man can really devote himself to the work which God gives him to do in nature, without learning some degree of self-control, patience, and perseverance. We know the good moral effect said to be produced on youthful criminals by the industrial schools of the reformatories. It is not only that the boys there learn the exercise of such qualities as I have named, but also that, in such an atmosphere of industry, vice will not thrive; and thus the inmates of these institutions become morally better—their whole moral nature is affected by the healthy discipline of *work*. So, on a large scale, it is with the world in which we live. It is God's industrial school for man. It is not only that by this discipline the virtues to which we have referred are produced and fostered, but also that these virtues, in their turn, lead on to higher virtues, and thus the whole moral nature is braced and strengthened. The man who is really industrious, patient, and persevering, will learn self-control and self-denial; and so, as a matter of course, we find it to be. The industrious man is generally sober and honest, and

mindful of his duty to God and man. This is the case in all classes. It is true of those who work with the head, as well as of those who work with the hands; and in all it is the result of that training and discipline which God has provided in the order and constitution of nature—a training and discipline which would have been wholly impossible had nature's laws not been fixed and unchanging.

Such, then, is the moral effect produced on man by the effort which he is forced to exert before he can turn the powers of nature to his service.

But there are powers of nature which man cannot thus subdue —powers before which he is helpless; and here it is that God has provided means whereby the moral training of man is carried forward. The education, begun in man when he wrestles successfully with those powers of nature which he can subdue, is profited by the moral effect of the submission which he is forced to render to those other powers, which in their turn subdue him. If the moral effect of the one be good, how much more of the other! If our victory over nature's powers be full of profit to us, how much more is her victory over our powers! By the former it is indeed true that our whole moral nature is braced and strengthened. But there are drawbacks to this success. It may engender pride and self-sufficiency; it may tempt us to rely on our own powers, and make us apt to think that we know everything because we have made some little way in the knowledge of nature's laws, and in the application of that knowledge to our own purposes. These are no imaginary dangers. So great is the pride of intellect, that it is no uncommon thing to find men of science who tell us that their acquaintance with natural laws is so perfect that they can sound the infinite depths of the unknown, and can say what is or is not possible to God Himself! Nor are these the only class who are in danger of distilling poison instead of healing medicine from their use of nature's laboratory. Practical men who have toiled successfully in the workshop of industry, very often learn not to look beyond their own craft and cunning. Success engenders pride. Man's victory over the powers of nature makes him arrogant; and thus that which should have been for his profit becomes the occasion of his fall.

Happy, therefore, is it for man that he cannot always subdue the powers of nature to his service, but must be content to learn submission and humility. Most wholesome is this discipline.

Up to a certain point he finds nature ready to minister to him—to be his vassal, his slave. But beyond that point all is reversed; the slave who never crossed his will now turns upon him as his master. He is confronted, on a sudden, by one of those laws of nature ordained by God to humble and to try him. He finds himself in the presence of a power over which he has no control; before which he is crushed to the earth. It may be death, or it may be pain, or utter prostration of health and strength, or the failure of some undertaking from causes which he is quite unable to control. It is a discipline full of pain, yet full of healing. How does it call into exercise the highest moral powers! How does it strike at the root of that pride of intellect which is the bane of the man of science; of that pride of purse which is the bane of the man of wealth; of that pride of health which is the bane of the strong man! And not only for these, but also for all of us, how good is it to be taught by experience that there are some things in God's world of nature to which we must submit. Think, for instance, of the effect which death is calculated to produce upon man! Here is a law of nature ordained by God. What a mighty instrument for humbling the pride of man's intellect and for purifying man's heart! Who can escape it? And when it comes near to us, and we face it, what power there is in it to make us realize our dependence upon a Power above nature! If we in any degree realize what this world would be without death, man still remaining sinful, we must see that such a discipline is most necessary; and that it is, in fact, a merciful sentence which has made death not only the punishment, but also the remedy, for sin. We have spoken of the unchanging order of nature as God's training-school for man. There are many teachers in that school, since every law of nature in turn imparts to us its lesson. But the Great Teacher of all is veiled from us. Behind the veil which men call death He dwells unseen. That veil of mystery hangs even before the eyes of those who study in this school of nature, and few are they who are not impressed by the awe of its silent but mighty teaching; for they know that for each the time will come when he must pass beneath its shadow. Veil of awe and mystery! One by one they are beckoned to approach it, and are seen to pass trembling from sight of their fellows, who know that they have been called to stand before the Master, to be examined by Him in the progress they have made in the knowledge which that schooling was designed to give them. Such is

death, and such the influence which it was designed to exercise on man! How forcibly was that influence exemplified in the scene, which is still fresh in our minds, in the saloon cabin of the ill-fated ship *London!* Surely the awful calm of the silence which we are told reigned amongst the passengers when the certainty of their end was announced to them, was nothing else than the *hush* which the great teacher death had whispered low and solemn to every heart, in order that the voice of another and far mightier Teacher might be heard, speaking of strength and hope and trust. In the awful silence caused by that *hush* of death the Spirit of Life was heard—the Spirit of their Father spoke to them, and nerved them to meet their fate with submission and with trust. And if indeed this was so, how grand an instance was it of the use to which God puts these mighty agencies of nature in reference to man's spiritual training! So that we might almost look upon that vessel and her hapless crew and passengers, when, a prey to the fury of the elements, they nerved their hearts to meet their doom, as a type of mankind at large when forced to submit to the iron necessity of nature's laws, finding in that submission a spiritual victory over the very power by which they are subdued, their *souls* rising superior to the tyranny of material laws, asserting their kindred with the divine, and triumphing in God's strength over the enemy which seemed to conquer them; so that even in death they can say, "*Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.*"

Now what we have said of death applies also to all those troubles which come to man in the course of nature, both ordinary and extraordinary. All were clearly intended by our Creator to act directly upon the moral and spiritual nature of man. The circumstances in which we are placed by the operation of the fixed and unchanging order of nature, are just those which are fitted and call into exercise the highest powers of the soul of man. Faith, patience, humility, obedience, trust in God —how are all these childlike virtues formed in us by the endurance of those very trials which are our lot on earth! So that if we look at it aright, we must see that our lives afford just that very course of training and discipline which we need. We know how needful for children regular training and discipline is; and we are but "children of a larger growth," who are now being disciplined for our real life by that course of training which the hand of a wise and loving Father has marked out for us. This will explain to us why God has given us so many stern teachers

in nature. It is they who teach us lessons which no milder master can impart. It is through their teaching that all the higher and nobler powers of the soul are called into service. Do we not know this to be true? Do we not all know instances of people who have by God's help risen into saints by the discipline of pain and torment? What heroic virtues does not want at times call forth! The soul turns round from her slumber of earthliness, and awakes to a true life such as she only dreampt of before. It is in time of want, of suffering, and of bereavement, that the soul of man, strengthened by God, rises up godwards as on eagle's wings, breaking the fetters of indulgence and sloth and selfishness that had bound her to earth. And it is through the instrumentality of natural law that the soul of man is thus roused, thus *goaded* into using her pinions and winging her flight homewards. The submission which man is forced to render to the laws of nature calls forth the highest, the divinest powers of his moral and spiritual nature.

We cannot therefore be wrong if conclude that this was the very purpose for which God placed man in his present relation to natural law. It cannot be the result of *chance* that man finds this schooling in nature's laws. For how evident is *design* in this! How wonderful the adaptation of the education to the beings to be educated! On the one side we have the intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature of man; on the other the fixed order of material law. What two things can present a greater contrast than the mind or soul of man and the world of matter in which it is for a time imprisoned—the soul, plastic, free, etherial; the world of nature unchanging, bound in the fixed order of an iron necessity, hard, cold, relentless! And yet these two things, so opposite, when brought into contact are found exactly fitted to act and react upon each other. This free etherial essence becomes the docile pupil of nature; this hard relentless order of material law becomes the faithful and loving teacher of man! What is the conclusion, the only conclusion, to be drawn from this marvellous adaptation? Surely it is that God intended nature's laws to be the training school of man's intellectual, moral, and spiritual powers. But if this be true, it follows that the fixed order of nature is the instrument for carrying out God's purpose in relation to man. I say the *fixed order*, because, as I have tried to show, it is the *fixedness* of natural law which constitutes it the instructor and friend of man. Had nature's laws not been fixed and unchanging, they could have taught man nothing;

neither profit nor discipline could have resulted to man from the influence of nature, had not her laws been constant and invariable. The fixedness of nature's laws is the very thing that fits her to be the instructor of man. I insist upon this point, because it is this which is made the ground of the modern sceptic's objection to God's providential government of the world. Such a government, they tell us, is impossible, *because the order of natural law is fixed and unchanging.* Of what value is this objection when it can be shown that the fixed order of natural law is the very means ordained by God for the spiritual as well as the intellectual training of man,—that it is, in short, an instrument in God's hands for the education of man? If the order of natural law be the training school of man's highest powers, must not God Himself be the master of that school? Though He delegates to the various laws of nature powers to teach man, must He not retain the supreme control in His own hands?

But perhaps it will be said that, though we have proved God's *general* providential government of the world to be consistent with (or rather inseparable from) the fixed order of natural law, yet we have not proved this to be true of God's *special* providential government. I answer that the *general* includes the *particular and special.* If the fixed order of natural law be an instrument in God's hand for the education of the race, it must be also His instrument for the education of *every individual* of the race: if the *general course* of natural law be His instrument, then *every particular operation* of that law must also be His instrument. All that is needed is that an infinite wisdom should be exerted to bring each man under the operation of that particular law which will suit his special case. It is not necessary that the unchanging order of natural law should be *interrupted* by God, since His wisdom is able to place each person in that position in regard to the operation of natural law which is best for him. It is true that this is an exercise of wisdom which it is very difficult for us to imagine. But the difficulty arises from our inability to conceive a wisdom infinite enough to accomplish this end. We can see, however, that, granting God's wisdom to be infinite, it is possible for Him, in one or both of two ways, to exercise a special control over the relation in which man stands to the agencies of nature; either by influencing the actions of man (so as to bring him under the operation of any given power of nature), or by influencing the operations of

nature, as to bring them to bear upon the individual. It is this latter alternative against which scientific men protest. But they forget that this involves an *interruption* of natural law. They are well aware of the control which man is able to exercise over certain laws of nature, simply by producing new combinations, and so calling certain other laws into operation; yet they question the power of God to control the agencies of nature. But if it be no interruption of nature's laws for man to use them to his service, why should it be an interruption of those laws for the Supreme Being himself to control and direct them? Cannot God work in nature in strict accordance with fixed laws, and so bend them to His purpose? Cannot He do on an infinite scale that which man can do on a finite scale? Or must His hands be tied because the scientific mind of the nineteenth century is unable to take in the idea of an infinite wisdom acting in and by the fixed laws of nature? We have seen how clearly the fixed order of natural law was designed by the Creator to train and discipline the moral nature of man. And we have only to apply this general truth to every particular case to see how plainly God's hand is visible in all that befalls us. Whatever befalls us is from Him, the Living Ruler of the world, whose pleasure, indeed, it is to work in nature by fixed laws, yet whose infinite wisdom has bound up the order and working of those laws inseparably with the intellectual and moral discipline of man; and who therefore makes the powers and agencies of nature the very means whereby He works out His designs for man:—"*Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfilling His word.*"

"IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION."

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

"TAKE up thy cross, and follow Me"
(Dost thou not hear thy Saviour say?)
"And as thy day thy strength shall be,
I am the Life, the Truth, the Way:
An easy path, a flowery road,
Behold, I have not promised thee;
But I will help thee bear thy load:
Take up thy cross, and follow Me.

"Storm-tossed, or scorched by noontide heat,
Press on across the desert lone;
With aching brow and bleeding feet,
I lead thee on by ways unknown:
A life of woe and strife and fears
Thy course on earth must ever be,
But I will wipe away thy tears:
Take up thy cross, and follow Me.

"I give thee neither gold nor gem,
No earthly treasure thou shalt share;
Mine is a thorny diadem,
And such must all My servants wear;
But far above the starry height,
Within the home prepared for thee,
Thy crown of glory glitters bright;
Take up thy cross, and follow Me.

"My little flock, a weary band
  By foes and trials sore distressed,
Must journey to the promised land,
  And trust My love to give them rest;
Streams from the smitten rock shall flow,
  And angels' food thy bread shall be;
For all thy need I surely know,
  Take up thy cross, and follow Me."

Yea, Lord, we come our cross to take;
  Oh, give us grace to watch and pray!
Content to suffer for Thy sake,
  Content to tread Thy rugged way;
Oh, strengthen every trembling heart
  That longs yet fears Thine own to be;
Speak Thou, and bid our doubts depart,
  We will leave all and follow Thee.

LOOKING FOR A LIVING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIGHT SUNBEAMS IN DARK DWELLINGS," ETC.

THE title I have given to this paper may strike the cursory reader as being rather strange; and perhaps his first thought on reading it will be "Looking for a living? why, that is what most of us have to do." And he will probably expect to have a description of the writer's struggles, failures, and successes after daily bread. He will find, however, no such thing. In speaking of "looking for a living" I speak professionally, or in an ecclesiastical sense, and simply give my experience as a clergyman in looking for a suitable home, or, in other words, looking for a living.

This is a subject which few have written upon, because of the outcry which has been made against the system of buying and selling Church property, and because of the peculiarity of our laws respecting such transactions. For my own part I neither, in this place, advocate nor condemn the system, or justify or blame those of my brethren who have settled down by the means of a mercantile transaction.

I am a country vicar—have the last parish I should ever have expected—and obtained it as a free and unconditional gift. Perhaps, therefore, I may escape the criticism of anti-advowson-sellers, and may be esteemed guiltless of even the slightest tinge of simony. Indeed, since the gross income is barely £60 a year, I take to myself no little credit in accepting it. As a friend said at the time of my induction, "I don't know which of you two I must congratulate, patron or vicar.

I had been curate but a short time when I became engaged, and as the lady was an heiress I was anxious if possible to meet with a living, so that it might not be said that she had married a curate. Moreover, as some three or four years had yet to expire before she was of age, and the conditions of her father's will were such that she could not be married before that event, I thought I had plenty of time before me to find *the very thing* in the shape of a perfect country living.

My own experience in this respect verifies the old adage, "Things are not what they seem." I was sitting one morning at breakfast when that ever-welcome sound, the postman's knock, caused me to throw down the book which I had been reading, and soon after Jane, my landlady's niece, came in with my letters. Among others was one from my sister asking me to "run down home, for that the living of ——was for sale." "Such a pretty place," the letter went on to say, "plenty of society, a fine old church, such a dear little rectory, and close to a railway. And then," it continued, "there are two district churches in the parish, of which the rector is patron; so just fancy you will be patron of three livings. What a great man you will be! Oh, I hope you will like it, it is such a nice distance from home," &c.

Such were some of the terms in which this living was pictured to me. No wonder, therefore, that I shouted hurrah, "Eureka!" Like it! Why, even Tippo, my landlady's Skye terrier, became excited at the news, and wagged his tail and barked at me, his eyes twinkling with delight—dog fashion, I suppose—at expressing his congratulations.

Early the next morning found me on my way home, which I reached after a few hours by rail. Of course the one absorbing thing for the rest of the day was the living. My dear, darling mother had already in her imagination installed me as rector, had had no end of drives to see me, and had found it so conveniently near to send hampers of preserves and other more substantial good things. Ah!

Well, I found the living as desirable a one as it had been pictured to me; snug little house adapted to the income; near a rail and market town, and therefore in the world; a fine old church, with the two recommendations of having furnished a martyr, and as containing the very Bible of reformation times still chained to one of its seats. But one of the, to me, principal qualifications was wanting, that was, a probable sign of its becoming soon vacant. The old rector looked active, wiry, and strong enough to last for the next twelve or fifteen years, and was merely selling at that time to insure a provision for his unmarried daughter. "It is no go, then," said I. "I want something immediate." "You should have married the daughter and stepped into the living," said my old aunt; to which I made answer, "No, thank you." Thus ended my first attempt in "search of a living."

Of course it was a disappointment, but the return to my curacy

and the work of a town parish soon enabled me to banish the subject from my mind. Nothing particular occurred during the next two years worth mentioning. I heard of plenty of livings for sale; but in most cases there was a something—either too dear, or prospect of possession too far distant, and such like—which made them non-suitable to me. At length I advertised, and, with other answers, I received one to the following effect:—

"*Yorkshire, February.*

"DEAR SIR,—In answer to your advertisement, I have just the thing for you; the particulars of which I enclose, as also my reasons for selling it. Come and see it on Monday next, and I will meet you at —— station. I would not ask you to come all this way were I not quite sure that my living would suit you, and that we could come to terms satisfactory to both parties.

"I am," &c., &c.

One bitterly cold morning, therefore, amidst snow and rain, and fog and frost, and ere it was yet light, I started to look at No. 2. A miserable day altogether, but an excellent time for looking at a purchase. If it looked well then, at all events it would look well at any other time. So after a long, tiresome journey I got down at the station named in the letter, where I found my correspondent waiting for me. He proved to be a regular jolly fellow; and with a clear frosty night for our drive, a fast trotting horse and a high-wheeled dog-cart, and plenty of subjects in common, we were soon quite at home with each other.

From what I could see of the country during our drive and by the light of the moon, I was quite prepossessed in favour of it even before seeing it by daylight. And when my host stopped at some nice gates, and drove into some extensive and well-kept grounds, I began to think with him that this was indeed "the very thing" for me.

I don't think I shall soon forget the pleasant sensations of that evening. Night though it was, and winter too, yet there was moonlight enough to give one a good idea of the externals of the place as we drove through the grounds. The house was a good-sized modern building; south aspect, lawns and pleasure-grounds sloping towards the south and west; a conservatory was on the west end of the house and joined the dining-room; then the hall, then the drawing-room. This was the front. And when, after a long drive, my host ushered me into the drawing-

room I thought I never saw a cosier room. The furniture was new and of such a kind as to invite repose; long bright curtains shut out the cold, a cheerful fire blazed in the grate, and a lamp added its effect to the brightness and warmth.

Going into the dining-room to a late dinner, or supper as it might be called, I found the same cosiness, brightness, and warmth. Hot water pipes from the conservatory ran under this room and the hall adjoining, and heated the house to perfection. On the whole, therefore, I went to bed feeling that all my correspondence was at an end, and that I need go no further in "looking for a living."

In the morning I dressed at leisure, looked through the window over the grounds and country in front of me, feeling perfectly at home, pictured the future, and feeling a kind of settled, satisfied at-home pleasure as I looked around me, I came down-stairs, entered the drawing-room, charmed with all that I saw around me even now it was daylight. A bright fire was burning in the grate; but, bah! I drew up the blind at the east end of the room, and there to my horror were two gravestones grinning through the window. This is no exaggeration. The house had been built at the very extremity of the grounds, and there—right up to the east side of it, with the study window and the one at the end of the drawing-room opening into it—was the churchyard. "Pooh," I said, "I would not have the living if it were given to me. I should be melancholy with only gravestones to look at whilst studying my sermons or sitting in this room." Then there gradually came out other drawbacks, two only of which I need mention here.

First, I found, on going into the parish, that I was on the borders of the fen district, in which many of the parishioners lived, and who at times suffered much from fevers. Second, the house being so close to the churchyard, the water was not considered good. It might be fancy only; but fancy is sometimes a troublesome thing to get rid of or to set on one side. Other men might not have such an objection to the living; my host evidently had not, as he had purchased it, did his duty there, and was beloved by his people. Had I gone there I would have tried to do mine; but I saw no reason why I should purchase a place which, under the circumstances, I could not like, and in which I knew I should not be happy. I therefore gave it up; and thus ended negotiation No. 2 in search of a living.

The next instance I will pass over in a few words. I was on a visit home, when our family lawyer wrote to say that he had the small advowson of a living in the midland counties for sale. As it was not far distant, and easily accessible by rail, I decided upon seeing it before my return to my curacy. I went there: found a tiny, dilapidated cottage as the vicarage, and living in that cottage, with his wife and step-daughter, an old man with watery eyes, a yellow wig, greasy threadbare dress coat and breeches. Such, in *person*, was the vicar: in *character*, grossly neglectful of the parish, too fond of the gin-bottle, too exacting from the poor, to whom he let the small glebe in allotments at treble the rent which he would otherwise obtain, and collected the said rents himself. In the parish I found, as a consequence of some thirty years' neglect, a rude, ignorant, poverty-stricken people, with no respect for their clergyman (as how should there be?), and in many cases all absence of apparent decency or religion. As regards the schools, there was none, except a small dame school, and the church was like a barn,—high pews, damp walls, floors decaying, and the congregation next to nil.

Need it be wondered at that I gave it up? Ah! I would not do so now. I was young then; but I should hail it as a noble sphere now to work among those six hundred poor neglected people, build them schools, restore their church, and teach them better things. I have had some work since then, and have drawn large congregations; but I know of no better sphere of usefulness than what that was as I now look back upon it.

I began by this time to be quite tired of looking for a living, and concluded that the best plan would be to go on quietly doing my own duty and wait the course of events. I therefore come to the last journey I made on this errand.

My rector having died, and a new one being appointed, I was thinking of taking another curacy, when a friend called on me with the information that his brother, who was agent for a nobleman who had large estates in the neighbourhood, had for sale the living of ——; and as the sale was urgent, and the living situated in the county where I was then officiating, I lost no time in going to see it. I got out of the train at a small town four miles from the place, and situated among the hills on the borders of Wales. After a tiring walk over one of these hills, and the day being hot, I called at a farmhouse about a mile from the village whither I was going. I there obtained the information that the vicar was at home, was doing all the duty

at present, but was getting old, and had talked of having a curate to help him. I mention this because I found the information of use to me when I called at the vicarage.

I had knocked several times at the door of the latter place before any one answered. At last I heard footsteps as of an old man in strong boots pacing along the hall. The door opened, and there stood the owner of the boots I had heard. But how shall I describe him? Conceive a short, stout, florid-complexioned old man, dressed in a decent suit of black, white hair, a pair of gold spectacles on the tip of his nose, over which a pair of keen black eyes looked you through, and a look as black as thunder, and you have him as he presented himself before me.

Now I am generally pretty quick in adapting myself to an emergency, and as I saw at a glance that something had ruffled the old gentleman's feathers, I took my cue accordingly.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," said he.

"It is Mr. ——, I believe?"

"Yes," in a tone and manner as much as to say, Who are you? and what do you want?

"You want a curate, I believe?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh indeed! I have lately heard so."

This might seem a finale. But as I did not offer to go, and he still stood with the door only half open, there we stood looking at each other. *My* object was to get inside the house, and I meant to do so, surly as my host was. After a long pause, he went on,—

"Why, who told you that I wanted a curate?"

"Oh, never mind; if you don't there's an end to it. I have had a pleasant walk over the hills, and have seen a new neighbourhood. But I wish you would give me a biscuit."

He could therefore do no other than ask me in. "Now, sir," I thought, "I will know all that I wish respecting this living." He entered with me into the drawing-room, and rang the bell for wine and biscuits, and then sat down.

"I thought," said he, "you had come about this living when I first saw you. I hope you will forgive my rudeness."

"Come to look at the living? But are not you the vicar?"

"Yes, I am; but it is advertised for sale, and men—I will not call them gentlemen—come over and look at me as much as to

say, 'How long shall you live?' Some even ask to go up-stairs and look at the rooms, and one went so far as to take out a tape and begin to measure; but I soon made him put up his tape and run."

"Indeed! I am sorry any one should be so rude. How very unpleasant it must be to you!"

"Unpleasant! I should think so. But I have stopped all that. I don't let any one into the house now that comes on any such errand."

Indeed, thought I, my friend, but you are mistaken.

"The patron worries me all he can, but I am not going to die just yet. I will try and live all the longer for it."

In a little time the old gent had cooled down, and we had turned the conversation. Now to business. Whilst standing at the door I could see that gardening was a hobby of some one's. I therefore said,—

"You are fond of gardening, I perceive, sir."

"Yes; I do as much of it as I can; my daughters are also fond of it."

"This, of course, is your drawing-room; is that your study?" said I, nodding at the folding-doors which divided the room from some other. "Is it as large as this one?"

My friend's suspicions were aroused. "No," said he, sharply, "about two-thirds as large."

"What a fine specimen of the *Araucaria imbricata* you have on the lawn!"

"Yes, I planted it when I first came here."

This was a weak point, so suspicion went to sleep again. In this way I dodged the old gentleman. At one time I was up-stairs taking the number and size of the rooms, and then eluded his suspicions by a timely rush into the garden; at another in the kitchen or dining-room, and then baffling the enemy in the shrubbery: now over the glebe, inquiring the number of acres and quality of soil; and then retreating before the awakened foe into the kitchen-garden, where I was pruning trees or planting cabbage: now feeling the old man's pulse, testing his powers of endurance, inquiring his age; and then suddenly escaping danger by turning to sowing annuals or planting out geraniums in the flower-garden. By this means I obtained all the information I required—the particulars of income, state of the parish and schools, size and style of the house, the nature of the glebe, &c. Then came the young ladies, and we had a pleasant chat. And

on my rising to leave I expressed a wish to see the church, so we all four started thither—but I must first go round the garden, —then to look at the pony, which took me into the back yard—and so we reached the church. And really I had quite a pleasant visit; the old man became so chatty that he even asked me to stay to dinner, and when I could not, but must leave for the train, he asked for my address, "*so that in case he should require a curate* he hoped to secure my services."

Poor old man! Why can't people do their business without treading on other's corns, and thereby rousing their ire? I never saw my old friend again, nor did I succeed him. He died in less than two years after, and I verily believe that he worried himself into the grave through the frequent inquiries and the little annoyances he met with respecting his living.

That was my last of "looking for a living." Some time after that I had a wretched little church offered me—in short, a perfect ruin—with no house, and an income of barely £60 a year. As nothing else offered itself I took it. Since then I have restored my church, have a good choir, an excellent congregation, and a kind, helping people. I am happy in my work, have a charming little house and garden, and feel settled. It is the last place I should ever have thought of as my home; but when one thinks of one's past endeavours in "looking for a living," there comes into one's mind an old saying, "Man proposes, but God disposes;" or, in the words of a grand old Book, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Moreover, when I think of the uncertainty of a curate's position, how —through the death of his vicar, or through jealousy, and sometimes owing to a single sermon—he has often, if married, to sell his furniture and go to another curacy, perhaps sixty or eighty miles away, only to repeat the change over and over again, I do not wonder at his collecting together all his available means and purchasing an advowson, with a prospect of early possession, and therefore a settled home. And when I hear people declaim so loudly against any of my reverend brethren who purchased their livings, I, who know of the advertising and correspondence, the journeys and expenses, the anxiety and waiting attending such matters, can afford to be charitable; for in the majority of cases they receive but the bare interest of their money and a curate's stipend in return for the care and responsibility of their position.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Four Gospels according to the Authorized Version. With a brief Commentary by the Rev. W. WALSHAM How, M.A., Rector of Whittington, Salop. With Maps and Plans. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1870.

THE venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has done well to publish this volume under their sanction, for it is, in our judgment, one of the most useful books that has lately issued from their press.

The text in the Commentary is a reprint of the last edition, with marginal references, published at the Oxford Press, with the following differences:—

1. Quotations from the Old Testament are printed in thick type. As, for example, in St. Matt. iii. 3.
2. Each new paragraph is headed with the sign ¶, and followed by a space.
3. When a verse does not end with a full stop, the succeeding verse is not begun with a capital letter. See, for example, the beginning of St. Matt. iii. 9.

The two latter features of the printing will doubtless to some extent supply the place of a "Paragraph Bible" to those who aim at an accurate study of the Holy Scriptures, while at the same time it will not interfere with the division into verses which is so familiar to readers.

Mr. How has prepared his Commentary with singular care and wisdom, and has availed himself of all the rich resources of modern Biblical criticism. To the great body of Sunday school teachers throughout our land we especially recommend this admirable volume as reverent in tone, concise in information, and, as to its doctrinal statements, in thorough harmony with the dogmatic teaching of our Reformed Church. We can only hope that the volumes to follow, containing the rest of the books of the New Testament, will be as well and as carefully done.

Thoughts for the Sick Room. By the Rev. F. C. BLYTH, M.A., Curate of Kew. Second Edition. London: W. Skeffington. 1870.

As Mr. Blyth's book has already reached a second edition, we may take it for granted that many readers have found it adapted to the special purpose for which it was written. It consists of about twenty sermonettes on such subjects as God's purpose in affliction, the pastor's visit, fear of death, loneliness, giving trouble to attendants, communion

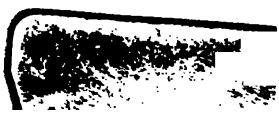
of the sick, and the like. These chapters are full of earnest, practical teaching and advice, and we are glad to note a good, healthy church tone running through them all. We strongly advise Mr. Blyth in another edition to add about thirty pages of hymns suitable for sick persons. The value and the soothing power of good hymns in times of sickness and suffering can never be exaggerated. It was on their way to the garden of agony, from the first eucharist of love, that our blessed Master and His chosen followers "sang a hymn;" and the whole history of the Church bears witness to the comfort and solace that hymns afford.

A Memorial of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A. By the Rev. C. Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. With a Biographical Sketch by A. T. Symington. London: W. Hunt & Co.

To all who knew Mr. Havergal this little book of memorial will doubtless be full of interest. Mr. Bullock's sermon is earnest, but overdone with italics. Surely he might leave his readers to put the proper stress in the right place without these constant and irritating italics. Mr. Symington's sketch is full of hearty affection. He tells us that in 1847 Mr. Havergal published the "Old Church Psalmody," and he describes it as follows:—

"It is the best book of psalm tunes of which Protestantism can boast, representing, as we believe, and as far as is now possible, the true ideal of the Reformation and its time. All compilers since 1847 have drawn largely upon the 'Old Church Psalmody.'"

A Lonely Life. By the Author of "Wise as a Serpent." Eight Illustrations, 6s. London: Houlston and Sons. 1870.

It is hardly necessary to say that this admirable story first appeared in the pages of this magazine. We do not wonder that it has been published as a separate volume. From beginning to end the reader's attention never wearies, and while carried on by the well-sustained interest of the story, there is a great deal of very good writing to charm and instruct. The author's style of English is uncommonly good, and his power of description such as we have seldom seen equalled. The story is reprinted in one volume, and the publishers have discharged their duties in the matter most satisfactorily. To those of our readers who purpose spending some weeks by the sea this autumn-time, we especially commend the "Lonely Life." They will find it much better reading than half of the three-volume novels which deluge sea side libraries, and disappoint utterly those who attempt to "get through" them.

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